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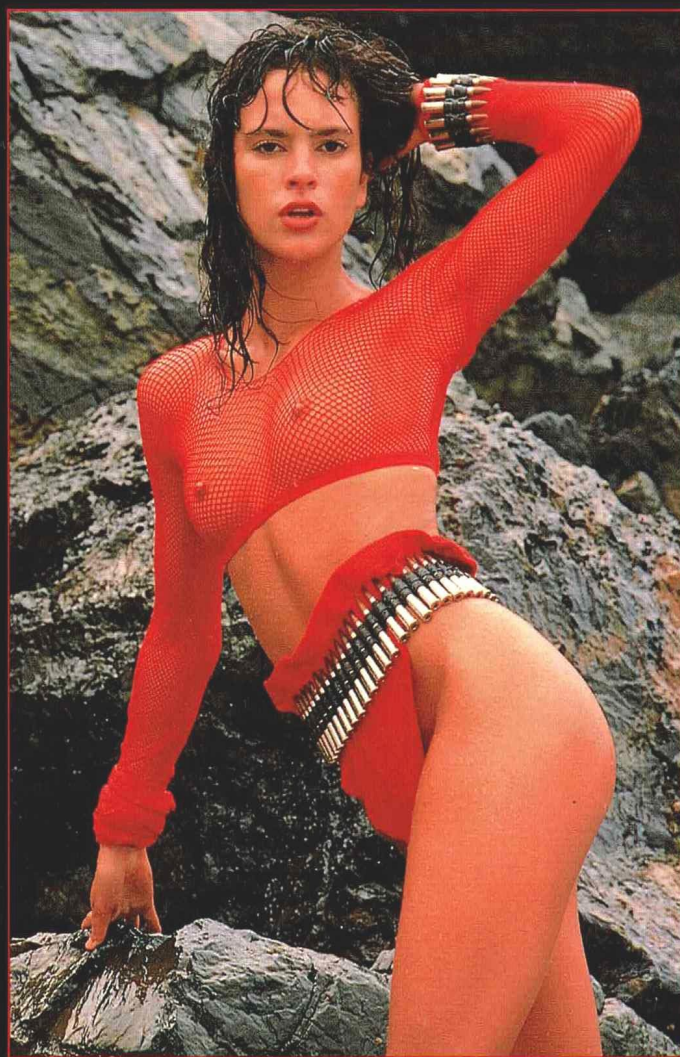
PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1988

BLACK LABEL

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ROCK'N'ROLL — SHOTS THE STARS
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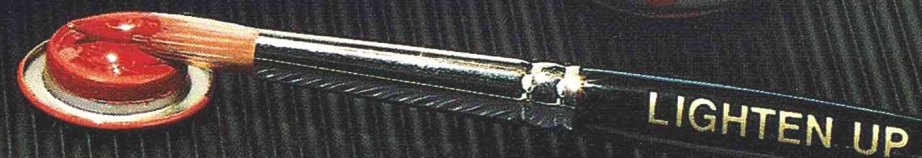
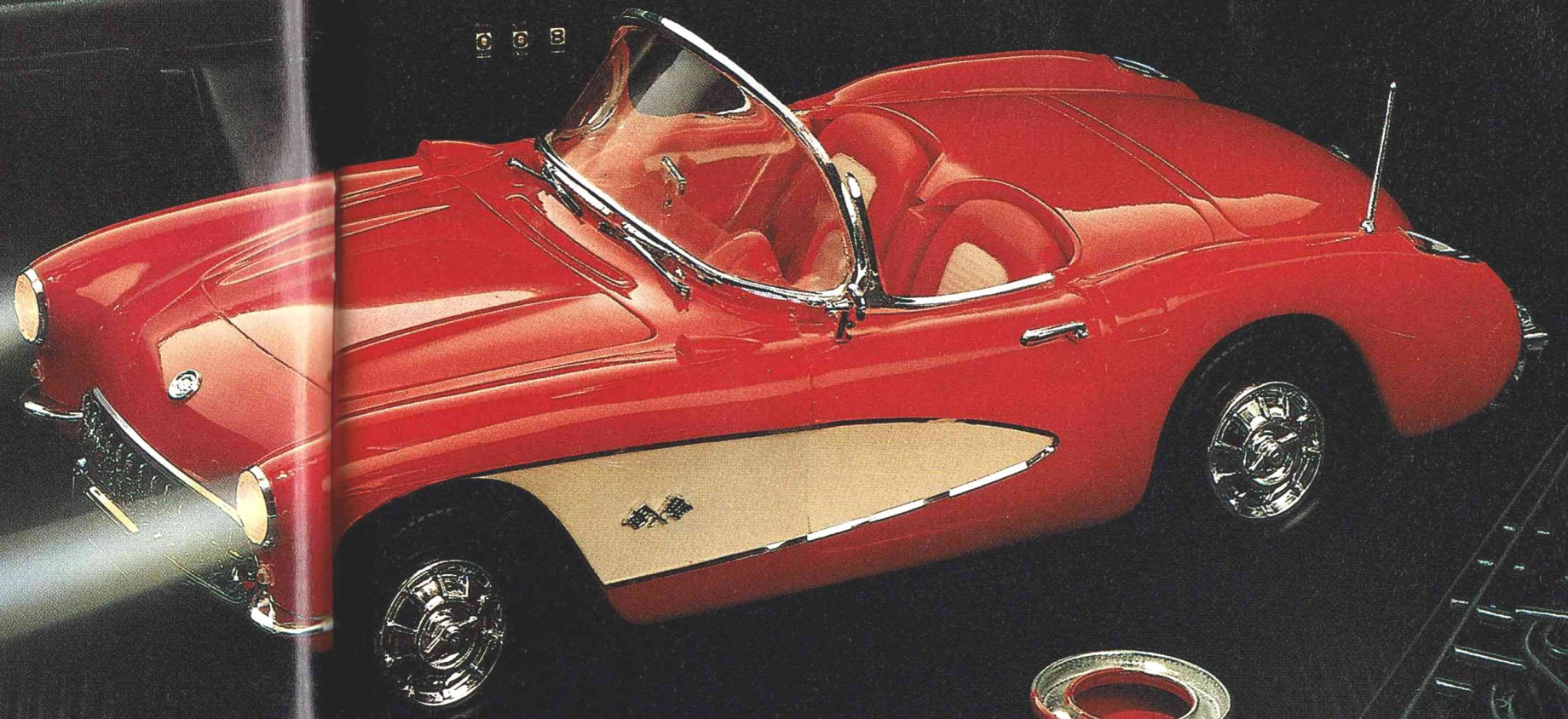
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SUPERLIGHTS



Australian
PENTHOUSE

Black Label Edition
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 11/November 1988



The New Wave



Secrets Of Seduction



Outlaw Streak

REGULARS
CONTENTS PAGE
COVER By John Nikkola 4
HOUSECALL 6
FEEDBACK 9
FORUM Edited by C.J. Mackay & Graem Sims 137
LOOSE ENDS Edited by Jeremy Cook 138
SOUNDS Edited by C.J. Mackay 139
FILM

SINS
AVARICE Finance by David Quicksilver 17
GLUTTONY Food & Liquor by Elisabeth King 18
VANITY Fashion by Graem Sims 21
SLOTH Travel by Elisabeth King 23
LUST Sex by Harvey Shore & Helen O'Reilly 25

FEATURES
THE ART OF FRAUD John Baxter 34
WHEELS OF FORTUNE Motoring by Peter McKay 50
THE NEW WAVE Greg Hunter 52
SECRETS OF SEDUCTION PART IV Humor by Vince Reid 58
PHIL DICKIE INTERVIEW Frank Robson 74
MORE SEX & DRUGS & ROCK 'N' ROLL 79
SIXTEEN TEARS Fiction by James Keith 86
BEYOND THE FAR SIDE Cartoons by Gary Larson 113

PICTORIALS
INFATUATION/SUZIE John Copeland 40
OUTLAW STREAK/DOMINIQUE John Nikkola 61
JOY FOREVER/DENISE Stephen Hicks 92
PIT STOP Didier Pedron 116
HOT SHOT/ANNETTE Suze Randall 128

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TOYOTA V6 MULTI-VALVE QUADCAM CAMRY • TOYOTA V6 MULTI-VALVE QUADCAM CAMRY

TOYOTA QUADCAM V6 CAMRY
ALL THE PLEASURES
THAT COME WITH POWER

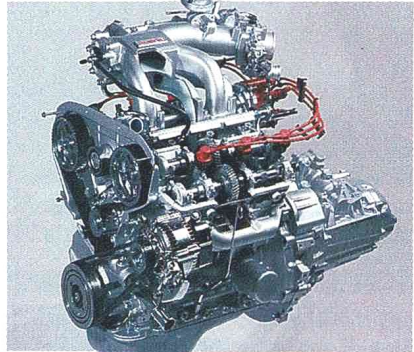
There was a time when quadcam V6 engines were found only in the most exclusive and expensive European sports cars. Which is a pity, because when a fine V6 engine is given the advantages of multi-valve design, it rewards you with increased power, economy and flexibility. It took Toyota, the world leaders in multi-valve engine technology to develop the first high volume, dual overhead cam, 24-valve V6 engine. And right now, you can sample its delights only in the 2.5 litre Toyota QuadCam V6 Camry sedan.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING
The visual differences between a normal Camry sedan and a QuadCam Camry are very subtle. Small V6 badges front and rear plus a twin pipe exhaust. From the outside, sharp-eyed enthusiasts will also spot the new cast alloy wheels fitted with 195/60VR15 tyres, as well as a front air dam. You may also notice a look of smug satisfaction on the V6 Camry driver's face as he accelerates quickly and smoothly away with seemingly endless reserves of power and torque.

THE PLEASURES THAT COME WITH POWER
Inside, the visible changes are also subtle. A three-spoke leather steering wheel, push-button heater controls, more luxurious seats. And it's from the driver's seat you'll notice the real changes. First the uncanny smoothness and silence as the state-of-the-art, computer controlled, 2.5 litre 117kW QuadCam V6 ticks over. Then you're offered the choice of 'Power'

or 'Economy' modes by the 4-speed overdrive, electronically controlled automatic transmission. A transmission smart enough to remove the usual 'clunk' when you shift from Neutral into Drive, to make gearchanges smoother by retarding ignition timing during changes up and down and also to lock up the clutch in 2nd, 3rd and Overdrive to increase economy.

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN TOURING CAR
On the road you'll soon be aware of the suspension changes which help make the QuadCam V6 Camry a great Australian touring car. Vorlauf positive camber geometry has



"This engine is one of the best in the world..." Alan Kennedy, S.M.H. 4/6/88
been adopted for the front suspension to provide a high level of straight line stability. The rear suspension is mounted to the body shell via a separate sub-frame to increase body rigidity and ride comfort while reducing suspension and tyre noise. Naturally, speed sensitive, variable ratio power steering is fitted as standard. As are

ventilated front (and solid rear) disc brakes. LUXURY IS STANDARD EQUIPMENT
In fact, the full catalogue of standard inclusions in the QuadCam V6 Camry is far too long to be listed here. But it includes items like an AM Stereo/FM Stereo radio cassette with nine-stage graphic equaliser and fully automatic antenna. Electronic cruise control. Tilt adjust steering. Power-assisted rear view mirrors. 60/40 split-fold rear seat. Central power locking. Variable intermittent windscreen wipers with mist-washer function. And an automatic headlamp cut-out system. In fact your only two major options are electronic climate control air conditioning and an electric sunroof.

A PLAYBOY'S CAR AT A FAMILY MAN'S PRICE
Even with a full complement of standard features, the fully imported Toyota QuadCam V6 Camry is surprisingly well-priced at under \$30,000 (plus dealer delivery and on road costs). As Peter Burden said in the Financial Review (7/6/88): "BMW and Mercedes owners can weep their hearts out." Unfortunately, world demand for this state-of-the-art engine ensures supplies are extremely limited. Which means if you want to be among the first — and the few — to sample a level of luxury and performance unmatched by anything in its class (or anywhere near its price) come in and borrow the keys from your Toyota dealer. Now.



Sunroof and rear spoiler shown optional extra

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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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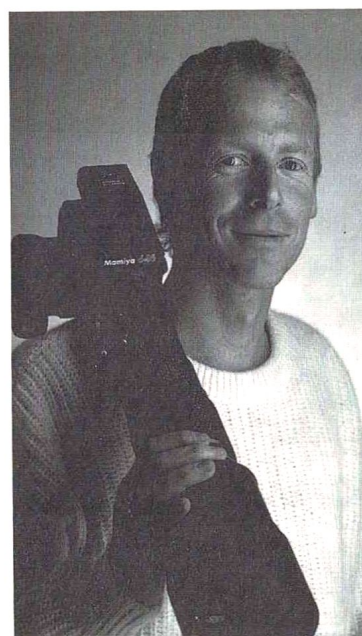
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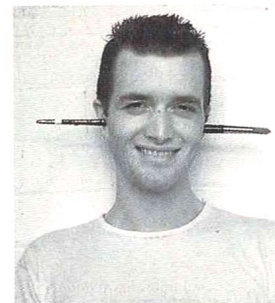
NOVEMBER



PETER AITCHISON



PETER CRAWFORD



JON BERKELEY



GREG HUNTER



JOHN SCOTT

HOUSECALL

THE ART OF FRAUD

Behind the aristocratic facade of the world's great auction houses there lies a bizarre, eccentric and often unsavory reality. John Baxter documents some of the more outlandish scams perpetrated in the name of art, and tells how to sidestep the predators currently cashing in on the Australian boom. Turn to John Scott's illustration on page 34.

THE NEW WAVE

Jet skis used to be strictly for nerds, wankers and Westies. But now there are a few pioneers who are taming these mechanical brutes and using them to perform manoeuvres on waves that conventional surfers can only dream of. Richard Payne, Australia's number one jet skier, turned on a mind-boggling exhibition in big surf for the camera of Peter Crawford. Senior Editor Greg Hunter provided the accompanying words on page 52.

MORE SEX & DRUGS & ROCK 'N' ROLL

You can never get enough, can you? With that philosophy in mind, *Penthouse* presents an exclusive selection of hard-core rock and raunch extracted from the sublimely sleazy pages of *More Sex & Drugs & Rock 'N' Roll*, published by Omnibus Press. See the stars in their worst possible light! Turn to page 79.

SECRETS OF SEDUCTION PART IV

The Modern Girl: now there's a challenge. Believe it or not, though, about once a month these neurotic inner-city nocturns go nutty for the feel of a man — any man, but preferably one they can comfortably hate in the morning. That means you. Turn

to Vince Reid's step-by-step seduction guide — the last in this ground-breaking *Penthouse* series — on page 58. The illustration was crafted by Jon Berkeley.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Maserati: the name is synonymous with exotic (if unpredictable) motoring, but the revamped Italian company is now in the business of putting bums on leather seats — without compromising the sizzling performance that's been a Maserati hallmark for 60 years. Motoring Editor Peter McKay found driving the new Maserati range a more rewarding experience than he'd dared hope. Peter Aitchison's photos accompany his report on page 50.

PHIL DICKIE INTERVIEW

Phil Dickie is an ordinary bloke who changed the course of Queensland history. His investigative articles in the *Brisbane Courier Mail*, showing entrenched crime flourishing under the noses of police, inspired the Fitzgerald Inquiry which hastened the demise of Bjelke-Petersen and could end the 30-year reign of conservative politics in the Sunshine State. Queensland Correspondent Frank Robson's interview with Dickie provides a harrowing description of behind-the-scenes drama and intrigue. It starts on page 74 with a photo by David May.

SIXTEEN TEARS

In the days before Mikimoto and plastics, a man could hold a fortune in rose-tinted pearls in the palm of one hand. But could he hang on to them? Romantic fiction from James Keith, illustrated by Nigel Buchanan on page 86. 

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian Penthouse—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Bankcard blues

Bankcard General Manager Kell Quill gave your readers an interesting insight into the card's profitability in your story Loan Wolves (August 1988, *Australian Penthouse*).

Forgetting the consumer interest, Bankcard charges merchants an average three percent flat service charge on all transactions. Seven billion dollars annual turnover generates \$210 million from that source alone. That annual turnover averages \$583 million "outstandings" every month. Assuming that "outstandings" remain the same throughout the year, the merchant charge represents 36 percent annual return — not bad for an organisation crying poor!

Why do Australian homebuyers pay around double the interest rate of US, UK, and German homebuyers? It about doubles their repayment time and triples the total interest paid — but Australia has costlier homes to start with than those countries.

Where is the honest politician who will fix the national economy and give the ordinary citizen a go? — *Tony Gilbert, ACT*

Taste

After reading your magazine for several years I am used to a variety of mixed taste cartoons. However, I must comment on your lion and the mouse parody on page 34 of your August issue.

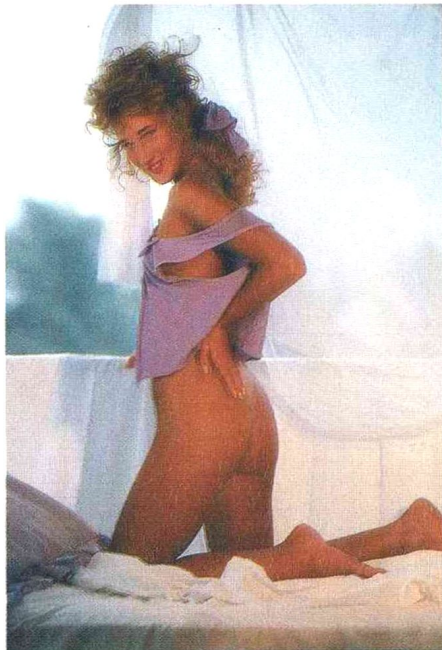
For a start, the lion is a male, as only male lions have a mane. I find the idea of bestial buggery ridiculous but not funny.

My second complaint concerns your quiz under the Envy heading. I have never seen a more complicated means of scoring any quiz. I feel you left a category out of this personality judgement — that of a perfect zero score which indicates a lack of patience. — *M.A. Creasey, Tempe, NSW*

Please explain

As *Australian Penthouse* has never been an active exponent of feminism maybe the following paragraph would justify its stance:

One of the hallmarks of the atheist Marxist doctrine is the gradual elimination of the family unit. This seems also to be the policy and aim of many ardent feminists. It is also no secret that many eminent feminists have acute left-wing tendencies. The



Youthful Isabel Monroe

family unit has been the cornerstone of Western Christian civilisation. Could it be that the feminist movement and certain sections of Women's Lib are a clandestine international communist conspiracy? Could it also be that feminism is the Angel of Death for Western civilisation as we know it? — *J.A.B., Sorrento, WA*

No — Ed.

Shot in the black

I have been receiving *Australian Penthouse* Black Label for over two years. In your May 1988 edition I was amazed by the detail in the photo of Crissy Bozlee on page 112! Quite a few of my friends have been viewing my collection of *Penthouse* magazine, but it was that shot which interested them in the Black Label Edition. — *Name and address withheld*

Finer points

Having subscribed to your magazine for three years I feel it is time to take issue with you on a few points.

Firstly, why the very discernible lack of black women in your pictorials? Is it because there are no black women out there or because none apply to you, or because your talent scouts haven't found any? Secondly, how about a few more exotic

motoring reports: Ferrari, Lamborghini etc? Finally, a monthly pull-out poster would be welcome.

Keep up the good work and keep the standards high. The magazine continues to excel. — *P.G.K., East Brighton, Vic*

Firstly, skin color is irrelevant when selecting models. For the record, Australian Penthouse's 1985 Pet of the Year was Aboriginal, Bobbie Wallbank, and the magazine regularly features models of different nationalities. Secondly, if you want exotic motoring reviews, try Peter McKay's piece on the Maserati Biturbo on page 50 of this issue. Thirdly, a free pull-out six-month calendar appeared in August Australian Penthouse. Another is planned for January 1989. — Ed

Age worries him

Your cover and centrefold pictorial in August 1988, featuring Sydney's Isabel Monroe, really took me by surprise. She is only 17 years old — as old as my niece who is in her final year at high school!

Is this the new standard to which *Australian Penthouse* has stooped? Photographing young bodies under 18 years of age? I've never been a prude, and I've subscribed to *Penthouse* since its inception, but 17 years is just too young.

Come on, buster! *Penthouse*, stick to 18 years-plus please, so that during dinner party conversations we can at least refer to your publication as showing some sort of moral leadership. Think again! — *Andrew Edson, Sussex Inlet, NSW*

Isabel Monroe appeared in Australian Penthouse of her own volition and with parental permission, and broke no law or moral code in doing so. — Ed

APOLOGY

Laity's cartoon on page 77 of the May 1988 edition of *Australian Penthouse* depicted a character which may have been thought to resemble the children's television character "Mr Squiggle." Neither *Penthouse* nor Laity intended to reproduce the original Mr Squiggle or to cause any distress to its authors. *Penthouse* apologises if Laity's cartoon conveyed that false impression.



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Kissing cousins

My name is Leanne. I'm 21 years old, and I think the most important thing I could tell you about myself is that I'm *always* horny! You may think that what you are about to read is fictitious. Well let me tell you, it was just another fantasy ... until yesterday.

My lovely cousin Peggy and her very cute fiance Colin had stayed over after a night out and we were all acting very conservatively until mother dear decided she was going out for the day and would be home around "five-ish." Shortly after we were relaxed and the conversation turned to sex — my favorite subject!

At first I felt a little uncomfortable talking so openly with my cousin (whom I thought to be quite shy and innocent) and Colin (I'd only met him once before), but they were so easy about it that I couldn't help but get right into it. The mood became even more erotic when we decided to watch a porno and everyone was making suggestive comments.

Throughout the movie I noticed a suspicious lump in Colin's jeans which I longed to stroke, but restrained myself. After the movie Colin commented that his ultimate fantasy was to have a threesome and Peggy agreed. They started caressing each other *all* over and asked if I minded ... Of course I said no, watching is great fun! I soon discovered that my dear young cousin (really only one year my junior) was not the virginal girl I'd expected but rather a sensuous lady whose libido easily matched mine!

Inevitably, I was asked to join them. Although I was reluctant at first, once warmed up I wanted more and more. Colin's tongue in my mouth was wonderful but on my soft full breast it was almost unbearable. He whispered that he'd always dreamed of two girls sucking his dick, so down we went, taking turns. He had the kind of cock that you want to suck and suck until your mouth is dry and your jaw aches. Colin commented that he could tell we were cousins for sure!

A glance at the clock revealed the time — 4.20pm. Mum would be home any time and here we were in the throes of ecstasy

on the lounge room floor! Reluctantly, I threw caution to the wind; this was too good to miss. Realising the shortage of time Peggy straddled Colin and glided up and down on that gorgeous love stick. I'd never really had the urge towards girls before but those creamy titties bouncing around were irresistible, so I gently touched them to see if she would mind and when nothing happened, I leaned forward and circled her erect nipples with my tongue, again and again.

Colin lifted Peggy off and came everywhere — it was glorious. But one touch and he was rock-hard again. I was really getting nervous about the time but they were both urging me to "jump on" and once again, the temptation was too great and the danger of getting caught enhanced my excitement.

Oh what a feeling! My soaking pussy was spasming as Colin's rod sank inside. I could almost hear the clock hammering away the minutes. This was getting very dangerous. I could feel Colin pulsating deep in my stomach and Peggy's hand on my breast commanded my attention away from the clock. It was all too much for us and I felt my insides (and outsides) explode in a mass of tingling erotica — followed by Colin's almighty orgasm shooting straight and hard.

There was no time to relax. We had to get cleaned up! As it turned out we had

about 15 minutes to spare. But never mind, there's always next time — *I hope!* — Name and address withheld

Time and motion

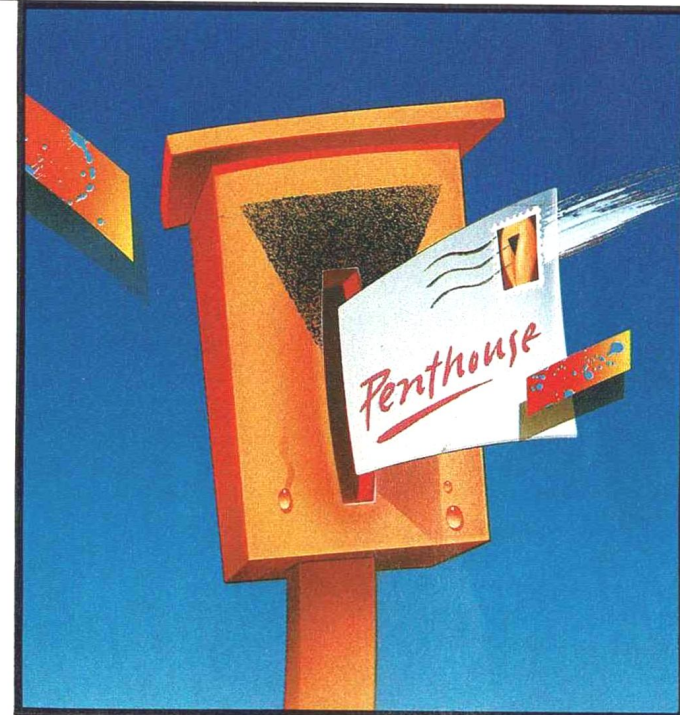
It was at work that I first laid eyes on a girl named Louise. Right from the start, there was something about the girl that appealed to me. Her face and body had a kind of earthy sexuality that made me horny for her every time I saw her walk into the factory from the office. She was 28, had dark hair and eyes, and a petite, nicely curved body. As I was later to discover at first hand, Louise was also blessed with a horny pair of tits that were just a nice handful, with no sag whatsoever. They were full and firm, and yet so soft and silky to touch — capped by exquisite pink

nipples that beckoned irresistibly to "come taste me!"

We soon established a friendly relationship in the course of her duties of time and motion studies, and it certainly brightened up my day to see her enter the factory and start walking over to me. She always had a smile for me, and as time passed, I came to realise that her feelings for me were more than just those of a work-place relationship. I must confess the feelings were certainly mutual. We soon progressed to flirting with each other often, but I was still pleasantly surprised when one day out of the blue she asked me if I would come and have a drink or two with her after work. I was pleased to accept.

We met at a popular hotel and settled down to a few drinks and a pleasant conversation. But after just a couple of drinks, the tone became more intimate, the flirting bolder. I guess the alcohol was allowing us to shed our inhibitions a lot faster than normal. Again, Louise very pleasantly surprised me when, not too much later, she asked if I would like to go back to her place. This beautiful, horny creature made it clear that if I did, she was going to fuck my brains out! My cock bulged hard as I replied: "Let's go then!"

Back at her place, Louise made coffee first, and we sat side by side on the lounge to listen to some music. Before too long, though, Louise snuggled up really close



FORUM

and I could feel her choice, shapely breasts, with nipples erect, pressing warmly into my side. As I put my arm around her, I felt her hand move to my thigh and begin stroking in slow, sensual patterns that soon inched tantalizingly closer and closer to my straining cock. Then her hand cupped the bulge in my jeans, and she playfully squeezed and patted it, saying: "Oh! There's something big and hard in here, and I think it's trying to get out." And next, she unzipped me and her delightfully searching fingers found and freed my swollen cock.

"Maybe you ought to run a study on it to see how long it can stand up under pressure," I suggested in reply.

She genuinely seemed to marvel at the sight and feel of my cock, and delighted in stroking and squeezing it. Soft, warm fingers trailed teasingly up and down the length of its shaft. With her fingernails, she lightly traced the shape of the head of my cock, sending shivers through me and causing my cock to repeatedly flex to its maximum hardness. I had never had a woman pay so much loving homage to my cock before, and I just wanted it to go on and on and on.

As she continued, she gradually lowered her head until her mouth was only about an inch away from the flared head of

my rampant hard-on. Next thing I knew, a warm, moist tongue descended and began encircling the tip with soft, loving caresses. Louise slid her softly searching lips and tongue down over its swollen head to engulf the shaft. She began a slow and gentle sucking, unhurriedly raising and lowering her head in time with the sucking motion. At the same time, she very gently squeezed and fondled my balls, occasionally teasing them with ever so light caresses of her finger nails.

When I told her that she would soon have me coming, she lifted her mouth away, and smiled. She grasped the base of my rigid shaft and milked upwards in a loving stroke. A large drop of clear, sticky fluid oozed from the tip, which she spread out with the tip of her tongue. Then, using just her lips, she sucked the fluid into her hot mouth. I softly groaned from deep down in my throat and said: "Don't stop now! Take me all the way!"

Louise just smiled again, lowered her head and sank my throbbing cock into her moist, talented mouth once more. This time she gradually increased the rhythm, as well as the sucking, and she soon had me tensing my body all over in ecstasy. I placed my hands on her bobbing head as I felt the boiling volcano build up and up, higher and higher to an almost unbearable pressure, and I groaned. My body jerked and my cock exploded, throbbing as violent spurts of hot sperm splashed the back

of her mouth and throat! Louise had to swallow several times, and each time she did, the feeling made my cock jerk yet again, milking out more and more thick, white come until it at last was spent. But still, she was able to extract one last drop with a loving stroke of her fingers as my cock began to subside. Louise licked it off with that delightful tongue of hers, and said: "Mmm. That was nice! We'll have to do that again some time." I smiled and said nothing. Far be it from me to argue against such wisdom!

Shortly afterwards, we retired to her bedroom and spent a very satisfying night exploring each other's bodies, taking delight in a healthy session of sexual fun and games. — *Name and address withheld*

Coffee with a twist

I arrived at my destination one morning ready for a cup of coffee and some good conversation. It was cold outside, so we sat on the couch in the lounge room next to the fire.

This lady has the body of a goddess, and a face that would sway any man. Up until recently our relationship has stayed pretty well at arm's length, but this day was different — I could sense the feeling in the air; I knew that more than just a cup of coffee was going to be consumed.

We sat close to each other talking and accidentally brushing each other with arms and legs, building on the atmosphere. I looked deep into her seductive eyes and leaned over to kiss her. We embraced and kissed passionately, locking our tongues and our bodies together. We both began to breathe heavier with the thought of what may happen next.

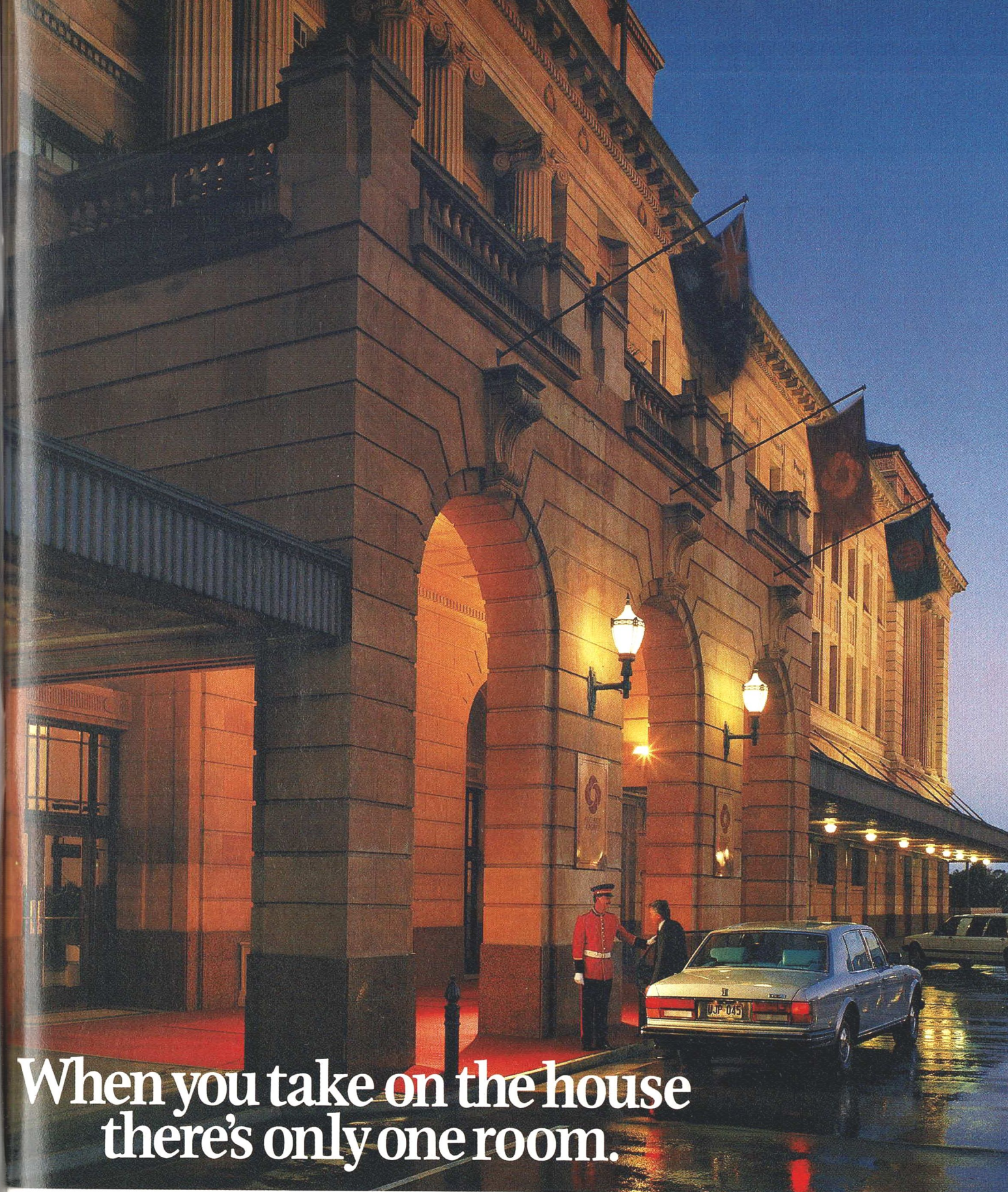
I moved my hand down to her breasts, and began to caress them through her blouse. I could feel them begin to respond to my touch. I lifted up her blouse, and unclipped her bra. Her beautiful breasts fell free. They are large, but firm, with dark areolae and nipples that made my mouth water. I caressed, licked and sucked her nipples till they stood out like arrows.

She began to breathe heavier and I knew there would be no turning back. Whilst my mouth gave her nipples the attention they needed, my right hand began to roam toward her golden grotto. My hand arrived at its destination, and found the very damp crotch of her jeans. I moved my hand to the top of her jeans to undo any opposition I had and proceeded to slide my hand inside her jeans. I found a beautiful clean shaven pussy which was as wet as a swimming pool. I slid my fingers inside her, and she began to squirm and sigh in reaction to my touch.

We looked at each other and decided to adjourn to the bedroom. I removed her clothing and laid her face down on the bed; then I removed all of my clothes and started caressing her beautiful body with my hands. I decided she needed a tongue lashing so I proceeded to lick her from



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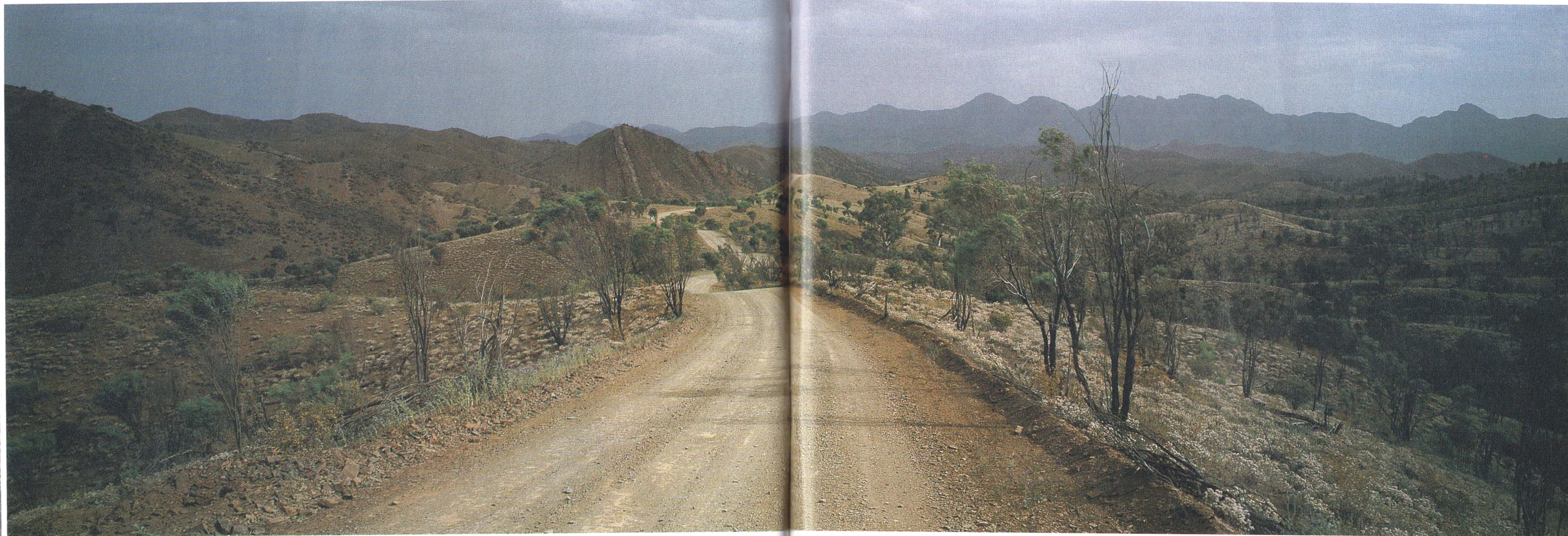
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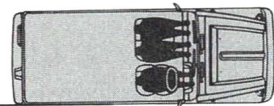
A land of sweeping plains

To carry those big loads effortlessly across a vast continent the Troopie comes with your choice of 4.0 litre, 6 cylinder, petrol or diesel engines.

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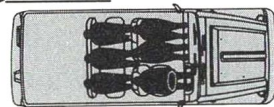
Of ragged mountain ranges

LandCruiser made its name taming the Snowy Mountains. So the brakes, suspension and drivetrain will take anything this country can dish out, yet still deliver a safe and comfortable ride. Because the Troopie is designed to take a full 1 tonne load, it features a recently improved system of compliant semi-elliptic leaf springs front and rear with double-acting hydraulic dampers all round. And power boosted, ventilated front disc brakes pull you up sure and true.



Of droughts and flooding rains

No matter what weather conditions are like outside, inside you're cosseted with



an efficient heating, demisting and ventilation system, supportive seats, full instruments and power steering. The Troopie has the most headroom, the widest track and the longest wheelbase in its class, so whether you choose the 3, 6 or 11 seater configuration, there's room to stretch out. And air-conditioning is optional.

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unique parts warehouse back-up in Townsville and Darwin. So whether you need maintenance, accessories or repairs, there are always people ready to help.

I love her jewel sea

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FORUM

head to toe and back again. She squirmed around like a fish on dry land, moaning in anticipation of what was to follow.

I began to caress her pussy with my hands, rubbing her clit and delving into her dripping cunt. She wiggled and squirmed and sighed at every touch.

I then spread her legs wide, so my tongue could taste her flowing river. Slowly I began to lick from her golden slit to her bung hole, every now and then rocking her little man. She started to react more to my caresses. I then lay above her and lightly and slowly began to body contact massage her as she sighed in ecstasy. I slowly moved up and down allowing my meat to rub her drowned pussy.

I rolled her over so I could lick and suck on her nipples and breasts until she sighed and squirmed uncontrollably. I then moved down to her stomach and pussy throbbing in anticipation.

I thought it was about time that my meat received some attention so I sat her up and stuck my meat down her throat. She sucked and slurped till I nearly came, but I wasn't finished with her yet. I took my meat from those luscious lips and started to finger fuck her. One finger in her hole and one rocking her little man.

That was what she was waiting for. She

grabbed my throbbing meat and began to jack me off with the expertise only some women have. She started to drag me upon her. I knew she was ready to be fucked and I could not handle this any more, so I took my fingers from her juicy tunnel and rammed my engorged meat into her throbbing pussy. I pumped in and out at the speed of a racing car engine, not giving up for a second. I could feel her pussy sucking the spunk out of me, but I wasn't ready to release my load.

Some people have no thought for others ... Just when I was going to get my rocks off, we were interrupted by some kids at the door. She got up to answer and returned not long after.

I could not wait to get back on the bed, so I laid her on the floor and rammed my meat into her tunnel as far as it would go. This time I was not going to hold back. I pumped her so hard I thought my meat was going to burn up with the heat.

She screamed for me to come — she wanted to feel my juice in her pussy. My cannon shot its load, and I nearly passed out in ecstasy.

We lay there puffing and panting for a while in each other's arms.

After a while, we had relaxed enough to be able to stand up, so we got up to get dressed. I could see my come running down her legs. Her pussy was still throbbing and I could tell she was contented.

We had another cup of coffee and more

conversation and talked about the next time we were to meet. I left exhausted and content, dreaming of the next cup of coffee with a twist. — *Name and address withheld*

Before the deluge

After spending a terrifically lazy day basking in the north coast sun, I suggested we take a spa to top off a completely relaxing day. Louise, my stunningly beautiful 20-year-old partner, wholeheartedly agreed.

In a secluded and locked spa room, the experience we were to remember for the rest of our lives was to begin. The door clicked shut behind us, automatically locking out any unwelcome guests, leaving us to slowly peel off our clothes and sink into the steaming, gushing tub.

It was the first time in ages that Louise had enjoyed a spa, and her eyes widened slightly as I guided her over a jet of water. I watched her shift positions subtly, moving ever so slightly side to side, oblivious to almost everything else but the forceful stimulation of her clit.

Just the sight of my lady — eyes closed, breasts swaying, moaning softly — was enough to fill my prick with a rush of blood. She opened her eyes long enough to gasp at the sight of my erection moving closer, only to sigh lovingly as my mouth closed on hers. I could feel her body tremble and her nipples harden with pleasure as I gently guided the rod of my manhood between her parted legs. Slipping herself on to my throbbing piece, she couldn't hold back her gasp of anticipation.

Our position under water made our bodily movements all the more deliberate, as I closed my hands around Louise's firm arse and pulled her on to my rock-hard penis again and again. Watching her facial expressions of pleasure only served to heighten my own level of excitement. The eyes closed in savoring the moment, the just-audible gasps passing through her parted lips — gasps in perfect unison with the thrusting of my cock.

The walls of her cunt massaged my member as they had never done before. Sensing the arrival of her own climax, she pulled me closer to her heaving body. Her movements became more urgent as she removed her hands from my shoulders, and placed them on my arse, frantically forcing me further and deeper inside her.

Her orgasm shuddered and smouldered, more quiet and intense than I had ever seen. Slowly and dreamily she opened her eyes and let me slip from her grasp. I reached for the sheath, so conveniently placed on the edge of the spa, enjoying the admiration she gave my body. I could feel the heat rising inside me as I rolled it on, while she moved her body around to an even stronger vent. Kneeling doggy-style, Louise was positioning herself next to a jet of spurting fluid, straight on to her pussy, with another gushing past



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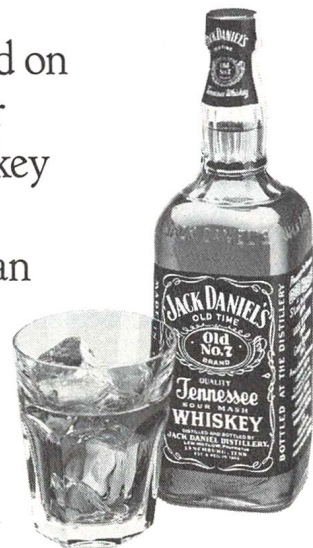




BACK ROW: Clarence Rolman, 81; Lawrence Burns, 66; Garland Dusenberry, 70; Charlie Walker, 71.
FRONT ROW: Bill C. Fanning, 75; Lee Gray, 66; Lamont Weaver, 67; Herb Fanning, 78.

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FORUM

her clit. Unable to resist her ripe little arse, peeping so seductively above the waterline, I had to enter her.

My hands stroked her silky body, stopping with surprise at her cunt. Positioned over a vent, her pussy was as wide and gaping as a cave — as if that huge water jet was solid prick for her cunt to grip!

Again with complete ease, I lowered myself between Louise's shapely legs, positioned the tip of my prick against the lips of her cunt, and rammed myself inside her. Despite the lack of lubrication due to the effects of the water jet, I still managed to move inside her freely. The depth and angle of my penetration once again kindled her moans of pleasure. The speed of our movements was increasing as I felt that familiar stirring at the base of my shaft. The stirring quickly developed into an electric bolt of energy that erupted into an explosion of sexual release.

Louise could not wipe the smile of utter satisfaction off her face. It always amazes me how women can manage multiple orgasms, one after the other without a rest. Despite the intensity of her last one, she was already drifting through the spa, finding more variations amidst the shooting spray. My erection, which had not died down despite my own enjoyment, threatened to swell unbearably. I quietly watched my pretty little fiancé rock back and forth, trying first her nipples, then clit, then finally yet again her cunt against another jet. Turning to me in the midst of her pleasure she whispered to me to please, please join her.

By the time we finally stepped out of the spa, only about half an hour had passed by. Despite this, during that space of 30 minutes, I had come four times and Louise ... who knows how many times? And what is the moral of this tale, I hear you cry? The moral is that you ain't fucked anywhere until you fuck in a spa. — *Name and address withheld.*

Sisters do it for themselves

A couple of weeks ago, there was a knock at the door. It was late and I was just going to bed, but I opened the door. It was the biggest prick teaser in the neighborhood — Karen. She had been stood up (dumped) by a guy that evening and had to find her own way home. She had not got very far, except to my place. As it was about 11pm now, I was in no mood to drive her home, so I suggested she stay the night. She hesitated, until I promised not to try anything. She was in a sorry state, so I would not take advantage of her, even though a part of me was saying yes. Some promises are made to be broken.

Karen slept in my bed, whilst I slept on the sofa in the lounge. Sometime during

Continued on page 102

Sins

AVARICE

Social Insecurity

For a body purportedly devoted to easing the burdens imposed by life on the less fortunate among us the Department of Social Security seems to go considerably out of its way to in fact increase those burdens. The counter staff go on strike and close their offices, leaving the pensioners no information on any problems unresolved; and at the top level departmental officers hound aged pensioners all the way to the High Court — at least they did with one: 84-year-old Clara Read, of Caloundra, Queensland.

This old duck, an aged pensioner since 1966, had in 1981 a little nest egg of \$10,000. She invested it in an Australian Fixed Trusts property trust. This was a growth trust: one of those that don't pay annual income but are designed for capital growth — quite popular in the days before capital gains tax as, by borrowing just enough so that the income from rents would cover interest, the ultimate return would be about the same as if the income had been distributed annually, but would be tax-free.

And Mrs Read didn't want any income — she had the pension. She presumably wanted something in case she had to go into a nursing home or something; and, like a good saver, she invested it instead of letting it sit around in an interest-free bank account.

Mrs Read was doing, let it be said, what both leading political parties say we should do: try as best we can to look after ourselves.

Okay, so the old dear has her ten grand socked away and is happy enough on the pension until May, 1984. AFT, having revalued the assets of the unit trust, issued her 8755 additional units, which is the trust's way of dividing up any increases in asset values among the unitholders. (Other trusts simply let the actual

value of the units themselves increase.)

Not actually wanting the money, Mrs Read just adds the new units to the old ones in her drawer and goes about her business of being an old biddie (but a tough one, as we will find out). But — the SS Department finds out, values the new units at \$4027, calls it income, and cancels her pension. The old dear is shattered but the department is adamant.

'Income', in relation to a person, means any personal earnings, moneys, valuable consideration or profits earned, derived or received by that person for his own use or benefit by any means from any source whatsoever. . . ' quotes the department from its own Act. The bonus units were

'profits', or at least 'valuable consideration', argued the department — and it was neither here nor there that, unless she cashed them in, they were in fact just pieces of paper and that she couldn't go down to the grocers and buy a packet of tea with them.

Mrs Read objected and eventually ended up in the Administrative Appeals Tribunal. She won. I don't know whether Mr Justice Davies, sitting as the tribunal, told the department not to be so damned stupid and niggardly but he ordered her full pension restored.

The department appealed.

Luckily for Mrs Read she had been picked up by the trust managers, AFT, by this time. If the SS had won AFT had a lot of old age pensioners who'd be duded for their pensions so, to an extent, it was in AFT's interests to support her. Anyway, it was still a good thing they did.

Their Honors Spender and Pincus, with good old Bill Fisher dissenting, sitting as the Federal Court of Australia, found in favor of the SS, and Mrs Read had her pension cut again.

Mrs Read appealed again; by now it was a matter for the High Court.

Now you'd think the department would have better things to do with its time and money than waste the time of five High Court judges and the various solicitors, barristers and QCs involved. All for an interpretation which you and I sitting as a full court over a beer in the local could decide in ten seconds flat: it's not income until it's money; and it's not a profit until it's realised. (How many share investors make that mistake: spend their paper profits before they actually sell the shares?)

So, in defiance of both commonsense and good manners the department defended the appeal.



Illustration by Scott Kennedy

Eventually — more than a year later and four years after the department originally cut Mrs Read's pension — the High Court considered its verdict. It took the learned majority (Mason CJ, Deane and Mary Gaudron JJ) ten closely-typed pages to decide that the bonus issues were an unrealised gain and "neither a valuable consideration nor a profit earned, derived or received by her" and, accordingly, not in-

come. Hurrah. Brennan and Toohey JJ dissented (*boo*) but were outnumbered. Hurrah.

Of course Mrs Read is entitled to her pension back and compensation for worry and loss of supplementary benefits such as free health and free bus passes. However, the department apparently tried to browbeat the old dear into signing a waiver against compo.

Social welfare? Social Hellfare!
— David Quicksilver

GLUTTONY

Wedded To Tradition

Who ever remembers what they had on their wedding day?

To eat, I mean. One of the few contenders must have been Attila the Hun, who died following a great banquet to celebrate his marriage to a girl named Ildico. Probably to the bride's relief.

The truth is that the more ritualistic the occasion, the less most people seem to remember it. As far as my own nuptials are concerned, I only recall that the entree was pea soup because the virulent color warranted the donning of shades. The makeup of the main course draws a complete blank. And the only reason I know we had apple pie was the era of the deed. In the Seventies there were only two choices — apple pie and pavlova. I hated pavlova then and I still do now.

The only couples who would be guaranteed to remember what they ate on their wedding day would be members of the Niam-Niam tribe of Africa. The meal is the only one during her lifetime that the woman will eat in company with her husband. An interesting nugget of information I picked out of Volume II of *The History Of Human Marriage* — a book which details what people in the passage of time have gone through to get themselves united in matrimony.

In some cultures food is the very heart of the matter. Among many American Indian tribes the binding moment of the ceremony is the joint consumption of a dish. The Navaho bridal couple dip

together into a bowl of maize pudding. The Pawnee had a ritual which was very much the same. In Aglu (I regret to say that *The*

"symbolically" tries to prevent him from doing so. She then has her revenge by doing the same to him. The Hindus eat a type of pancake from the same dish. In ancient Greece a sesame cake was shared; in contemporary Greece, the young man's mother often makes the couple eat honey from the same jar so that their marriage will be "sweet." In Syria, the wedding guests smear porridge on the newlyweds' faces. Among the Berbers of Southern Morocco, the bride and groom push a little food into one another's mouths in a practice very much like that of those mysterious people of Aglu, and not unlike the ritual of today's wedding couple at the reception centre feeding each other wedding cake as the cameras pop.



History does not indicate where this is) the bridegroom at the climactic moment tries to cram a ball of food that includes meal, bread, honey and butter into the mouth of his bride, who

The tradition of the wedding cake itself is an ancient one. The custom in England was to shove pieces of the "bridescake" three times — some authorities say nine times — through the wed-

ding ring itself, the crumbs afterwards to be placed under pillows to bring "prophetic dreams of lovers and marriage."

I had wondered at the practice and patience required to work cake through a wedding ring — it would hardly be threading a camel through the eye of a needle, but not easy nonetheless. Research turned up a fact of which I was not aware: the wedding ring was once worn on the thumb. Portraits from the era of Elizabeth I show it worn there before it moved down the fingers to the fourth, supposedly because it was believed that a vein led from the fourth finger to the heart. At least the thumb ring gave the cake stuffer a bit more room to play with.

What has come down to contemporary weddings from the ritual of the cake is the "groom's cake" — those individual slices of fruit cake put into small boxes for the guests to take home. Emily Post, in her book on etiquette, says that it is "very bad manners to take home more than one box." She must move in different circles from me. In my experience, you can't give the bloody pieces away.

Ceremonial drinking, apart from our own bucks' night piss-up, has always played a major part in the marriage ritual. In China it was the ancient custom for the bride and groom to drink from cups fashioned from two halves of the same melon. No prizes for guessing the reason why. The Greek ceremony uses a common cup — the pair sip from it in turns, each three times. The familiar Jewish ritual includes the betrothed's drinking from a cup, which at the end of the marriage ceremony is crushed underfoot by the groom. Emily Post says that this is a reminder that even at a moment of such joy, one should never overlook the possibility of misfortune. For that reason, maybe everyone should do it and pass round a photostat of the latest divorce figures at the same time.

It is curious how often marriage ceremonies involve breaking something: the Zulus break a spear; eggs — being a symbol of

Illustration by Christine Haberstock

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HANDCRAFTED IN AUSTRALIA

Sins

fertility — are a favorite casualty in Java, Morocco, and through the Middle East; in Sicily, two eggs are placed where they will be broken by the bride's feet as she enters her new home.

Bridal couples from earliest times have had objects thrown at them — usually food. Today's wedding guests are armed with confetti or rice. Since antiquity, Greek wedding guests have thrown dates, figs, sweetmeats and little coins. In Bihar in central India the bridegroom was traditionally pelted with uncooked rice, cow shit, balls of cooked rice and "other articles" too graphic to mention. The Berbers throw a lamb or a goat — not at the couple but over the ridgepole of

their tent — to assure that their stock of animals will be healthy and prolific.

My personal theory of why nobody remembers their wedding meal hinges on bitterness. The thought of all your hard-earned cash disappearing into the mouths of freeloaders is too awful to think about.

One of the simplest of the world's wedding rituals involves throwing. It takes place among the Aetas of the Philippines: the father of the bride throws a coconut shell full of water over the pair, bumps their heads together, and proclaims them man and wife. That's all there is to it. The idea might catch on like wildfire.

— Elisabeth King

VANITY

In The Swim

While the marketeers rabbit on about Australian males' emerging fashion consciousness, quietly they admit it's the straight standards, tired and true, bought mainly by women as presents, that comprise the vast bulk of the swimwear market. The designers are popping brain cells with ideas — the flagships of their labels to be paraded on catwalks alongside svelte wenches who cut wakes with their hips — but in the real world of incessant flies and sand up your crack, style is deemed one of the lesser considerations.

These designers live in a dream world, you see. They're always getting invited to trendy pool parties where they down psychedelic cocktails — and where the bangers are bought from a deli instead of a butcher. You know, the kind in the movies which always seem to end in either an orgy or indiscriminate machine-gun fire. Anyway, here's what the trendoids will be wearing this year behind childproof fences.

Positively *the* look for this summer is the retro-clubbie all-in-one, the traditional garb for the March Past and R&R. Reminiscent of the days when life-

savers were weekend warriors (when it was cool to run and dive into the shorebreak) these numbers are for the serious lair with the body to boast about. Brian Rochford is the Australian label taking lycra and applying mouth-to-mouth to a style more the realm of black and white newsreels.

Still with that retro feel, Speedo transports us back to the Forties for that Weissmuller look: the boxer swimshort is back in a big way. Just as Speedo has been adopted as a generic term for sluggoes, so they've revived the Ben Buckler look, another generic term. Ben Buckler was an American designer in the Thirties and Forties who made his mark in the day when short shorts were pretty daring; the closest modern equivalent would be the Warwick Capper Aussie Rules short (maybe in 50 years or so the trendies will be wearing "Warwick Cappers").

On into the Fifties, the wide side brief is back. Yes, *everything* that's old is new again. Picture the look of the Acapulco high divers in the Grace Kelly flicks of the Fifties and you've got it. (And watch this space next year for the return of the skirted brief.)

Okay, it all sounds very nostal-

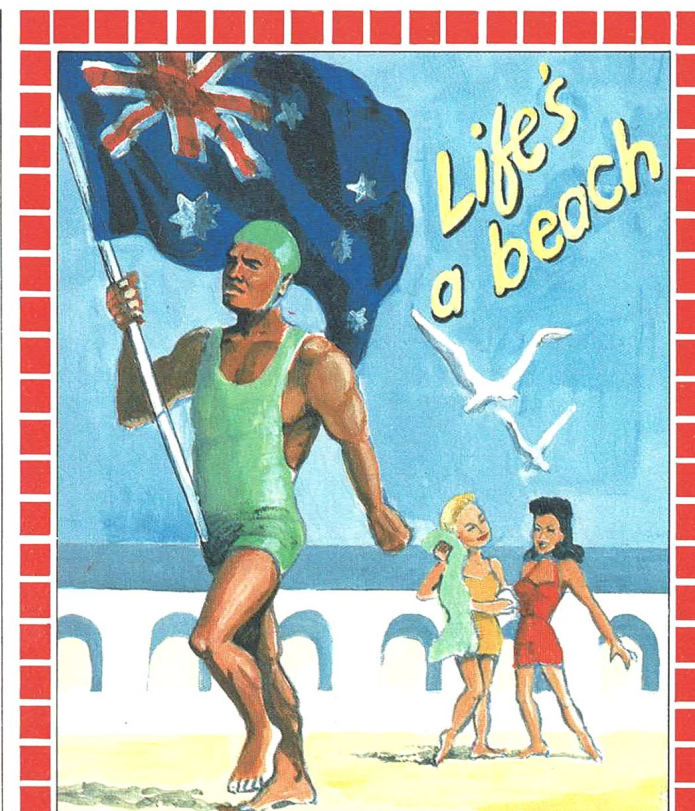


Illustration by Jackie Halbish

gic. What is really *new* is the materials now created or adopted for the humble togs. Lycra is everywhere — the newest being a crushed lycra. Nylon might dry a little quicker, but for comfort and the holding of the shape when wet, there's little comparison. Speedo, Cardin and Di Maggio are turning these out in a big way.

While lycra has been around for some time, cotton-lycra is a new blend with a much softer feel. You'll find the Rochford label turning them out in traditional colors and stripes — comfort being the operative idea.

Ribbed lycra is a newish texture, which gives a chunkier look. Or check out Speedo's textures — in checks or alligator skin finish. Generally, you'll notice in the Speedo range that they're going for bold geometric prints. Much of their range has a nautical theme with flags and navy motifs. They've found that any motifs or messages are very popular sellers.

Boardshorts are an area where things are really happening. Brian O'Hagen, swimwear buyer for David Jones, reports that

boardies have been to the knees but are on their way back up again — from jams or okanuis, just above the knee. Elastic waist boardshorts are doing big business, as they minimise the cut and thrust to the navel when lying on a surfboard that a knotted string or stud inflicts.

Speedo, however, are the smart cookies tailoring their designs to particular sports. In the world of the surf grommet, cotton boardies are out — they're into lycra knicks with no padding, similar to the triathlon/cycling get-up.

Fluoro colors are all the go, especially for the triathletes: "very fashion conscious." Speedo has done some test runs with the top athletes in this sporting arena and are leading the way with terry-towelling inserts for padding when cycling; no need to change the shorts between legs, and you still keep the cods in one piece after a gruelling treddle. For the cycling purist, however, he can choose knicks with a chamois insert to that same end — but it's less practical when wet.

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Sins

Back to the poolside cocktail party, the latest entrant in the fashion stakes is the ubiquitous Ken Done, turning out briefs and shorts in his hard-to-miss style. What he's done for tea-towels he's now doing for the bronzed Aussie — or more likely the pale Japanese. Some would say a

pool party where people wear Ken Done sluggoes is good justification for *discriminate* machine-gun fire.

But not me. Hell, if someone's going to buy me a pair of boardies this Christmas, I'm not going to whinge about the color. — *Graem Sims*

SLOTH

Guides To Nuisance

During another of those Middle East cold wars, when no Westerners went to Egypt, I first saw the great pyramids. We were the only white faces in the desert, eight kilometres south-west of Cairo. I had long anticipated sitting in silence on a moonlit night in Giza, contemplating the solemn Great Sphinx, the wondrous Cheops.

As we got out of the public bus, tour guides and souvenir peddlers in floppy *djellabas* descended on us like Biblical locusts. "Wanna rent a camel?";

"Come and see my uncle's shop, no buy just look"; "I will guide you through the pyramids."

Touts, spivs and hawkers have been living off these majestic rock piles since they opened to tourism in 2500 BC. The guides followed us through the pyramids, snapping at our heels like temple dogs along the dark, claustrophobic corridors. They squeezed into the burial chamber of the great Cheops Pyramid, and hounded us past the Sphinx.

Ahmed, a grinning camel jockey like a pregnant priest, pur-

sued us relentlessly — "How you like pyramids? How many children you have? I take your picture" — on his dreary, moth-eaten dromedary.

"This is my farm," he joked, his arm sweeping over the rocky ground stretching to the horizon. The joke was as old as the pyramids themselves.

To stop his interminable prattling, we finally climbed aboard his animal for a short ride and a photo session. As we left that holy place of mystery, Ahmed called out the ancient Egyptian salutation, "See you later, alligator."

Guides have long been the bane of travellers. Mark Twain, who in 1867 chronicled the adventures of the first American group trip, "the great pleasure excursion to Europe and the Holy Land," suffered "those necessary nuisances, European guides."

Twain grumbled in *Innocents Abroad*: "Many a man has wished in his heart that he could do without his guide. Guides

know enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart — the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonders they show you. They know it and tell it like a parrot would. . ."

The pestilence has spread. A guide, mandatory for all climbers, followed us wordlessly for two days as we hiked the well-marked trail up Mount Kinabalu, Malaysia. Back at the ranger station, he spoke for the first time: "Tip, sahibs."

Indian guides proudly display "official" black market badges and wave tattered school scribblers with smudgy recommendations scratched in by former clients:

"Shashi is a beautiful person and he made the trip meaningful for us. He showed us some wonderful shops. — *Mary Lou, Anaheim, California*";

"This jerk is a real pest and a cheat. Piss him off. — *GF, Cessnock, NSW*"

In Jerusalem, our native Israeli guide, Yevi, made us all say *Shalom* (Hebrew for Aloha) before the bus could leave. While we strained to see Bethlehem and the Garden of Gethsemane speeding past the windows, he hawked slides, guide books and taped commentaries.

Guides can be helpful and necessary. In India, a jovial Sikh cross-country bus driver dropped off his other passengers when we arrived in Benares, bought a bottle of vile Indian brandy in a scungy, back-alley shop and drove us through the crammed city in his giant Tata bus. A unique tour.

Tour guides can also be informative. In Ottawa, one told me how laborers pissed on Parliament's copper roof to speed up the verdigrising.

A lady in Ephesus, Turkey, described how slaves once warmed the stone toilet seats for their masters, and she showed us the world's first advertisement: a woman and a heart etched into the marble, with an arrow pointing to the local brothel.

In China, when I remarked that licence plates had Western num-

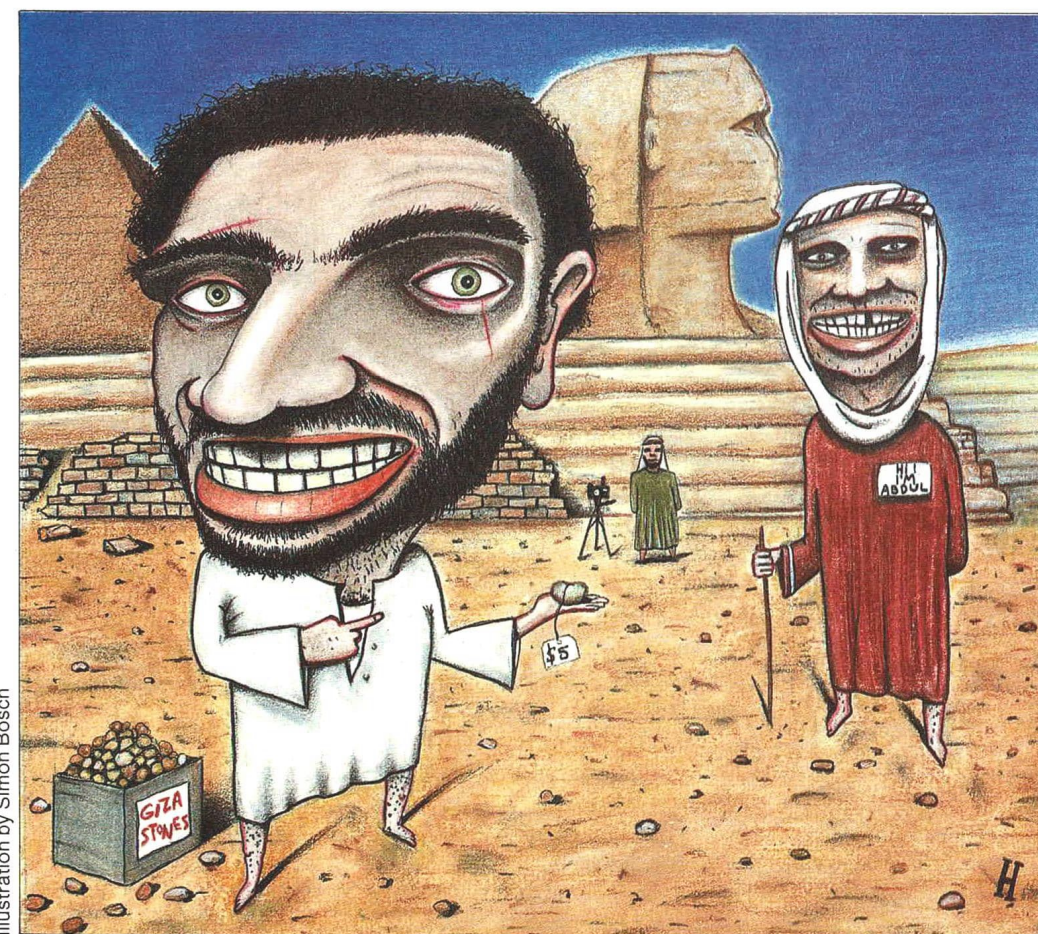


Illustration by Simon Bosch

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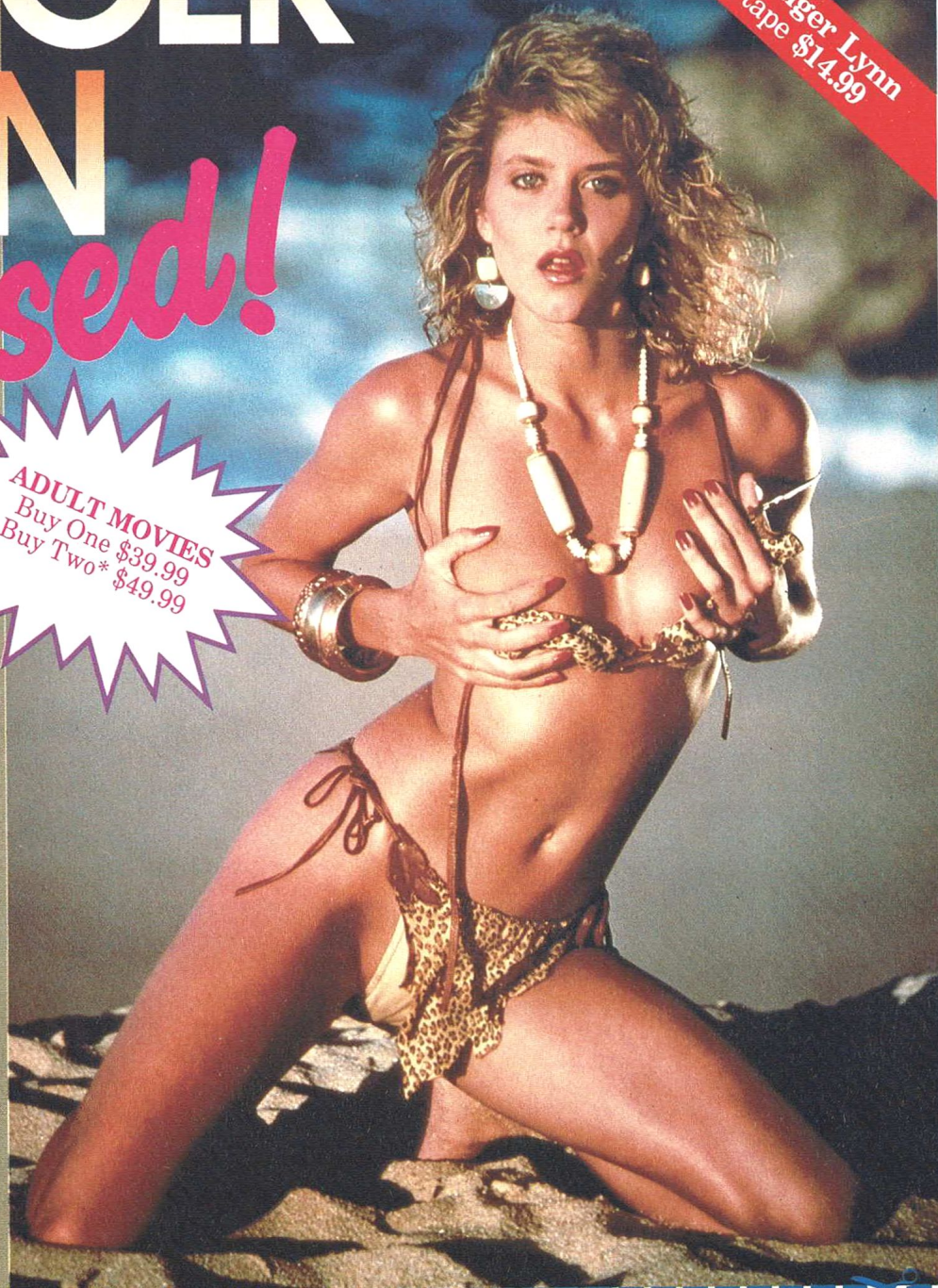
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Sins

bers instead of the squiggly Chinese version, the guide looked at me curiously. "But those are Arabic numbers." Of course.

Generally though, guides are a plague, and none more so than "Okeydokey, call me da Lucky" Haj Mohammed in Southern Morocco. Posing in his flowing white djellaba like a priest's soutaine, then flaunting his decoration for meritorious guide services from the king, Lucky contrived to destroy any possible enjoyment of that enchanting country.

Lucky earned his moniker and his English from American soldiers in Casablanca. He delivers Forties slang in a grating Bronx accent. The American military has a lot to answer for. Botching grammar and pronunciation, he talks of "marber floors" and "The Prime Minse Palace." He says: "The two son of his families" and, "After before we go to da mosque."

As we drive through the Lawrence of Arabia countryside of donkeys and camels tilling the fields, of mosques and minarets, Lucky bursts into song over the crackling PA: "Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I havin' fun."

In Marrakech, dirty, long-robed ragamuffins buzz around like flies at a camel's eyes, pushing saddles and stinking leather bags on terrified Middle American tourists. "Don't buy things from the bad boys," urges Lucky, shooing them away. He has a cousin with a shop. All guides have cousins with shops.

Free at last of Marrakech, I take me to the casbah (old castle), haggle for sweetmeats in the maze of the Arab quarter, evade snake charmers and jugglers in the Place Jemaa el Fina (Meeting of the Dead) and hap-

pen upon mosques and palaces without knowing, or caring about, their historical significance.

Evening finds me alone in the Moorish Garden of the Bahia Palace with its elaborate, wood-panelled fretwork. I sit in the peaceful garden scented with orange and jasmine, listening to the cool splash of water from the unseen fountain, the pat of bare feet across marble floors. From the courtyard rings the familiar whine: "Okey, we gonna visit de favor apartment of da king and en we goona go a government department store. Okeydokey, here we go, hubba hubba."

Vailima, Robert Louis Stevenson's last home, is at the end of The Road Of Loving Hearts, six kms from Apia, Samoa. Stevenson was no penniless author living among the noble savage. The house, the finest in the country, is now the head of state's official residence.

His tomb is another matter. There is no direction sign. A giant Samoan clearing the bush offered to show me the way. He said he was a prince — all Samoans say they are princes. He was eager to help a visitor. Of course, he would accept a gift.

I began to refuse and then looked up. There was a 500 foot peak, small trails that quickly ran out and waist-deep bush. Giving in, I hired "the prince." He led me to a nearby mud path that zigzagged exhaustingly up the steep slope. How did those Samoans bear Stevenson's bier up this path?

Stevenson's plain, white tomb is inscribed with the moving epitaph the author wrote for himself. I stayed there for half an hour. And so did the princely guide, waiting for his remittance. — Elisabeth King

LUST

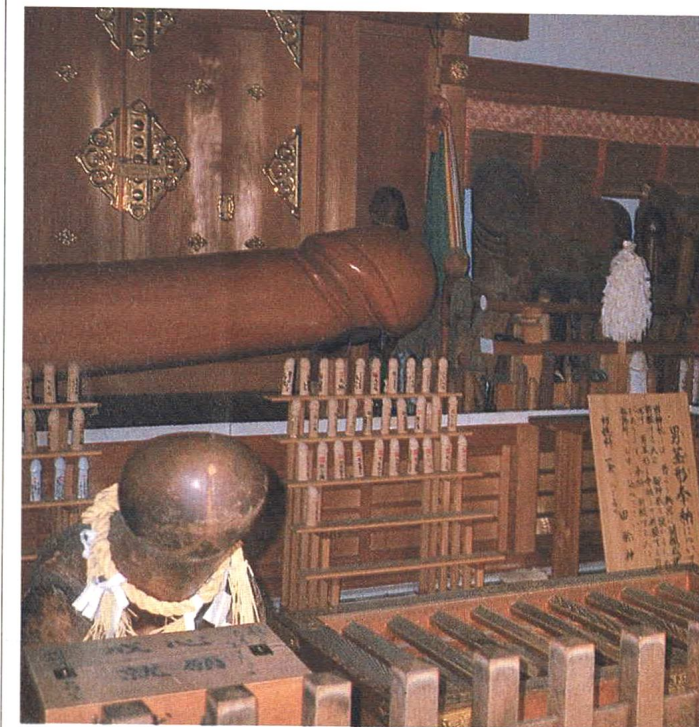
The World's Biggest Penis

Why do tourists avoid Nagoya? Is it the unfriendly image of local Samurai massacring Christians? Or does the industrial image of Toyota turn visitors off?

Whatever, Sydney's sister city (and Japan's third-biggest) has largely avoided a Western invasion. It's still delightfully Japanese. It's also long overdue for a slice of the tourist pie.

Nagoya is three hours by Bullet-train (one by air) south-west of Tokyo along the coast... via Mount Fuji. You can also fly direct from Sydney to Komaki Inter-

know the secret of Nagoya's Tagata Shrine. Tagata is probably unique in the world. It's hidden away in a suburb of the same name, close to the airport. Per-



An army of penises, from little privates up to the giant general

national Airport. Flying in, you see a countryside richly green, dotted with great temples, ancient villages and famous landmarks. Nagoya itself is famous for coffee shops, underground shopping arcades, and as the home of that addictive pinball game *Pachinko*. It has a great port, delightful parks, impressive museums, a wonderland of department stores and an endless variety of eating places, all very Japanese in flavor. This is Tokyo as it should have been. In some ways it's better.

Nagoya also offers two unique attractions. The first is its castle: a multi-roofed giant rising straight from the pages of *Shogun*. And it's about as old. The original was bombed flat in the war. Today's castle, set in a deer-filled parkland, is a full-sized replica made entirely of ferro-concrete. It may just be the world's biggest garden gnome.

Which leads us to the world's biggest penis.

For while everyone knows the secret of Nagoya Castle, very few

fect for that last quick bit of sight-seeing before you fly home.

The shrine itself is, at first glance, unremarkable. A typical Shinto complex. In its small grounds, a white pebble path leads to the main shrine building and a smaller one behind. It all looks so ordinary that at first you only see it with ordinary eyes. Nothing prepares you for what follows.

It's fun to watch the few tourists who stumble on it unawares. They scrunch up the path towards the main door. They admire the formal garden and the architecture. Then they peer into the darkened shrine.

It always takes a moment for their minds to register what they're seeing. Then there's always the double-take, as their eyes pop and their jaws drop. Confronting them is a huge wooden penis. Behind it, now that they are seeing correctly, stand more of the same. Dozens, hundreds, thousands of every size and shape and color. An army of penises, from little pri-

Photo by Harvey Shore

Director of sales, Amanda Thompson, wrapped up in her work.

"To my mind, what we're doing here is concerned primarily with involvement. The majority of people who will come here are over-involved in a work sense, quite often to the detriment of their general health and well-being.



way for people to adjust their lifestyles. Incorporated into this, are facilities like the jacuzzis, saunas, massage rooms, aerobics classes, gym, pool and hydro-therapy, jogging tracks and full health management and medical centre.

"What we try and do at Coolum is to make these individuals more aware of themselves, not by taking anything away from their level of commitment to their careers, but by encouraging a healthier approach to life.

"An organisation is only as healthy as the people running it. If those people aren't looking after themselves then they are being generally counter-productive to what they set out to do.

"I mean, here at Coolum we're as wrapped up in our work as the people who come here; we just happen to have a slightly different approach.

"We build a healthier pattern into our daily routines, so that fitness is as much a part of our day as getting up in the morning to go to work. It's as much a mental attitude as it is physical. We point out a more creative

"We offer a variety of beauty services, ranging from hairdressers to rejuvenation treatments, including Coolum's unique herbal wrap.

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"Ideally, it should have long-term results, so that guests continue to be involved with their well-being as much as they are involved with anything else they do long after they leave."

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vates in neat rows up to giant generals. And when you step back, you realise there is more.

The bell over the door is a gigantic phallus. The fountain in the garden is an active penis. The mushrooms nearby are not mushrooms at all. The whole place is chock-a-block and crawling with symbolism. Pretty soon, this becomes a great game. Where first you saw nothing, suddenly penises are everywhere!

rest of the year.

The Japanese have a refreshing candor when it comes to sex. This is well reflected in another building just beside the Tagata Shrine. Very few tourists discover it, and that's not surprising because it is quite literally in a plain brown wrapper. Find it you must. You'll never see anything like it anywhere else. Here is the world's only Penis Museum.

A 500 yen entrance fee is col-

egory. And then, amazingly, you find yourself gazing into a whale's vagina. It's the real thing — rather like a small bathtub in size and looking for all the world like a giant pair of lips.

Around the corner — the *yang* to their *yin*. A row of fully erect whale penises, thick as a man's thigh and two metres high.

Next door you find two rooms packed with penis power. Row upon row of organs — some so tiny that a magnifying glass is provided for your viewing enjoyment. This is, naturally, very educational. You can discover which animal has a penis like a flower, or like a saw. And so on.

If that doesn't turn you on, there is plenty of naked human interest. This includes quaint old penny peep-show machines, a display of erotic sex aids, and a very dubious baby mermaid.

Finally, as you exit the museum via a well-stocked souvenir counter, you'll again be intercepted by the tiny curator. She will show you her wall charts.

One of them measures penis size. You will no doubt be fascinated to discover that Negros average 19 centimetres. Germans beat them with 21.5 centimetres

on average, and the Danes can claim 20 centimetres. It's bad news for the Japs themselves; they weigh in with a paltry 12.5 centimetres. Your lady curator will politely enquire as to your own size. (I told you they were refreshingly candid.) It's all purely for research purposes...

Another chart enables you to work out exactly how long you can expect to maintain an erection, and how great the angle of the dangle might be. It's all based on your age. So is the best chart of all — the Barometer of Health chart. This one provides you with a mathematical formula to determine how often you can make love in a set number of days.

It works like this: take the first figure in your age. (If you're 35, take the 3.) Multiply this by nine, making 27. Of that 27, the 2 means 20 days. The 7 means seven times in those 20 days. And that's how often you can expect to perform on average if you engage in regular sex.

According to the chart, it gets rapidly worse as you get older. But then, it's only numbers. Maybe the Japanese are different. Their Tagata Shrine certainly is. — *Harvey Shore*

LUST

Was The King A Queen?

The truth may never be known. The protagonists lie buried at Frogmore, their secrets taken to the grave.

The story of HRH the Duke and Duchess of Windsor has become legendary, despite the fact that it is 50 years since the Abdication. And legends refuse to lie down. They erupt, with new twists — some of them startling.

What is beginning to be questioned is the fairytale view of a king rejecting his throne for the sake of the woman he loved. As new accounts of contemporaries are published, as new evidence mounts, this conventional explanation is seen to be too easy, too sentimental and, in the final analysis, too removed from reality. A new theory slowly gaining currency is that the Duke

was homosexual.

On June 10, 1930, the homosexual writer and biographer Lytton Strachey described a "curious adventure" at London's National Gallery:

"There was a black-haired tart marching around in India-rubber boots and longing to be picked up. We both lingered in the strangest manner in front of various masterpieces — wandering from room to room. Then on looking around I perceived a most attractive tart, fair-haired this time — bright yellow and thick hair, a pink face — and plenty of vitality. So I transferred my attentions, and began to move in his direction, when on looking more closely I observed that it was the Prince of Wales — no doubt at all — a custodian bowing and

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Two of the smaller whale penises on exhibit

Tagata, as you may have guessed, is a fertility shrine. Here newlyweds and hopefuls come to ask the gods for the gift of new life. Here you have a church genuinely devoted to the upright man!

Each year in March, an exuberant festival is held at Tagata. The bigger penises are usually taken in procession around the shrine. Maidens in kimonos sometimes carry them gently. Then they are placed in the shrine to be petitioned and worshipped for the

lected by a tiny female curator, although she will often admit a foreigner for free. She's as curious about you as you are about the museum. "You can never imagine all the things," she tells you with much bowing and giggling. "Come — visit — and remember all your life. Over 500 kinds of sex organs. More than 700 exhibits."

She ushers you down a long corridor. Its walls are lined with pictures of animals in obvious states of sexual arousal. The rhino wins the prize in this cat-



**"...so I said
deliver it!"**

**"What a
Sterling idea."**

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scraping, and Philip Sassoon also in attendance. I then became terrified that the latter would see me, and insist on performing an introduction, so I fled — perhaps foolishly; perhaps it might have been the beginning of a really entertaining affair. And by that time the poor black-haired tart had entirely disappeared. Perhaps he was the ex-King of Portugal!"

The anecdote is typical of Lytton Strachey, wicked and irreverent in the way which was to make his *Eminent Victorians* so controversial in its day. But evidence of the deep, intuitive knowledge by which homosexuals recognise each other is there, and it is an image which is being confirmed by other sources.

In the Fifties, the exiled Windsors met the homosexual Jimmy Donahue, who had inherited \$15 million from his grandfather, Frank Woolworth. They became an inseparable threesome, a *menage à trois*, and in close circles their relationship resurrected rumors about the Duke's ambivalent sexuality. Truman Capote later recorded a conversation with Noel Coward about the trio, in which Noel Coward is purported to have said: "I like Jimmy; he's an insane camp, but fun. And I like the Duchess; she's the fag hag to end all — but that's what makes her likeable. The Duke, however, well he pretends not to hate me. He does, though. Because I'm queer and he's queer, but unlike him, I don't pretend not to be."

The Duchess, as Noel Coward noted, had a lifelong affinity with homosexuals. Whether it was Jimmy Donahue, or effete dress designers or interior decorators, she moved among them with ease. Her style, chic and witty repartee made her a favorite.

She was not a maternal woman (three marriages failed to produce any children) and her mind had a masculine cast. To a graphologist, Wallis Windsor's signature is bold, decisive, definite.

After their marriage, observers of their domestic life noted that it was she who ruled the roost. Her opinions were forthright, confi-

dent and managerial. The Duke lapsed comfortably into being led. The complexities of his character were apparent from childhood. He feared his father and adored his mother, though Queen Mary was formal and strait-laced in the mother-son relationship.

The Duke's dying words are reputed to have been: "Mama, mama, mama, mama!"

A haunting sense of melancholy pervaded his triumphal years as Prince of Wales. In March 1920 the Prince boarded the *Renown* for an Empire tour of New Zealand and Australia, which lasted until the following October. Despite his enormous popularity, and the obvious success of the tour, Lord Louis Mountbatten, his cousin and travelling companion, recalled that "the Prince was a lonely and sad person, always liable to deep depressions."

As Prince of Wales his close friendships were always with married women. At the time (Mrs) Freda Dudley Ward and Viscountess Farness were assumed to be his mistresses.

Today we might speculate whether they were a blind, to conceal his sexual insecurities with eligible young women? The liaisons have been portrayed on film, television and in some documented accounts of the events leading up to the Abdication. In a recent interview, Freda Dudley Ward, now the Marquesa Casamaury and aged 86, ranged randomly over the far-away friendship with the Prince of Wales. The Marquesa recalled dancing days ("We never stopped dancing"), dinners and social events. And she referred directly to the rumors of homosexuality which had surrounded the Prince, even then.

The Prince's friendship with Freda Dudley Ward spanned 15 years (they met during a Zeppelin raid in World War I). As with Lady Farness, there is a curiously asexual note to both relationships.

Psychologists could be left with the impression that while they encouraged gossip on one front, paradoxically they diverted

attention from another. The Prince retained an aura of heterosexuality; at the same time he failed to fulfil his obligations to the Throne. The pressures to marry must have been enormous, both from his family and the state. Yet the Prince resisted them up into his forties and then made a marriage which he knew could not find favor or acceptance.

Even in his relationship with Wallis, there were ambiguities. Described now as the love story of the century, there was never any sense of romantic urgency.

their marriage, pugs become substitute children and are commemorated in paintings, porcelain models and photographs in their households. In plays and films, their relationship is compressed, made to appear passionate and all-consuming.

Yet almost up until their marriage — except for the press, the rumor mongers and the gossips — the nation knew nothing of Wallis Simpson. There is no positive evidence of the Duke's homosexuality. But the observed patterns of behavior — and psy-



Illustration by John Mitchell

Theirs was no headlong rush of ardor. The Prince knew Wallis Simpson for almost seven years before they married. The celebrated love matured slowly.

His published letters to her reveal a lack of emotional force and are full of childish chit-chat and cajolings. Clothes, dancing, dogs, the races and other social pleasures fill the diary of their days.

His love talk, when it comes, is tinged with infantilism. Later on in

chologists have only these to go on — point to a carefully screened personality.

Both as Prince of Wales and HRH The Duke Of Windsor, he was schooled and reined in by the social mores of his time. Overt homosexual display by the heir to the Throne would have been unthinkable. Marriage to Wallis Simpson may have been not the love story of the century, but a companionable compromise. — Helen O'Reilly

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BY JOHN BAXTER

The Art Of FRAUD

Is there something rotten
behind the art auction industry's
respectable facade?

Here's an unsavory story from the world of business. But *which* business? See if you can guess.

It was New York City, 1940. Milton Logan owned a company called AAA-AG. But trade was bad, so he begged his old friend, wealthy insurance man John Geary, to invest. Geary sold his interest in the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team and plunged on AAA-AG. Too late, he discovered that the company was almost bankrupt. Creditors had camped on the doorstep. The police were threatening his partner with prosecution for fraud.

A furious Geary wasn't going to let himself be swindled. In the lobby of his office building a man named John Poggi ran a news-stand. Poggi, whose brother, "Killer", was serving a life sentence for murder, knew the underworld. Geary explained his problem, and they cooked up a scheme. First, Geary insured Logan's life for \$100,000. Then he invited his partner for a drive. At the wheel was Poggi. Luring Logan to a subway station, the chauffeur shoved him down the steel steps.

Logan was tough. He survived the fall with only bruises. But he wasn't very bright, because a few weeks later he agreed to go on another drive with his partner. Hiding in the back seat was Poggi, who bashed him with an iron bar and left him on a lonely road. Incredibly, Logan survived once more. A fractured skull didn't stop him from naming his attackers. Poggi was jailed and Geary shot himself.

What business were these people in? Something with a history of larceny, like trucking? Booze? Drugs? Smuggling? Not even close. AAA-AG stood for American Art Association - Anderson Galleries, the most prestigious fine art auction house in the U.S. After Geary's death its few remaining



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

ArtFraud

assets were bought up by the multi-million dollar international art sale conglomerate known today as Sotheby Parke-Bernet.

In common with most fine art sale rooms, Sotheby's board boasts a portrait gallery of the rich and famous that includes Her Royal Highness, The Infanta Pilar de Borbon, Dutchess of Badajoz, Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza de Kaszon and the Earl of Westmorland.

Yet behind the aristocratic facade is a bizarre, eccentric and often unsavory reality seldom glimpsed by those who buy and sell under the hammer. Put a price on something and you attract predators. Offer it for sale to the highest bidder and you've created a jungle in which the killers thrive.

The killers — and the crazies too. How else could a prestigious London saleroom offer for auction the mummified remains of Napoleon Bonaparte's penis (tastefully sealed in a glass and gold reliquary) and find a buyer?

Then there was that historic London modern art sale in December 1974, presided over by Sotheby's *saave* director Peter Wilson before a black-tie audience of the world's richest collectors and dealers. Buried among the Jackson Pollocks and Jim Dines was Lot 31, a rare work by the late Piero Manzoni, one of Italy's most important conceptual artists. The "work" was a small tin can, numbered and signed on the lid by Manzoni to prove its rarity and authenticity. A label indicated that the contents was 50 grams of *Merda d'Artista*, canned personally by Manzoni in 1961. Bids reached 400 pounds. Manzoni's shit was worth more than its weight in gold.

Until the 18th Century, auctions were rough and random affairs. But the fall of kings brought the rise of the middle class, and with them a hunger for possessions. Jumped-up tradesmen hungered for the beautiful things aristocracy had always kept to itself: Rembrandts and Renoirs and Rodins, Meissen porcelain, Faberge eggs, Gutenberg Bibles and anything else that was rare and valuable. Because where's the pleasure in something that everyone can own?

Today's dealers, collectors and artists are split on the issue of art auctions. Some welcome the rise of Sotheby's, Christie's and their kind. They've turned what used to be a sleepy corner of creativity into a high-tension equivalent of the stock exchange. Reputations are bought and sold like futures in grain and metal, but in the buying and selling there's profit for everyone, including the artists.

Others claim that salerooms are making markets rather than serving them. They point to sales that are more media events than commercial transactions. Sotheby's began the trend in 1968 by selling costumes from the Ballet Russe on stage at La

Australia Under The Hammer

There's a breathless hush in the Sydney auction room. The loudest sounds are the tick of Patek Phillipe watches, the rustle of Zampatti gear and Trellini trousers, and the creak of well-filled wallets straining the hip pockets of black leather pants.

"Lot 17," says the auctioneer. "A rare item of Australiana, in remarkably good condition. A handsome collector's piece — and a solid investment. Do I hear a hundred dollars?"

Ten hands leap eagerly into the air. Within a minute, the item has gone — for \$300. What is it — a Norman Lindsay engraving? A first edition of Patrick White? Not on your life. This audience paid \$300 for a meat safe: a frame of pine and red gum, the gaps filled in with wire mesh and the whole thing given a coat of Dulux white enamel — knocked up, no doubt, by some Thirties handyman in half an hour to keep the blowies off Sunday's leg of lamb.

Meat safes aren't the oddest items of Australiana being offered at fine art auctions. In the same sale, collectors bought a dog kennel made of gum logs, some wooden garden rakes, a chair of redgum with the back rescued from part of a pine packing case, and a variety of cedar bookcases, Huon pine chests and blackwood sofas. Prices ranged from \$300 to (for the bookcases) \$30,000.

Speculating in Australiana is the newest fashion among the rich and powerful, and money is no object. Australia today is well and truly under the hammer. The fad was fuelled by the Bicentennial. Every international auction house scheduled Australian sales for 1988, and the prices didn't disappoint them. In 1979, Kerry Packer laid out \$250,000 for some watercolors by Conrad Martens. Recently, he sold them again — for \$3.75 million. In case your hand is trembling too much to work the calculator, that's a 1400 percent profit.

Nineteenth Century Australian painting, once so despised that the average punter could find a bargain in his local market, can only be afforded today by museums and millionaires. You might score a low-priced pre-World War II lithograph or etching, but favored print-makers of the Twenties like Norman Lindsay already fetch thousands.

It's no different with the moderns. The \$20,000 fetched by William Dobell's "Wangi Boy" in 1965 was a record. But in July 1987, the same painting sold for \$264,000. Not that everyone makes a for-

tune from art. Hang around any owners' enclosure or party in the Grange Hermitage belt and you'll inevitably be buttonholed by some bore who plunged on a landscape of Botany Bay that "was almost certainly Martens" but turned out to be nothing but expensive wallpaper.

To their credit, reputable salerooms warn prospective gamblers of the risks they take. A videotape marketed by Sotheby's points out that prices can fall as easily as rise. "The only really safe way of buying for investment," says Sotheby's local chairman Robert Bleakley, "is to buy pedigree and quality. Buy works that have an established provenance from a major collection, and which are first-rate works of the artist concerned."

It's just because most art at auction is not first-rate that Porsche owners looking for a hedge against inflation are drawn to Australian antiques and collectables. Furniture is the main seller: the roughest dresser or chest can end up gleaming like a Mr Sheen commercial in some Toorak or Potts Point living room. Books, glass, maps, posters and photographs with an Australian interest all draw high prices. There's even a market for old signs: those enamel ads for Dr Morse's Indian Root Pills, Bonington's Irish Moss and Plume petrol, once fancied only by popular culture connoisseurs like Barry Humphries, trade at top prices.

Today, the big four auction houses all have Australian offices. As long as the boom in Australiana continues, they aren't likely to leave. But is it profitable to speculate in Australian collectables? Are they even a good investment? What do you need to know about buying art and antiques at auction?

For a start, don't worry that you'll scratch your head and accidentally buy a \$500 mulga toilet-seat. That only happens in nightmares. The real risks are much greater.

When you buy at auction, most laws no longer apply. As part of their "Conditions of Business," the salerooms warn that "statements in any catalogue as to authorship, attribution, genuineness, origin, date, age, provenance, condition, estimated selling price . . . are statements of opinion only, and no liability whatever is accepted by the auctioneer or the vendor should any such statement prove to be incorrect." Most reputable salerooms will refund your money on a proved fake, but you

have to prove it first.

Always examine the lot you're interested in. Auction houses allocate at least a day for inspection, so use it to make sure you're getting what you want. In any sale, at least a third of the lots will have something wrong with them, with pictures leading the list of dubious items.

Be suspicious of any print with paper firmly glued over the back. Even if the backing is part of an 18th Century deed, the picture is almost certainly a 20th Century copy. If it's an oil, check the canvas, the stretchers, and the frame. The owner may have sent it to a "retoucher." He'll have cleaned off the dust and varnish, repaired cracks, maybe mounted it on a new canvas, re-framed it — and, if it's in bad shape, discreetly "touched up" the picture. Sometimes "touching up" amounts to a full repainting, down to and including, if it happens to be "missing," a signature.

Furniture can be doctored too. The chances of a cedar table surviving unscathed in Australia's climate are remote. When dealers retrieve these pieces from henhouses and garden sheds, they're usually mutilated, warped, rotten and riddled with woodworm. Most will be totally rebuilt before they're offered for sale.

Reputable dealers won't disguise the new legs, drawers, knobs and upholstery too much. But not all dealers are reputable. Fine sandpaper can make new drawers slide with the ease of years. Beating with a fine chain — it's called "distressing" — will give furniture a century's worth of light scratches. And, in case a buyer should wonder why there's no worm damage, peppering the back with buckshot provides convincing holes.

Beyond fakery, there's simple misattribution. In the Twenties, American antique dealers made a fortune buying old English furniture and selling it back home as "early American." Someone in Australia seems to have discovered the same idea. Leo Schofield noted: "At a recent auction of Australiana, a prominent member of the financial community coughed up a five-figure sum for a rare, early important colonial cedar settee. Mutterings around the antique trade suggest that the item is neither rare, important, colonial nor cedar, but commonplace English and mahogany."

So what's safe to buy? The lower down the price range one goes, the more dubious are the returns. Rare stamps, once thought to be a gold-plated investment, have slumped: the 1932 five-shilling stamp showing Sydney's Harbour Bridge, a barometer of Australian stamp prices, has gone as high as \$1200, but at the moment it hovers disappointingly around \$850. Coins aren't much better. A mint example of the 1930 penny, one of the rarest Australian coins, is worth \$7500 today, but unless you picked it up for next to nothing, your profit if you resold today might be as



little as 13 percent.

Australian wine is usually a solid buy. Salerooms often sell off stock from hotels or restaurants going out of business, and prices are a lot lower than in the shops — assuming you could find these vintages on general sale. Most wine goes by the case, so smart drinkers club together to buy lots and split them up. One such group walked away from a recent Sydney auction with bottles of the classic 1975 Grange Hermitage for less than \$30 a bottle — against four times that in the shops.

If your taste runs to something that can decorate the house, photographs are a growing area — and the odder the subject, the better. Denise Bethel, photographic auctioneer of Swann Galleries, agrees that most categories of early photographs are becoming collectable. Australian Aboriginal subjects and pictures of the outback in the 19th Century are particularly prized: "You know, people hanging out in the bush," she says succinctly. Robert Bleakley, of Sotheby's Sydney, agrees. "Australian photographs are becoming more and more sought after. The other area we've found to be particularly strong is Australian colonial books."

Books are among the oldest and most reputable of collectables. Once acquired for their rich leather bindings or engraved illustrations, they open up an area of interest that's among the fastest growing in the world.

Publishers are now issuing "collector's editions" and "limited editions" in the hope of cashing in. But are they profitable to buyers? The claims made by publishers about such "designer collectables" are hard to substantiate. A glossy leaflet for one set of books about early Australian art describes them as "rare collector's editions." "Limited" to 1200 copies and costing \$650, the books are touted as an "astonishing work . . . destined to appreciate greatly in value over the years to come."

Handsome they may be — but Sydney rare book dealer Nicholas Pounder is dubious. "1200 is certainly more than the average for a limited edition, which is around 500," he says. "It's a lot to have around on the market, since it's a small market anyway. It's not the kind of thing that increases radically in value."

What kind of book does appreciate? "The kind that's under-rated from the beginning," Pounder suggests. "Something that nobody thought worth keeping. The sort of book that's thrown away, or sold for a few cents." Like *The Bell Jar*, the only novel written by feminist poet Sylvia Plath. It appeared in 1962 under the pen-name "Victoria Lucas" and disappeared almost without trace. The British publisher issued a few preliminary "proof" copies to reviewers. "A proof copy of a first novel by an unknown writer?" comments Pounder. "The garbage tins of London must have been full of them." Today a Californian dealer lists a proof of *The Bell Jar* for US\$3000.

Even recent novels can zoom in price. The first edition of John Fowles' *The Collector* is worth \$600, Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children* sells for \$250, and Martin Amis' *The Rachel Papers* fetches \$300 or more. Among Australian writers, dealers tip the first editions of Randolph Stow and David Malouf as bound to rise in the next few years.

But however carefully you invest, rare books, like any other collectable, simply don't compare with other hedges against inflation.

US Treasury Bills are among the safest of all investments. If you'd bought those ten years ago, you'd be showing a profit of 10.1 percent today. Gold rose 9.5 percent and farmland 9.4 percent. A house in Sydney would have appreciated at least 23 percent. With good advice, you might have made as much as 24 percent on a ten-year investment in antiques — or as little as three percent. Take inflation into account, plus a 7.9 percent rise in consumer prices in that same period, and it's obvious that gold or land would have netted you as much profit as art.

ArtFraud

Scala, Milan. This year, the first big auction in China will take place at the Great Wall, with new works being painted on the spot before an invited audience.

Celebrity sales are the public mask of the auction business. Behind that false face is an industry fighting for survival. Auction houses are desperate for interesting items that will draw high bids, earning money for their sellers but, more important, garnering large profits from the fees that are levied — anything up to 17½ per cent from the seller and 10 per cent from the purchaser. Dealers and collectors are equally anxious to find bargains.

The result is an unacknowledged war. Unscrupulous dealers stuck with a fake have been known to slip it into auction, hoping the hard-pressed experts won't notice. Most dealers attend sales where they're selling something, "running up" the price by bidding on it themselves.

Then there's "the ring," a traditional scam of the auction business which no law has ever managed to stamp out. Basically, it's a conspiracy among dealers not to bid against one another. In a typical example, a valuable cedar dresser turns up at auction. The saleroom estimates it will fetch \$5000. Knowing a collector will pay at least \$7500 for the piece, six dealers, including Charles, an old hand at this game, arrive for the sale.

Normally, they'd bid against one another, pushing the price up to the estimate. But not if Charles has anything to do with it. He gets all six together in the nearest pub and persuades them to "ring it." Bob, a young dealer not known to the auctioneer, is chosen by the six to buy the dresser. Since there's no competition, he gets it for \$1000 — to the fury of the auctioneer and the astonishment of the sellers, who were assured it would fetch much more.

After the sale, the "ring" auction the dresser among themselves. Charles buys it from his mates for \$2000. He refunds Bob his \$1000, and splits the \$2000 among the five. Everyone makes \$400 on the day just for keeping his mouth shut, and Charles, who expected to pay \$5000 and make a mere \$2500 profit, walks away with a piece of furniture on which he'll now clear \$4500.

So many forgeries clog that market that nobody is sure any longer just who produced what. "Corot painted 3000 pictures in his lifetime," cracked art expert Robert Wraight. "Ten thousand of them are in the United States." Auction houses employ a discreet code to indicate the authenticity of the pictures they sell. If the catalogue lists a picture by "Jean Renoir," it is, in their informed view, truly Renoir's work. "J. Renoir" hints broadly that Renoir may have painted the picture, but it's been much restored. And the simple "Renoir" is

as good as confessing that they believe the painting to be fake.

Even the experts get caught, no matter how carefully they check. The Metropolitan Museum in New York used to display a work called "The Fortune Teller." Showing a young man in a military jerkin having his palm read by two women while two more pick his pocket, it was supposed to be by 17th Century French master Georges de la Tour.

The Met paid international art dealer Daniel Wildenstein \$750,000 for it in 1960. Where did he get it? A French prisoner of war supposedly read an article about de la Tour and remembered a similar picture in his uncle's chateau. After the war, he encouraged his uncle to have the canvas examined by experts. Brian Sewell of Christie's declared it a fake. The costumes looked wrong, the signature seemed to have been repainted and the whole painting was in suspiciously perfect condition

6
Even Picasso
was fooled, obligingly
signing drawings which, he
assumed, he'd dashed
off years before and
forgotten

for something 300 years old. But Wildenstein believed in "The Fortune Teller." After offering it to the Louvre and being refused, he sold it to New York.

It was, the Met observed, remarkably well preserved. "As hard as a board," Wildenstein agreed appreciatively, "and as easy to clean as wiping a piece of linoleum." But wasn't that a little odd for a painting 300 years old? Suspicion grew. Experts from the Courtauld Institute in London found that the fabric design of one costume was copied from a Persian rug unknown in Europe at the time. The man's tunic was clumsily painted: there were too many buttons, most of them in the wrong place. The composition was muddled, featuring an extra right hand that didn't seem to belong to anyone in the picture.

Most damning of all, microscopic examination of the man's collar revealed a word painted into the fabric. It was *merde* — French for shit. A cynical forger hadn't been able to resist a joke on this piece of private artistic enterprise.

Who was the forger? We'll probably never know. Expert at covering their tracks, fakers seldom get caught. An un-

lucky exception was Hans van Meegeren. Before World War II, he made millions selling 17th Century masters. He might have gone undiscovered if he hadn't sold a "Vermeer" to Nazi Luftwaffe chief Herman Goering. Hauled into court on a charge of disposing of the national heritage to the enemy, he couldn't convince anyone that the works he'd sold to galleries all over the world were fakes. He had to paint one for the incredulous judge and jury. They cleared him of collaboration, but promptly re-arrested him for fraud. He died in jail in 1947.

Elmyr de Hory was more fortunate. He lived for decades in Mediterranean luxury on the island of Ibiza, turning out copies of Picassos and Matisse's which nobody could tell from the real thing. Even Picasso was fooled, obligingly signing drawings which, he assumed, he'd dashed off years ago and forgotten.

Like the forger of the de la Tour, De Hory was honest — in his fashion. He never signed his pastiches. Julian Barran, Sotheby's modern art expert in the Seventies, made a careful distinction between de Hory and the dealers who employed him. "Elmyr was a rogue," he said judiciously, "but he wasn't a villain."

And de Hory got away with it. When his duplicity was exposed, he simply put a signature on his pastiches — not "Picasso" or "Utrillo," but "Elmyr." They sold at auction under his own name almost as well as they had with faked signatures attached.

It's not only paintings that are faked. The plates, vases and statuary created in Paris before World War II by glassmaker Rene Lalique are treasured today. But Lalique died in 1939, and those made by the firm after his death are far less valuable. All Lalique glass bears his handwritten name: only those made during his lifetime carry the initial "R" before it. But plenty of shaky "R"s forged on later pieces show what an electric pencil and a little ingenuity can do.

The baldest example of forgery in recent years was carried out from a British jail. Featherstone Prison near Wolverhampton offered its inmates classes in pottery. Checking out of the library a well-illustrated book on Britain's most famous ceramics maker, Bernard Leach, some of the lads started to produce excellent copies, which they mailed to relatives outside as "souvenirs." All the big salerooms accepted them as genuine. It took months for a sharp-eyed expert to notice that, though the pots looked all right from the front (which is how they had been photographed in the book), they were decidedly wonky from other angles. But by then, a number had been sold at auction for well over \$2500 each.

For a few years in the Seventies, Britain's smaller salerooms were full of whales' teeth crudely carved with seafaring scenes in the style known as "scrim-

shaw." The socket of the tooth looked convincingly black and the carving seemed authentic enough. But the black came off on the fingers and the "tooth" melted when held near a flame. They were all plastic copies. The auctioneers were unrepentant. "Well, fancy that," they said. "Guess we got taken." But the person actually taken would be the gullible buyer who didn't have the sense to learn the elementary rules before he went shopping for rarities.

"The rules are the same as in punting," a London dealer in Twenties art deco glass proclaims. "Don't get involved unless you can afford to lose. There are no infallible systems, so back your hunches. Always be dubious about a 'sure thing', and never trust an expert."

He didn't need to press the point. Just that week Arthur Negus, Britain's best known man-about-antiques and resident pundit on the TV series *Going For A Song*, had clocked up a major error. Cataloguing a small country sale, he took little notice of a painted panel of a knight on horseback. A dealer thought it interesting, bought it and sent it to Christie's for resale. They decided the knight was by an unidentified Italian "of the school of Giulio Romano," and sold it for (at today's prices) \$9000. The dealer was delighted — but not as happy as the man who bought it. Because he'd seen that the painting was in fact by Flemish master Hans Holbein. He sold it in

New York — for how much he wouldn't say, though Christie's guessed a quarter of a million dollars. Not much consolation for the Colchester couple who trusted Arthur Negus' expertise. They got just \$100.

Experts also came unstuck at the famous Mentmore sale of 1977. Mentmore Towers, a garish mansion 80 kms north of London, looked antique. In fact, it was hardly a century old, having been knocked up by a member of the Rothschild family as a setting for house parties and hunts.

Most of its furniture and paintings were dreadful. The National Trust, which usually snapped up such houses when desperate Dukes offered them in lieu of death duties, turned Mentmore down, even at the bargain price of \$5 million. Its owners gave Mentmore to Sotheby's with instructions to sell everything in it.

If there is a high-water mark in the low trade of the fine art auction, it's the Mentmore sale. An orgy of conspicuous consumption, it dominated the press for months. The catalogue ran to five volumes and sold for \$80 a set. The 110,000 printed copies sold out weeks before. After the roads around Mentmore had been jammed with people wanting to look over the house and its contents, Sotheby's pitched a tent in the grounds with enough space for 2000 people and held the sale there. It was almost always full, even after the feet of eager buyers had ploughed the

ground to mud.

The experts were unanimous: almost everything in Mentmore was junk. The few rare items were so battered their value was debatable. Yet everything sold, and for astronomical prices. The first day alone grossed \$3.5 million. By the end, the till bulged with more than \$15 million. In a frenzy of spending, bidders — mostly "ordinary people," wrote a historian of Sotheby's, "buying for fun rather than profit," and who wanted to boast they "had something from Mentmore" — were snatching anything in sight.

Barely used mops and buckets were sold with their Woolworths labels still on them. An ordinary armchair with a chintz cover fetched almost \$1500 — a dozen times its value. The same frenzy infected the sale of the Andy Warhol collection this year. Over ten days, Sotheby's New York grossed \$34 million for the 10,000 items in the collection of the late pop artist, ranging from paintings by contemporaries Roy Lichtenstein and Jackson Pollock to a Superman phone and dolls of Miss Piggy and Kermit the Frog.

In such an orgy of spending, nobody looks too closely at what they're buying. One painting at Mentmore, a frothy 18th Century French scene called "The Toilet Of Venus," had been attributed to the obscure Carle Van Loo. Amid bad puns

Continued on page 125





INFATUATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

When the electric Suzie Whitehouse speaks of infatuation, first thoughts are she must know what she's talking about. She sends sparks flying wherever she goes. But when she protests that she's never really noticed the "Whitehouse Effect" — and that she's talking about *her* infatuations — the essence of her magnetism is revealed.





Tell Suzie that her naturalness and modesty are almost unreal, and she'll ask you what you mean. She doesn't know. "Sure, I've been told I've got looks," she says, "but you can think about that stuff too much. Then if you don't hear what you want to hear, you just might start panicking."





"I'm not into panicking. Sure I like modelling — I love working with the camera and I'm told I have the looks to do it. But I'll be content to find something else to do when time catches up."





So just what are Suzie's infatuations? Marcie says she's nuttily in love with a man who doesn't know it yet. She's in no hurry to tell him, either. "There's an excitement before you get it on with a man you like that's the greatest feeling in the world. Infatuation."



WHEELS OFF FORTUNE

BY PETER MCKAY

Maserati's Biturbo has the class to get the Italians back on the tracks in Australia — for a price

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER AITCHISON

Maserati is on the road back. The marque with the impressive heritage and the wildly fluctuating fortunes is seeking a return to the glory days, again juggling for a place among the luxury car elite.

You need an old history book to trace the highlights of Maserati's golden era, back when it was a giant in motor sport. It twice won Indy and the world grand prix championship. Donning the Maserati colors... the legendary Nuvolari, Varzi, Fangio, Jones (Stan, that is), Moss.

For Maserati, that was thousands of races, dozens of financial crises, and a few owners ago. Maserati is now in the firm control of Alejandro De Tomaso, an Argentinian who seems to extract some perverse pleasure out of reviving moribund car companies. Chrysler US also has a slice of the action.

De Tomaso is less of a dreamer and more of a realist than some of the old Maserati folk who took the company to the brink more than once. Today, Maserati doesn't have superstar drivers on the payroll. However it does tend to make money. And in place is a new pragmatism and purpose, a determination to re-establish Maserati.

The comeback extends to Australia. Despite the glorious heritage and romance attached to its Italian name, Maserati has had an uncomfortable past Down Under. Previous efforts to establish a beachhead on the local market have not been well-planned or cleverly executed. Now, for the first time, a proper distribution network has been created. There are dealers and service back-up, marketing and advertising. Maserati will never be a volume seller here in the way that, say, Mercedes-Benz is. But it does have the potential to find a niche here.

While not oblivious to its sporting traditions, Maserati says it is happy to be judged on today's product, which is as it should be. There has been a subtle swing away from the more dramatic sporting thoroughbreds of the Seventies, like the Merak and the Quattroporte.

Continued on page 110





BY GREG HUNTER

The New Wave

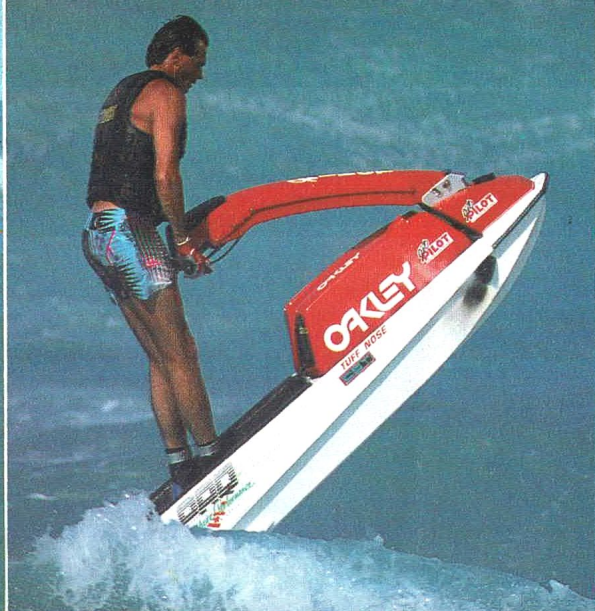
Is this the future of surfing?

Richard Payne has always been a waterman. As a kid growing up in Cronulla (Sydney) he surfed with hotshots like Mark Occhilupo and got heavily into windsurfing, waterskiing and sailing. Like all his mates, Payne was contemptuous of jet skis: noisy, smelly, bulky machines that chopped up the wave surface and got in the way. Besides, nobody ever seemed to *do* anything on them except ride around aimlessly in circles, most of the time on their hands and knees. They were an aberration: strictly for nerds, wankers and Westies. Back in '83 the future Australian champ jet-skier took one of these machines into a small surf at Cronulla and understood straight away that he was literally standing on the precipice of a new era in surfing. The possibilities, he realised, were practically limitless.

Since that day he has devoted himself to pushing the outer edges of the surfing envelope, constantly experimenting with new manoeuvres, creating and developing a sport that remains unrecognised by the bulk of professional jet skiers who spend their time chasing each other around buoys on flat water in front of huge crowds on the American race circuit.

Payne does that stuff too. He's the only foreigner on the 20-man pro tour, currently ranked ninth in the world as a racer and second as a freestyler (doing a repertoire of fancy stunts on flat water), but apart from the bucks and the heavy-duty partying, he's mainly into it to get the credibility he needs to push the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CRAWFORD



sport in its "proper" direction: away from still water and into the wave of the future.

Surfing on a jet ski is not an incredibly difficult thing to do, but according to Payne, there are very few people who can do it: "It's just that there aren't many people who use jet skis to ride waves. When I first went to the States I discussed my ideas about the possibilities in the surf with the best jet skiers in the world, and they didn't understand what I was talking about."

What he's talking about, at present, is using the jet ski precisely as you would a surfboard, except with complete control of the situation: fingertip control.

"In small surf, especially, you can tuck into the tube [the holy grail of surfboard riding], you can do 360s on the wave face, you can snap



The New Wave

off the top of the wave — you can really smash the wave apart, because the ski is so heavy. I hope that by the end of this winter, I'll be doing aerial 360s, barrel rolls [a sideways somersault inside the tube], forward rolls, sideward rolls on the face of the wave at any time . . . and I'm just

scratching at the surface." It's in big waves, though, that the jet ski really leaves conventional surfcraft for dead. There are plenty of surfers — some of them now deceased — who'd have sold their own grandmothers for an extra blast of juice at a critical moment in their lives. The biggest wave Richard has ridden was an eight-metre screamer at Cronulla's south bombora. "It wasn't really a survival scene — it was more a matter of just checking the wave out. It was casual. On a smooth day, ten-metre Waimea Bay would be casual. There's no way a wave is going to catch you if you turn on the throttle. It's no more dangerous than driving a car at 100 miles an hour on the freeway; if you went mad you could wrap yourself around a pole, but you've got complete control."

And even if you do come to grief, there's no major drama; you just give the throttle a crank and the ski will pull you out of any situation. If a tube shuts down on you, you simply turn the ski into the face of the wave and it will blast you through the wall and out the other side, still standing up. Outrageous. As far as Richard Payne is concerned, all of this is only the beginning. Apart from some progressive increases in horsepower, the current stock jet ski is virtually



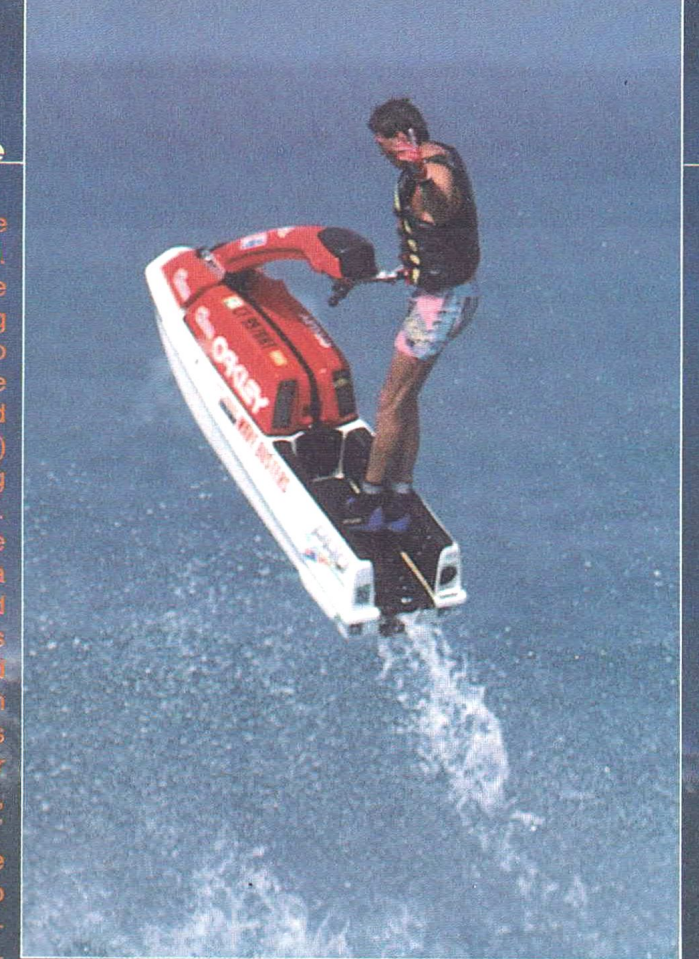


The New Wave

identical to the prototype built way back in 1969. What we have at this stage is a two-metre, 110 kg monster powered, at the top end, by a 650cc engine driving a water-encased propeller (called an impeller) which is capable of shifting the thing at around 80 km/h. The problem with this brute is its weight. "It really has a lot of manoeuvrability and can do a lot of things," says Payne. "But it's still limited because it's so much heavier than the rider, so it's really in control of him, rather than the other way around, most of the time."

And so what Payne proposes is a quantum leap into exotic materials — Kevlar and carbon fibre — and possibly even a plastic-ceramic engine (the Japanese have already developed these for other uses), making feasible a total weight of around 30 kgs.

There are no plans on the drawing board. Payne has simply presented his concept to other jet skiers, the majority of whom respond by looking at him as if he's just landed from Mars. "I can't understand," he says, "why other people don't see this sport the same way I do. I couldn't interest the Japs even if I tried — they're totally into racing — and it would be ridiculous for me to spend 100 grand building one. It might even cost 200 grand — but so what? How much does Wayne Gardner's motor bike cost? Building this thing is just a natural progression that has to happen. It is the future of surfing."



HUMOR BY VINCE REID

The MODERN GIRL

A user's guide to coming to grips
with the post-feminist woman

If you have implemented any of the rich advice in this instructional series, you may have noticed a commonality in all seduction of one essential component. Particularly with regard to Modern Girls, it is this ingredient, this stylus, if you will, which is the fine point necessary to make music from what is essentially little more than plastic. The ingredient: insincerity.

Plastic figuratively, that is. Underneath the tight black leather mini-skirts (which are probably plastic), multiple silver bangles, black eyes, cowlicked glistening hairdos that lean forward and don't move and shoulder-length ear-rings, Modern Girls are pliable and offer all the tactile delights of the other more accessible subgroups of the female of the species. Yet to penetrate the veneer of affectations which so distinguishes the Modern Girl, to see firsthand that the ghost-white complexion does in fact spread over her entire body, to ignite her sense of competition in a one-on-one situation, a particular dishonesty is required. Insincerity.

Too often does the same old tired entrapment ensnare the unwary as he treads the path to

that secret place deep under the Modern Girl's doona — after those months of tedious foreign films at ridiculous hours of the night; the pointless coffees in dingy holes in the wall in the pits of the Cross; weathering the shoulder-to-elbow crush of rat-ridden rock venues; the filthy daiquiri hangovers; the early morning scarp of bonger's cough... when after this spadework, the mulling, she confesses to you that she likes you too much to root you... when those words, the deathknell, sound as she says she wants to be *your friend*...

Rule number one: Modern Girls do not root men they like. Treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen.

There is more: Modern Girls have all had strange relationships with their mothers — what you might call their Achilles Heel. They also have lots of pregnancies; the Pill makes them fat and makes them nervous about their chain-smoking. Hell, it's a minefield. Toss in a heavy dose of AIDS paranoia and the recipe they've come up with en masse is that of the Sensitive New Man as their vision of rescue. What you must remind yourself as you seek to wrestle their anorexic frames out of their

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY

SECRETS OF
SEDUCTION

PART IV



The MODERN GIRL

black tights is that the most sensitive part of your makeup is your dick. Remember, the Sensitive New Man is just some turkey who can bear to listen to the neurotic prattle and dotty meanderings of these amphetamine-addled nocturns.

But to begin at the beginning: the cultivation of insincerity.

To bed a Modern Girl, it is required that for some period of time you will live a lie. The lie is that you are interested in lifting the scab off the world's wounds. Modern Girls' attention is focussed on a narrow artistic field which celebrates the concept of *angst*. You do not have to know what this means, but you have to realise optimism is a dirty word. The sour, down-turned mouth of the Modern Girl that you see has not necessarily been stretched that way by the ubiquitous straw sticking into a neon drink with an umbrella to null the pain of another day lived; it is because the dark recesses behind her eyes are stained a nicotine-yellow, the drabness of the world is worn on her face. Anything artistic which reflects this shabby mundanity is grist. A Modern Girl will rather spend her last ten dollars on a Czech suicide film than a good feed.

You too, if your goal is to be realised, will need to forego any joy in your life for the time up to but not including the moment

when she turns from the record collection she is rebuilding after the last burglary and looks into your eyes and says, "Fuck art, come to bed." Your existential union below the waist will be to her but brief solace from the world's woes. If she really thought you could rescue her she would want to marry you and have your baby — but she would demand that you not touch her for at least a year in case you're too good to be true and are toying with her feelings.

No, she will have sex with you because she wants to forget.

The redeeming aspect of Modern Girls is that they are responsible for their own orgasms. The secret is to make them responsible for yours as well — though the truth is it's probably the most exercise she's had for weeks.

First impressions are what your strategy must be all about. Every Modern Girl is like a skinny, pallid assemblage of sexual napalm on a short fuse which you must exploit if you are to dip your wick. It is a game of averages; they all look, think and feel the same anyway, so there's no point getting too picky. The fact is that every month or so these witches go nutty for the feel of a man — any man. They know they will hate themselves for it anyway — they're still feeling guilty from the last time — so they will race off someone who will be easy to hate the next day. You.

Because it is a game of averages, with

your chances increasing proportionately to the number of MGs assembled, you must first pick a venue. This will be either the wrist-slashing drone of an inner city rock poet in some liced pub where your shoes stick to the carpet as you walk and everyone stands around the lone pool table; a hip-hop dance club where you spend the whole night trying to adjust your eyes and cheap speed is sucked off stained tables; or a poetry reading where everyone sits on the floor, drinks schooners and dreams of being the next Anna Maria Dell'oso, that the world might for at least a moment be interested in reading their own tales of depressing walks through rubbished streets to buy croissants.

You can leave them to it. It is not necessary to *like* anything that you listen to. The fact that you are there is statement enough. What you must simply do is get filthily pissed. *Hard liquor*. The first vital impression you must give is not merely the drowning of sorrow but the extermination of all feeling, the anaesthetised obnoxiousness of a man possessed. Scowl and glower a lot. Call people cunts.

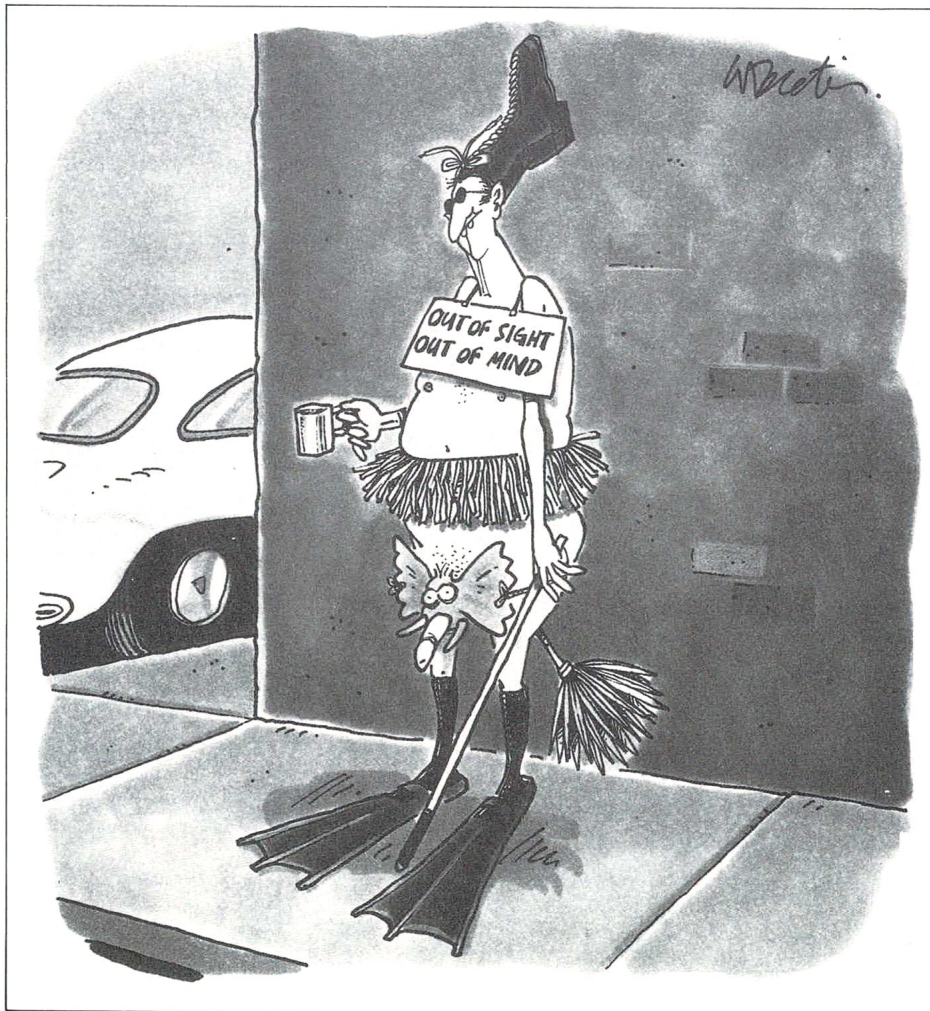
As you offend everyone, feel confident that you will be pushing buttons deep in the unconscious of the anaemic brains of the assembled Modern Girls. The suppressed maternal instinct will take care of the rest if you play your cards right. For there is a fine line between what MGs call "yobbo" and "rebel," "arsehole" and "anarchist." Your choice of attire for the night will reflect this distinction: any color so long as it's black and has no sleeves.

You will probably get one chance and one chance only. A Modern Girl will suggest you take it easy as you bump into her and almost cause her to spill her drink. Modern Girls do more than respect the individual's right to tell the world to get fucked — they are hypnotised by it. Only they themselves always throw up and fall asleep before they get pissed enough to summon the courage.

When you hear those magic words, *Take it easy pal*, turn and face her and waver on the spot as you try to focus on her corpse-like visage. Gargle in the back of your nose as if summoning the dregs of the last line snorted off a dunny seat... (she'll think you're holding).

You are close. Careful now. Say nothing. The ball is in her court. You can do no more. She will say either of two things, to the effect that the band/poet/music selection is either fab or nerdsville. Mumble something about the time you saw the Stooges when they came out in '72.

Buy her an evil drink, the brightest color the bar can muster. She will drink it and you will buy her another. Before long she will start looking like she wants to dance. Show as little interest in her as possible — as if you'd rather be abusing some yuppie on the other side of the room. Small talk is redundant. Follow her to bed. ☐



Hair • makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Bandanna, bag and jeans from Risk; Cowboy fashions by Wheels & Doll Baby, Sydney; Shot on location at Aamuka Beach Resort, Coff's Harbor.



Dominique



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN NIKKOLA

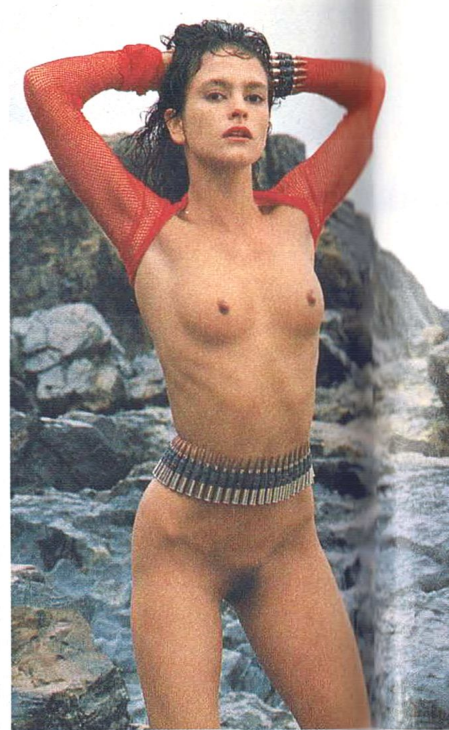
Outlaw Streak

This is the one they call The Kid. Dominique, 17, of Sydney, is the first to admit she's got an outlaw streak, but be assured it's all a product of her incredible energy and that it's all in fun. You see, there's two sides to Dominique, both of them pretty much full tilt: "I'm quite wild, a rager on the one hand, very dramatic. But on the other hand, I'm very laid back — I don't bother anyone else."

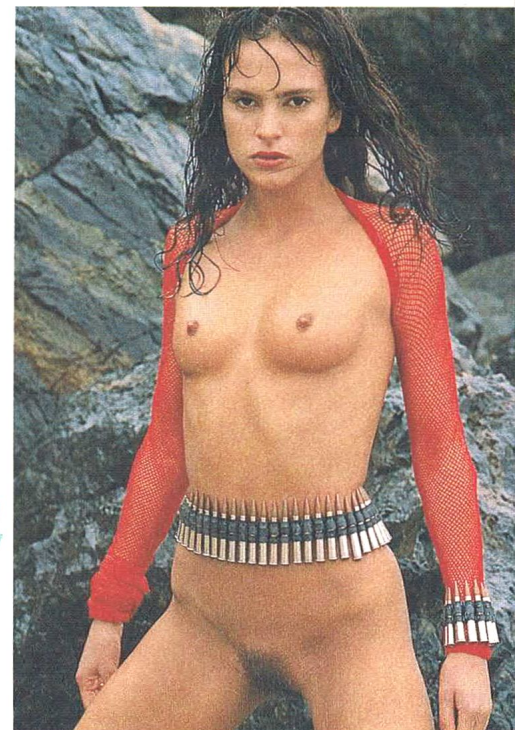




Dominique's nature and style suggested the cowgirl look was inevitable. "This is my look," she laughs. "I was so glad I could go country. I actually dress like a cowgirl even when I'm in Sydney."



Her voice comes huskily — with an electric charge. Watch out for her venture into the recording world in the near future. "Country rock suits my voice — and there's been some interest in me..." Little wonder.





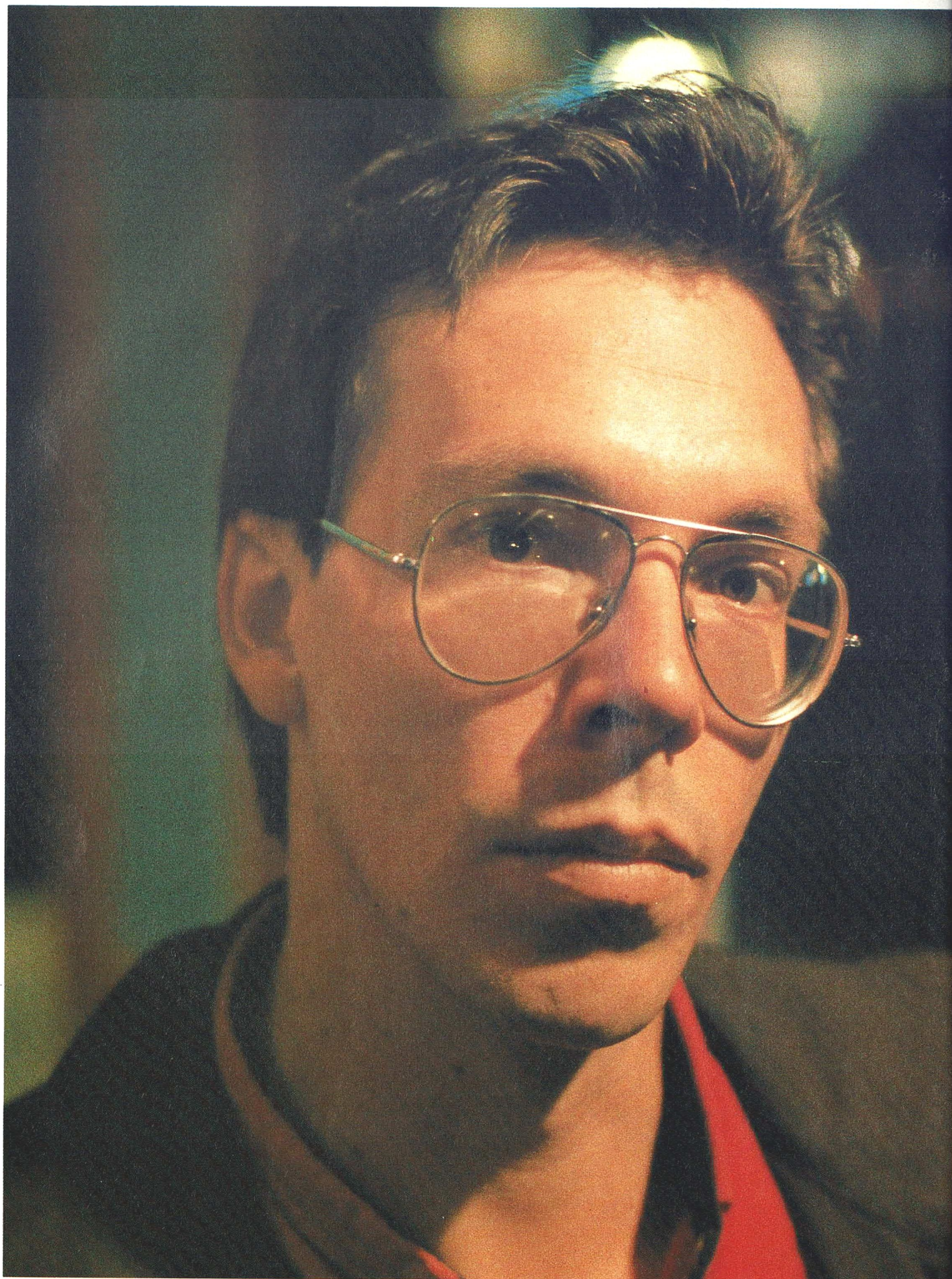
To understand her wild streak, this is the girl who's been dancing the go-go in cages since she was 14. "Appearing in *Penthouse* is my coming out," she smiles. "It certainly is a bit more pleasant doing this kind of modelling." She's hoping her presentation here will make a few further inroads.





Immediate plans feature a trip to Europe, particularly France and Spain. She's missing her best friend Gaëlle, who's currently in Paris (that is the Gaëlle of last October 1987's centrefold). "But I'll be back for the Pet Of The Year night next year. You can count on it."





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

• It's all tied up. You can't separate the corruption from the gerrymander in Queensland — it's all part of the same environment. •

PHIL DICKIE

BY FRANK ROBSON

Years ago, as a pen-pusher with the Naval Health Service in Canberra, Phil Dickie amused himself through the idle hours by detecting anomalies in old reports by ships' medical officers. Not everybody's idea of a good time, but Dickie was always fascinated by small print.

Later, as a young reporter on a Brisbane newspaper, he'd nigger at welfare and social issues for as long as it took to get a result. It wasn't exciting work; Dickie appeared content to leave the topical controversies and flashy stuff to others.

Colleagues saw him as a quiet, shy bloke whose interests seemed confined to his two kids (from a marriage that ended in 1982) and tearing about on state-of-the-art motorcycles. Then, early last year, Dickie began niggering at something big.

Trudging alone around the brothels and gambling dens of Fortitude Valley, he put names and addresses to crime figures who — in a 1985 report by Queensland's Director of Prosecutions — had been coyly denoted by a series of numbers. In the face of absurd denials from government ministers, Dickie's series in *The Courier Mail* showed entrenched crime flourishing under the noses of police.

As the investigation progressed, the reporter was punched, threatened, thrown down stairs and tailed by two independent sets of snoops. Inevitably — due as

PHOTO BY DAVID MAY

INTERVIEW

much to the patent stupidity of the denials as to the weight of Dickie's research — the story was picked up by *Four Corners*.

The day after Chris Masters' report, "The Moonlight State", went to air in May last year, Police Minister Bill Gunn announced an inquiry to investigate. On June 27, a Commission of Inquiry headed by Tony Fitzgerald, QC began in Brisbane's District courtroom No 29.

Fifteen months later, it has changed the course of Queensland history. Confined initially to a probe of five alleged crime figures, the inquiry was soon broadened to reveal the existence of an astonishing police and VIP underworld, with corruption extending to the top levels of police administration. By mid-1988, the on-going inquiry had led to the departure from Cabinet of two ministers, Russ Hinze and Don Lane, as well as the suspension of Police Commissioner Sir Terence Lewis. It caused the extradition from London of alleged police bagman Jack Herbert — a former Licensing Branch officer — and brought confessions of corruption from former Assistant Commissioner Graeme Parker, as well as retired inspectors Bill Bolton and Noel Dwyer, and another ex-cop, Harry Burgess.

Other police have given evidence of a systematic network of extortion involving

senior officers — a network alleged to have taken its cut of profits from protected crime figures for more than 20 years.

Most significantly, though, the inquiry's reverberations hastened the political demise of Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen; at the next state election in 1989, the same taint could well end the 30-year reign of conservative politics in Queensland. Phil Dickie, 32, was awarded journalism's highest honor — a Gold Walkley — for the articles that started it all. Still investigating "anomalies" for *The Courier Mail*, Dickie has written a book, *The Road to Fitzgerald*, to be published soon by University of Queensland Press. Yet, despite his new-found fame, the reporter still lives amid piles of yellowed newspapers in the modest little flat he rented in 1982. On one wall is a Moir cartoon, showing Dickie sloshing through a darkened sewer, peering anxiously ahead as a match flickers feebly in one hand.

"It's the perfect image for his role in all this," says our Queensland correspondent, Frank Robson, who interviewed the reporter at home. "Dickie doesn't see himself as a crusader or a preacher, just an ordinary bloke. But ordinary individuals, as he says, can sometimes make a difference."

Penthouse: How long have you been aware of protected crime and corrupt police in Queensland?

Dickie: When I started as a reporter here in 1982 there was a conventional wisdom among journalists that some police were corrupt, right up to a very high level. But no-one ever seemed to do anything about it. No sustained, substantial digging seemed to take place. There'd be a police hit on the illegal casinos, and myself and others would write a few stories. Then there'd be a denial from the government, and the whole thing would die.

Penthouse: How did your "sustained" digging begin?

Dickie: The original assignment came from a news editor who'd just arrived from Canberra, the only city in Australia without an equivalent of Fortitude Valley or Kings Cross. He was fascinated by a tiny, triangular building in the Valley that housed a sex shop, a massage parlor and a tattooist. He called it Sin Triangle, and after another reporter had made a few enquiries, the news editor dropped the file on my desk and asked me to find out who owned the place. I thought, bugger that, if I'm going to find out who runs one place, I may as well find out who runs the rest of them.

Penthouse: How did you go about it?

Dickie: My early method was just to front at the door of a brothel and ask what was available. There was no problem establishing that prostitution existed, but when I said I was a journalist, things turned nasty. At one place I was helped very quickly down some stairs by a couple of bouncers. Luckily, the stairs were carpeted.

Penthouse: When did a pattern of ownership emerge?

Dickie: By doing company searches and so on, I got a list of owners that showed two separate groups, one run by Hector Hapeta and Ann Marie Tilley, the other by Geraldo Bellino and Vittorio Conte. In my first story in January last year I listed 21 functioning brothels — I refused from the outset to call them "massage parlors" — and then Bill Gunn came out with his amazing statement: "There is no evidence that Brisbane massage parlors are used for prostitution." One of the key things that happened as a result of the first story was that I was contacted by Nigel Powell.

Penthouse: Powell was a former Licensing Branch cop who later gave evidence of police corruption at the inquiry?

Dickie: Right. As a cop, he'd engaged in an unsuccessful pursuit of Hapeta, and he was keen to continue the business through me. Also, *Four Corners* got in touch. I went for a night on the town with the program's researchers and we ended up at The World By Night [owned by Bellino and Conte] ... Soon afterwards, it burned down.

Penthouse: As you fleshed out details of the two apparently protected crime groups, there was an encounter with Bellino. What happened?

Dickie: Gerry [Bellino] had a casino in the Valley. At the rear there was a covered carpark used by his employees. I'd been there quite often to note car rego numbers. One afternoon I got up into the rafters with a cadet photographer. I was nattering with a group of street kids who live in the roof full-time, when Gerry walks in below with his young daughter. He demands to know what's going on. I'd seen him a few days before in court, so he knew who I was, and when I peered over the edge his jaw really dropped. "Do you live here too?" he wanted to know. Then the penny dropped about what I was up to, and he wasn't happy. We argued heatedly for 15 minutes, him demanding that I come down. But I wasn't going to do that. In the end, Gerry left, so I got down very smartly and took off.

Penthouse: Were there other such encounters?

Dickie: I got a thump on the head one night from one of Hapeta's thugs ... I was at the back of one of his brothels, taking details of parked cars, and a couple of his lads came out of a sex shop. They probably thought I was trying to steal a car. It was a dead-end street and as I ran past them, one slugged me. Not seriously, but hard enough to cause a bruise which I had to explain at the office next day. The management was highly nervous then about my escapades.

Penthouse: Were you getting threats at that stage?

Dickie: No, that came later. But the most frightening experience didn't involve any physical threat. It happened after I asked police formal questions about Hapeta. The questions were relayed through other officers up to Graeme Parker, then an Assistant Commissioner. The official response from Parker was that Hapeta wasn't a Brisbane resident and wasn't involved in any way with prostitution here. That shocked me. I'd been following Hapeta for two months — I knew Parker's response wasn't true, and, because of some documents I had, I knew that he knew it wasn't true. That brought it home to me: here's this criminal being protected at a very, very high level. And I wondered: how high up does this go?

Penthouse: The contempt for public intelligence displayed by police and politicians at that stage was extraordinary. How blasé had the corrupt figures become?

Dickie: Very. They thought they'd continue to get away with it. But they began to get very paranoid when the articles kept appearing, especially when the *Four Corners* publicity machine started cranking itself up.

Penthouse: Did it bother you that the *Four Corners* report got such a quick reaction, and tended to get all the credit for forcing an inquiry?

Dickie: I was more than happy to see *Four Corners* on the scene. At that stage, none of my stories had carried by-lines anyway,

so no-one knew who I was. And the Queensland media seemed to lack the capacity to follow up my stories. I remember one TV news director's response: "Oh, that's too hard."

Penthouse: And yet the Sturgess Report — which you used in putting names to coded crime figures — had been around more than a year when you started. Is that an indictment of journalists in Queensland?

Dickie: Yes, myself included. We'd sat around for years and not done this. And, in the early stages, it wasn't hard at all. Just a matter of doing the legwork and piecing together the puzzle from perfectly public documents. The whole thing boils down to a journalist's responsibility to tell the people what's really going on, instead of just quoting statements from official sources. The statements had been ludicrous for years. In 1982 we had Russ Hinze talking about "non-existent" casinos; now

6
In 1982 we
had Russ Hinze
talking about "non-existent"
casinos; now the Commission is
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before saying it!

the Commission is told he toured the casinos before saying it! Why did we accept that sort of thing? I don't know — and I'm as guilty as anyone else.

Penthouse: Was there a flurry of file-shredding after the *Four Corners* report?

Dickie: Amazingly, no. The police thought the inquiry would be a whitewash. The first person proposed to head the inquiry was the Chairman of the Police Complaints Tribunal, Judge Eric Pratt. The Lewis diaries have since shown that Pratt and Lewis were very friendly, and that Lewis had lunch with Pratt and Jack Herbert. I was very worried that the inquiry would be into *Four Corners* and *The Courier Mail*, not crime and corruption. The police didn't seem the least bit worried. A Sydney journalist advised me to bury my documents and move to Sydney.

Penthouse: No-one has explained how it came about that Pratt didn't head the inquiry, and Fitzgerald did. What happened?

Dickie: Basically, the legal profession bucked, and told Paul Clauson [then newly-appointed Minister for Justice] that Pratt wouldn't be acceptable. Pratt's ap-

pointment was dropped, and Cabinet sat down to think about it. Someone put up Fitzgerald's name, Clauson argued for him, and Gunn didn't seem to care who headed it so long as he had his inquiry.

Penthouse: At the time, Gunn saw himself as the next Premier. But wouldn't the agents of corruption have fought hard against Fitzgerald's appointment?

Dickie: Well, Fitzgerald was an unknown quantity, and I believe the corrupt figures were sure of their capacity to contain any inquiry by controlling the terms of reference and so on. The initial terms of reference were quite restrictive. But there are people in the National Party and the police force who were genuinely disgusted by the corruption.

Penthouse: When did the villains start to realise they were in trouble?

Dickie: The alarm bells began when Fitzgerald wasted no time getting the terms of reference broadened ... Jack Herbert left the country on June 20. At that stage Fitzgerald was questioning me. The inquiry had boxes of material from me and Nigel Powell and *Four Corners*. Initially, the plan was to throw us in as accusers, then get those accused to respond. Then there was a change of plan. They put the police in first, starting with Lewis, to ramble on about what they were supposed to be doing. No-one could figure out what the game plan was ... until it became obvious, when the crime figures were put in the box, that they bitterly resented being in that position without first hearing the accusations against them. It was a trap for perjurers. And a lot of questions they were asked came straight from the material I'd supplied. After my first afternoon in the box, I was stood aside because they'd gained an admission of corruption from Burgess [a former Licensing Branch detective]. Then things happened quickly ... Parker [named as corrupt by Burgess] broke, and they cut the inquiry's public sittings for a fortnight.

Penthouse: At what point did you know the corruption network had been breached?

Dickie: When Burgess rolled over. When Burgess said he was part of a corrupt system, that he and Parker had accepted money from Hapeta and Co — from that moment, I felt it was all over.

Penthouse: That was the point when the public sat up and took notice. No-one could quite believe — after so many fizzer inquiries in Queensland — that police were admitting crimes.

Dickie: Right. If you look at the history of Australian Royal Commissions, the Burgess stage was a major breakthrough. Burgess also dropped Jack Herbert in it ... We didn't understand the significance of Herbert's role [as a collector of money for crooked police] until Burgess started to spell it out in the box.

Penthouse: People are intrigued by what goes on when Fitzgerald calls a break of



INTERVIEW

public sessions. What occurs behind the scenes at these times?

Dickie: They're getting so much information it's causing a sort of indigestion. The inquiry is a fairly large bureaucracy, and it's being swamped with information — a bit like a wartime prices administration agency. They're rushing around madly interviewing people, then getting together to compare notes. I know what's happening to an extent, because the inquiry investigators are continually ringing me to cross-check various points.

Penthouse: It's an unusual position for a journalist to be in. You're privy to information that can't be published, and they must rely on your co-operation in this?

Dickie: It's not totally unique. Bob Bottom has been in similar positions. I can't report on the inquiry because I've been in the witness box. But there's nothing to stop me continuing to investigate. I've been able to make them aware of certain things, so the information flow has been very much two-way.

Penthouse: What sort of pressures have been brought to bear against you since all this started?

Dickie: There were a whole string of incidents. When you're doing this sort of thing, you live in a threatening atmosphere — you don't know what to make of separ-

ate incidents. One thing I've never talked of publicly was the period when some close personal friends, and a contact down on the Gold Coast, started finding small, circular holes in their windows.

Penthouse: Someone was shooting their windows?

Dickie: There were three separate instances of holes appearing in windows "by means unknown." They were investigated by police, who found nothing. At the same time there were threats made to me over the phone. A male voice saying things like, "We'll take care of you after the inquiry" or "We've got long memories." They are just ordinary Australian accents — I've yet to be contacted by a guttural Sicilian.

Penthouse: Did the threats scare you?

Dickie: There are so many potential sources of threat to me, I can't spend time worrying about them all. There was a period when I was followed around by police. They used to sit in unmarked cars in the little street just opposite these flats. Probably, their main anxiety was who I might be talking to or seeing. One night in early April last year I went to a boxing match with Nigel Powell. There were two plain-clothes cops waiting outside the stadium, so we went right up and greeted them noisily, which seemed to make them uncomfortable. They sat a few seats behind us inside, and the first person to come up and talk to them was that well-

known non-Brisbane resident, Hector Hapeta.

Penthouse: How long did the cloak-and-dagger routine continue?

Dickie: It dropped off after the inquiry got into gear. Earlier, there was a real circus stage where I was trooping around investigating, and I was obviously being followed, and there was another set of followers following the first followers, and I was getting anonymous phone calls from the watchers of the watchers, telling me what they were doing, what I was doing. It was quite bizarre.

Penthouse: What can you say in broad terms about the protection of corrupt police by politicians or other powerbrokers?

Dickie: One of the wisest things ever said was that it's impossible for large-scale, organised crime to exist without corruption, whether passive or active, by police, among politicians, amongst the legal profession and the judiciary, and also within the media and the bureaucracy. It also required a lot of willing compliance from businesses considered perfectly legitimate. It's a cancer. It affects everything.

Penthouse: Does it depress you to contemplate what appear to be blatant examples of cronyism — if not outright corruption — at a national level in Australian affairs? There doesn't seem to be any rush to expose these matters.

Dickie: Fortunately, there's still journalists around prepared to investigate such things. They may not get all the help they should from proprietors, but journalists can't escape their individual responsibility to do what they can.

Penthouse: Has the government here underestimated the likely electoral backlash of the Fitzgerald Inquiry?

Dickie: I think so. The inquiry revelations were what damaged Joh. But they've also wounded the whole National Party. The party's own research, after they lost the Groom by-election, showed something they call "the Fitzgerald factor" as significant and worrying for them. And it's all tied up. You can't separate the corruption from the gerrymander in Queensland — it's all part of the same environment.

Penthouse: Are there likely to be more politicians falling from power, or at least from grace, as a result of this inquiry?

Dickie: I'd say yes. I know at this stage of at least one other politician whose involvement in corruption is fairly direct. But the outcome will affect even those who passively did nothing. Ahern himself sat in Cabinet while certain contentious matters were decided; Gunn sat on material information about corruption for a long time before he was forced to act.

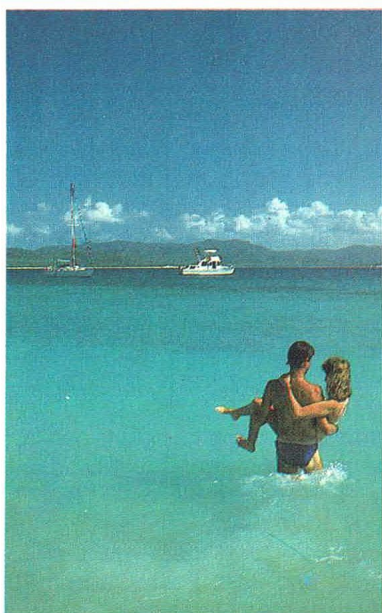
Penthouse: By the time this interview appears, Sir Joh will probably have given evidence to the inquiry. What explanations do you think he'll be asked to make?

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These are
the shots the
stars *didn't*
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MORE SEX & DRUGS &

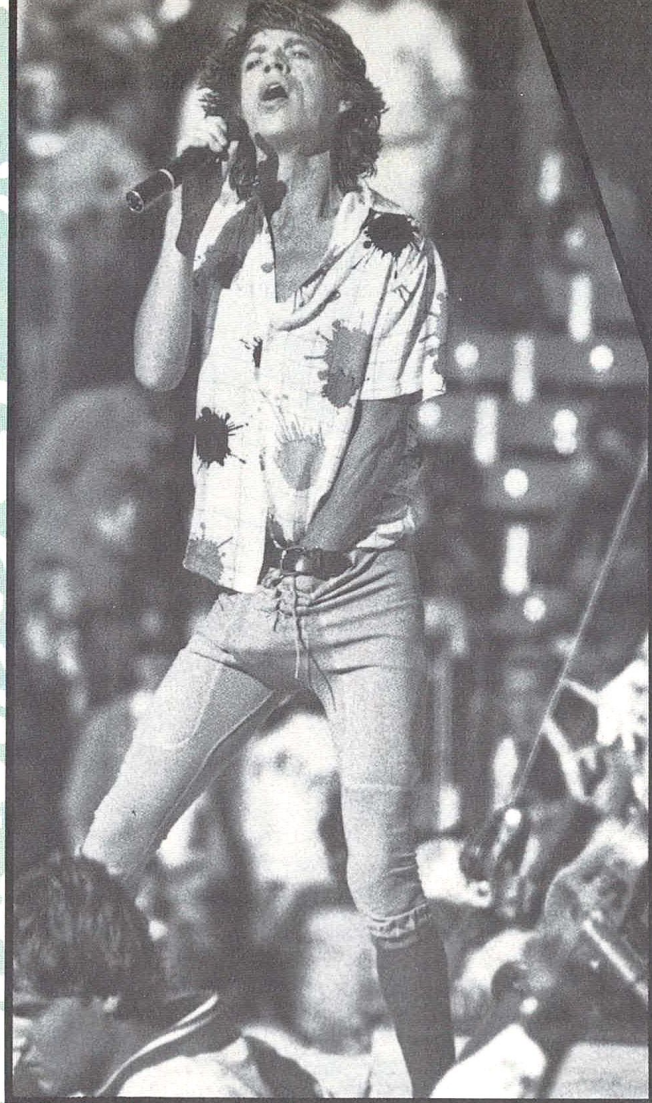
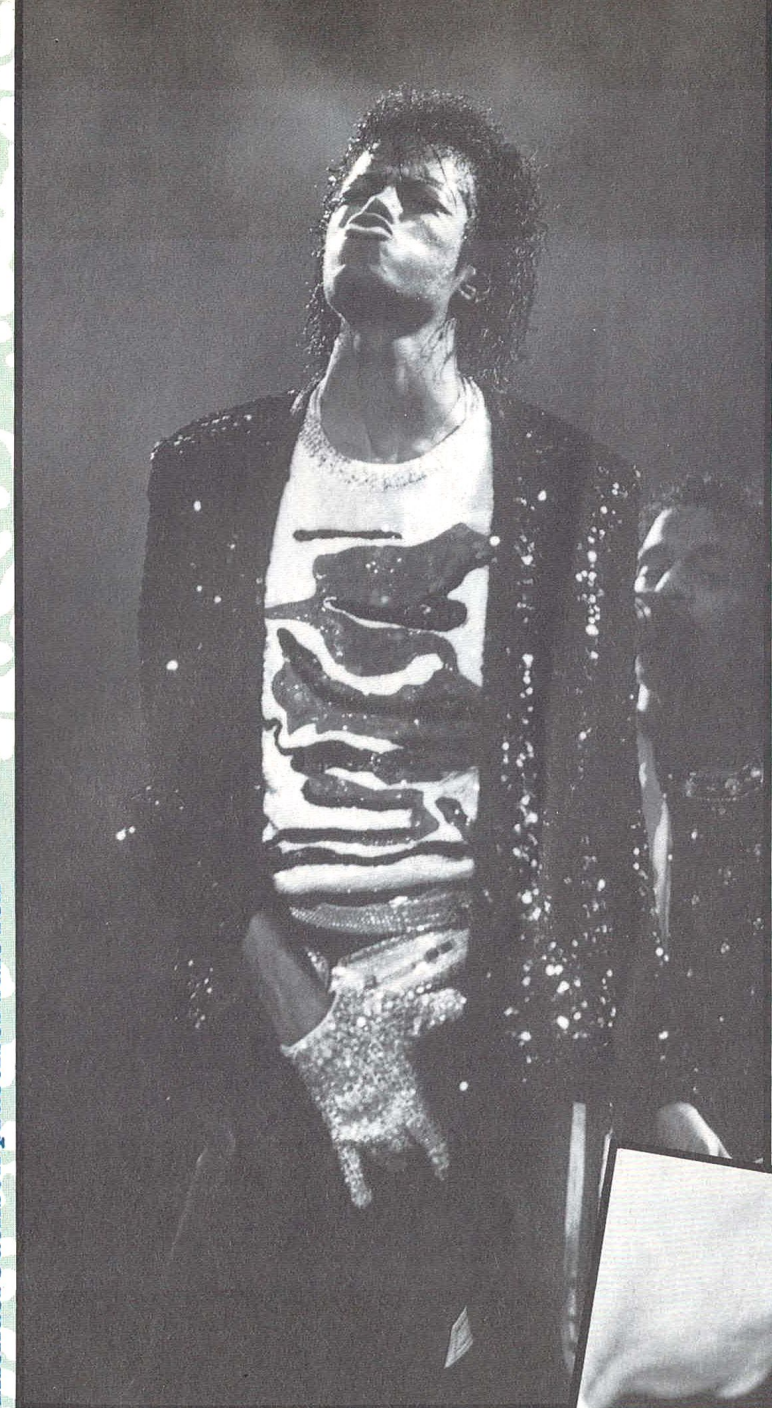


Bob Geldof approaching Samantha Fox from the rear

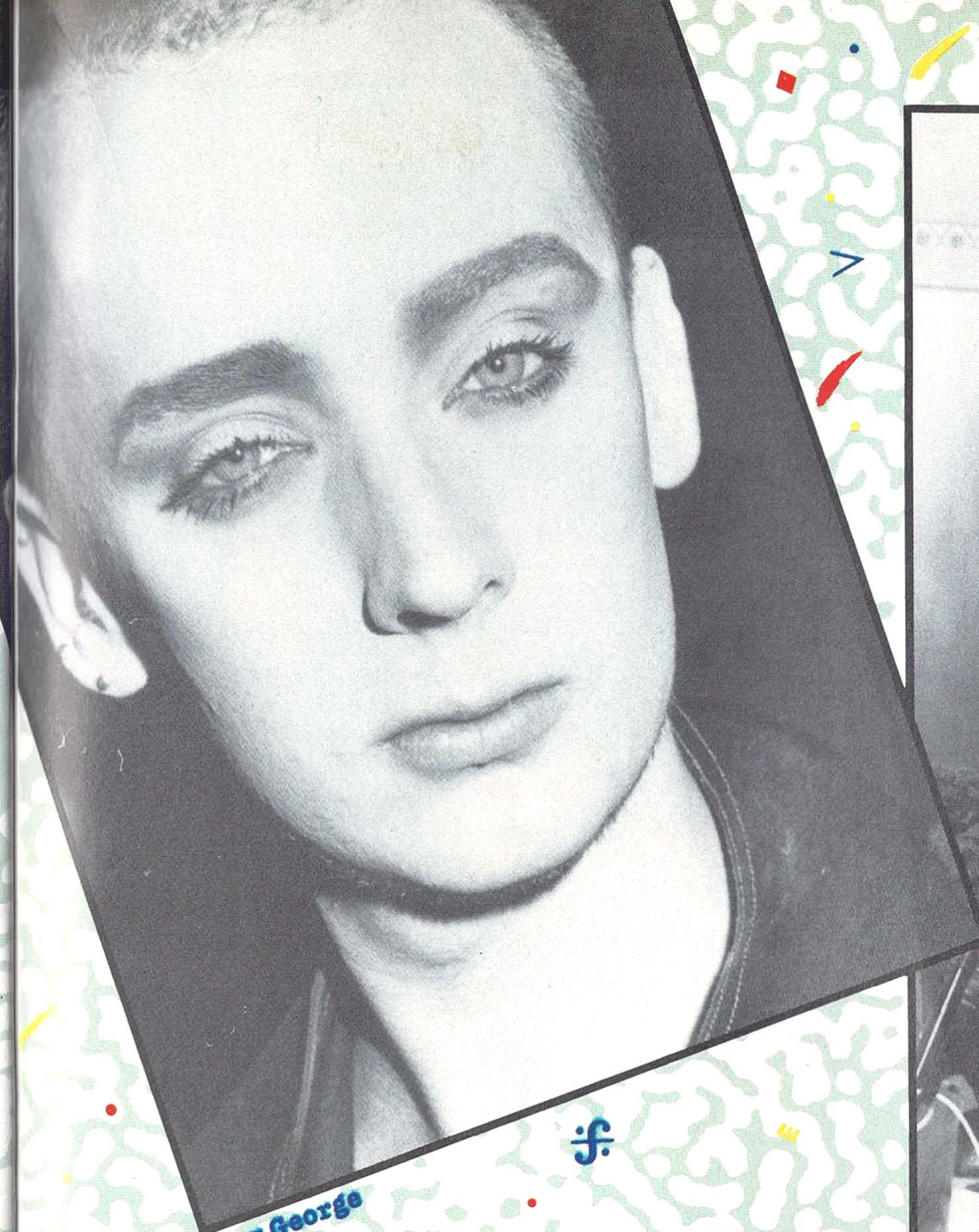
ROCK'N'ROLL

All photos from *More Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll*, published by Omnibus Press. On sale in Australia now at \$19.95.

Continued on page 134



Mick Jagger practises unsafe sex



Boy George



Freddie Mercury

MORE SEX & DRUGS & ROCK 'N' ROLL



Keith Richards and Jim Morrison



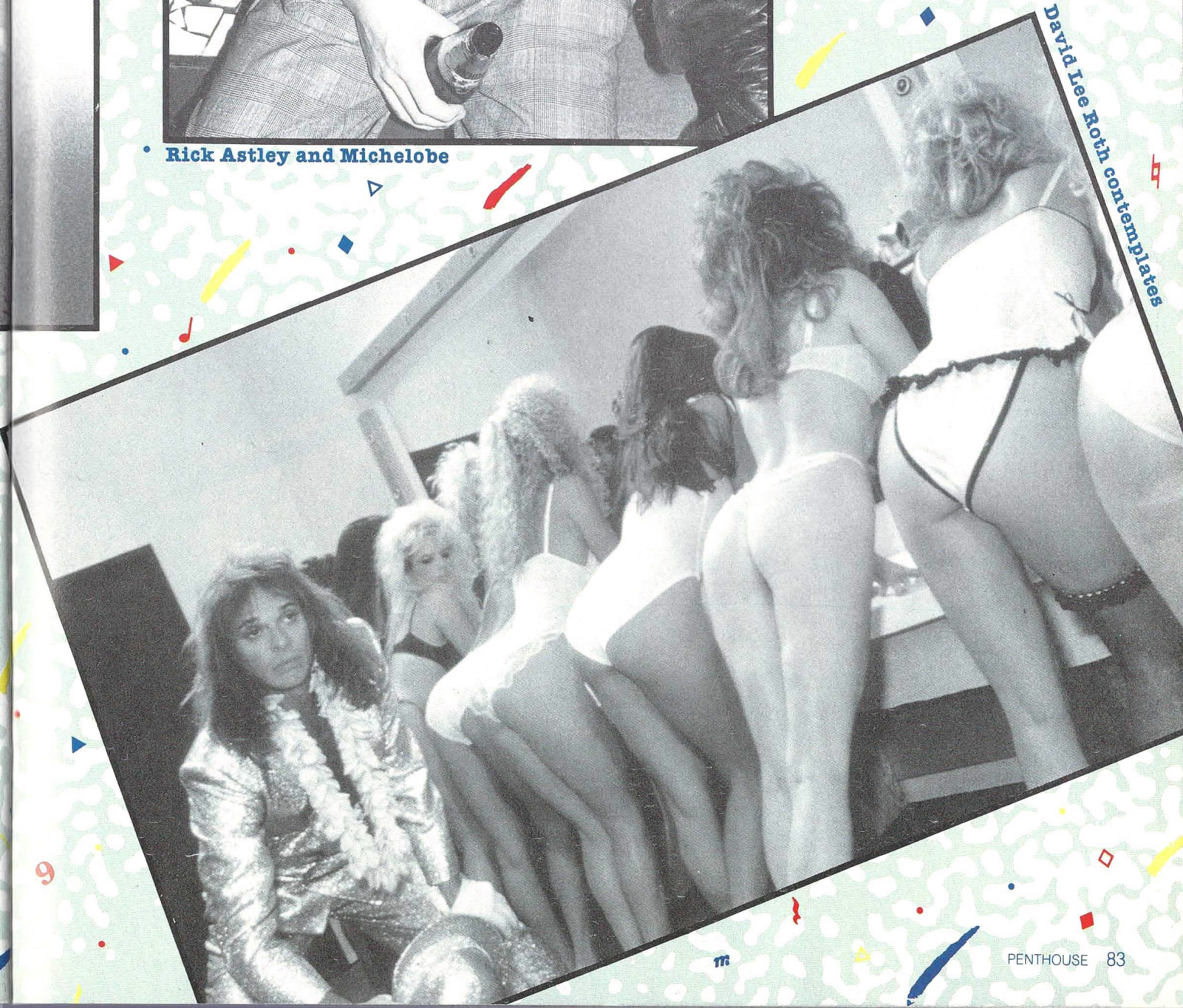
Sheila E on stage with victim



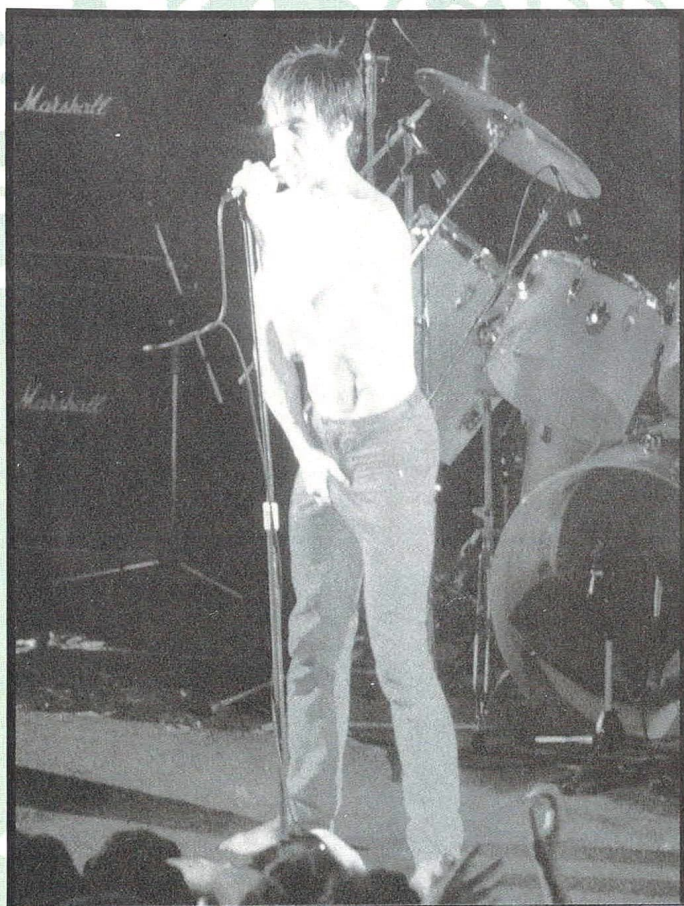
Rick Astley and Michelobe

MORE SEX & DRUGS & ROCK'N'ROLL

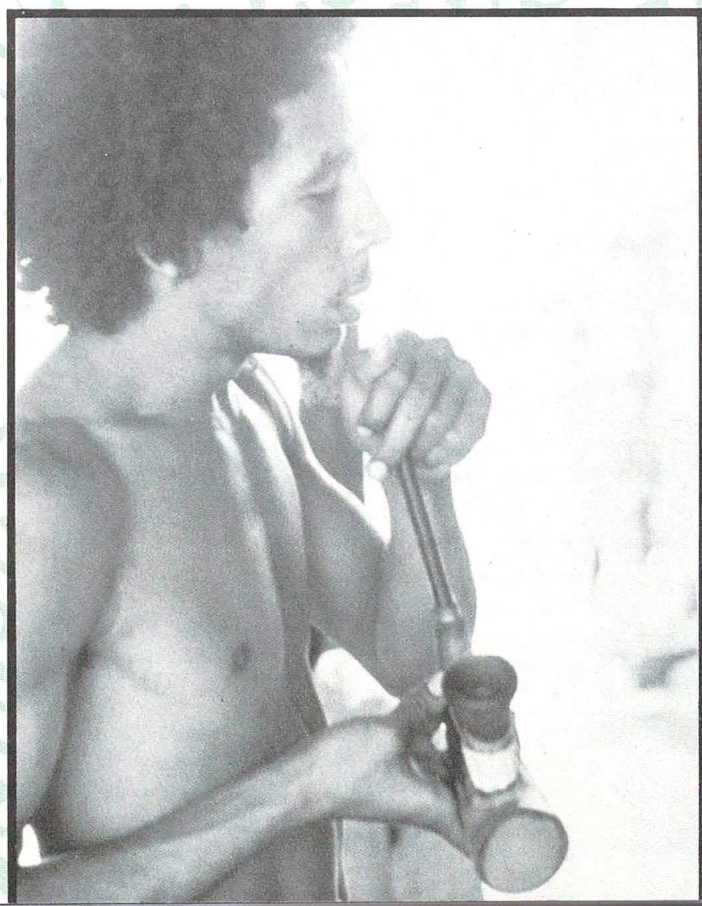
David Lee Roth contemplates



Iggy Pop



Bob Marley





As ever, doing her bit for charity

Kiss



As ever, doing her bit for charity II



**MORE
SEX
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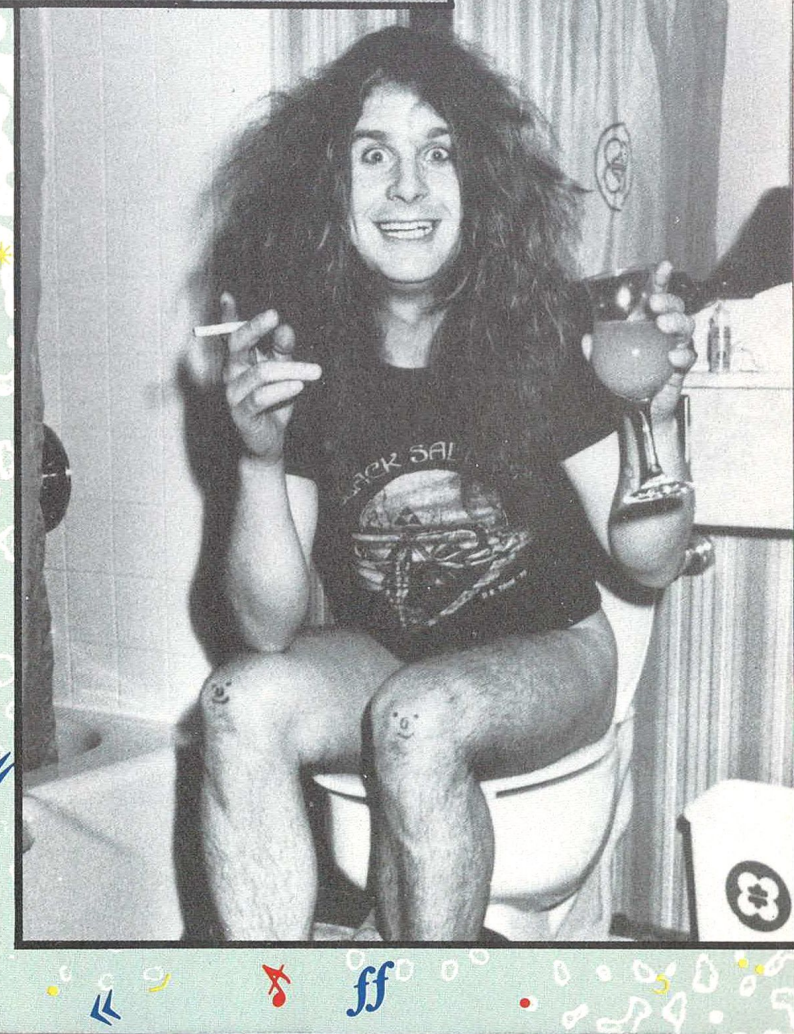
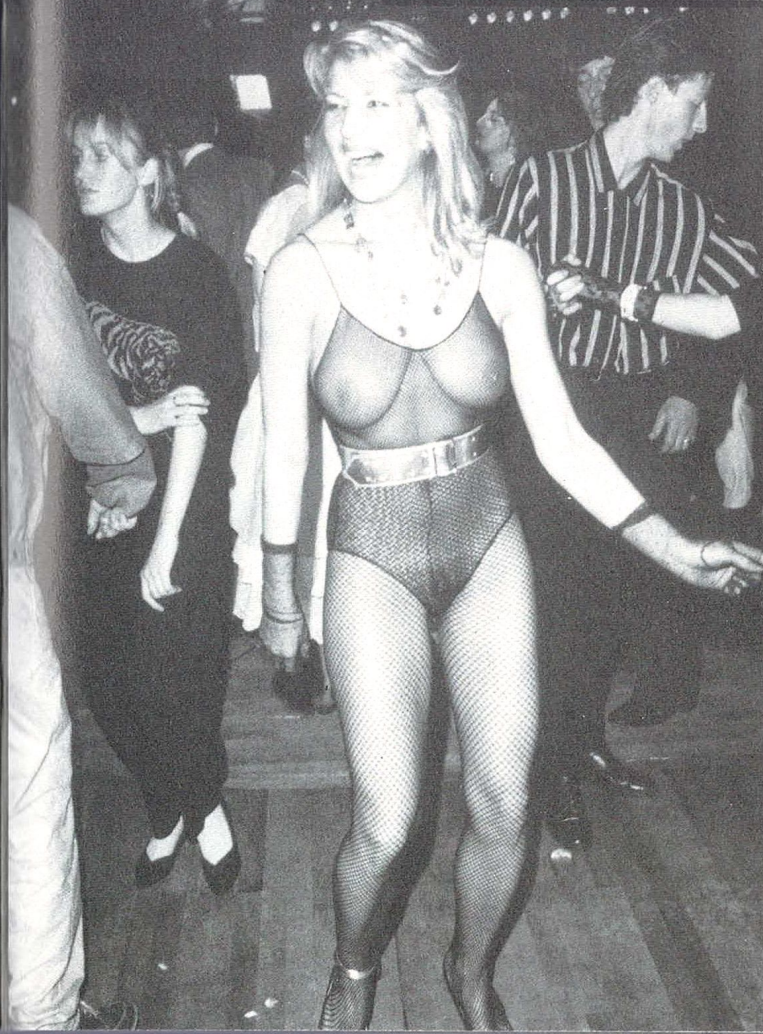


A guest enjoys the launch of London's Hippodrome Club



Glen Matlock receiving the attentions of Sex Pistol fans

Ossie Osbourne taking it easy in his Black Sabbath days



FICTION BY JAMES KEITH

S i x t e e n TEARS

These perfect, rose-tinted pearls would sell for a fortune on the European market. And on this island they were worth a life.

The island night began badly for me and grew steadily worse as the hours passed.

These were the days before Mikimoto and plastics. The harbor swarmed with luggers that worked the Straits for trochus and the gold-lip pearl shell. Consequently, I had a hell of a job finding a decent anchorage for my schooner and lost some topside paint before I finally dropped the hook near the breakwater. By the time I battened down, rowed the crew ashore — they were eager to get amongst the island girls — and placed an order with the Providore, it was just on sundown.

The cannon boomed on the dazzling white embrasures of Government House on the hill, and the flag of the Empire ran down the pole with precision.

I took a short cut up behind the Burns Philp building, through the bamboo thickets, on my way to a gambling den known as the Lotus House. It was by no means the biggest the island had to offer, but I'd heard it was reasonably honest. I had only a few quid left after paying the crew and the Providore, and I was desperate enough to want to have a go at doubling my money at the dice tables.

Hurrying through the creaking cane as the breeze stirred the stalks, I suddenly fell sprawling, cursing the idiot who had left a seabag across the narrow path. But as I brushed dirt and dried bamboo leaves from my faded khakis, I realised that what I'd tripped over was the body of a man.

He'd bled a lot. Smearred leaves, glinting dully in the bronze afterglow, pointed the way back into the thicket where he had dragged himself. Through the blood-soaked, torn singlet, I could see the gaping wound in his side where the knife had gone in. His breathing sounded wet and ragged. Kneeling, I turned him over and recognised him as Chuck Bayliss, an American pearler. I'd seen him only a couple of weeks before, when he'd been

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



Sixteen TEARS

working the beds off Daru.

At that time, he had seemed a very happy man, strutting the decks of his lugger, singing, holding a bottle of square-face gin by the neck.

"Hey, Castle!" he bellowed as my schooner glided by towards the channel leading into the anchorage. "Come 'n' have a snort."

"Some other time, Yank. Got a bit of trading to get out of the way. It's important." Aye — I'd never been closer to losing the schooner to the banks and I needed every penny I could bring in.

"Hey, fella, you can't refuse! I'm gettin' married!"

"Well, in that case . . . Give me a minute, but just the one drink, mind." I needed to keep a clear head.

I let the crew take the schooner on in and rowed across to Bayliss' lugger. His diver was down and I took care to keep clear of the lines, the che-hunk-hunk of the hand-operated air pump thudding monotonously.

I clung to the lugger's gunwale with one hand, took the gin bottle with the other and murmured "Good luck" as I took a swig. "Do I know her?"

He shook his head as he took the bottle, a big handsome American in his late twenties. "Doubt it. But I ain't namin'

names just now." He winked ponderously. "Haven't asked her yet." He drank deeply. "Celebration might be a bit premature then."

"Nah-nah — I'm celebratin' because I've decided to get hitched, see?" He shuffled closer to the rail, groped inside his shirt and brought out a chamois drawstring bag. He opened it awkwardly. "Can afford to take the plunge now — an' what dame could resist these, eh?"

My breath caught in the back of my throat as he showed me a dozen or more perfect rose-tinted pearls in the bottom of the bag. I could see that they were paragons — perfect spheres, weighing at least forty grains each, and if there were no hidden blemishes, worth a hundred pounds a grain on the European market. Even the miserly Straits buyers would have to cough up at least thirty quid a grain. Bayliss was holding a fortune in one hand.

I glanced swiftly towards his crew, but they were working, tending the diver and air pump, and didn't appear to be paying us any attention. The shell-opener, hands blurring as he worked, was on the aft deck, singing to himself.

Bayliss saw the direction of my gaze and laughed. "Hell, don't worry about them. Only Sam, my diver, knows I've got these . . . Taken me seven years to collect 'em, sixteen perfect tears of the sea . . . Now I've found the woman to go with 'em."

"Well, you better put 'em away, mate. And all the best . . . Buy you a drink in T.I. Have to be going . . ."

Now Bayliss lay dying at my feet on a little-used path amongst the green and yellow cane. I tried to staunch the flow of blood with my handkerchief.

"Hold that in place while I get help."

He stared up at me with glazed eyes. A blood-sticky hand snatched at my shirt sleeve. "Pearls — gone . . ."

Jesus! "See who it was, Chuck?"

His head rolled limply side to side. "Strong . . . bearded . . ." He coughed and his breathing became wet and harsh as he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The handkerchief had fallen from the knife gash. I opened his torn singlet, wadded the cloth over the wound, and felt the life go out of him in a gagging, trembling shudder. Uselessly, I shook him, calling his name.

Then, just as I was starting to my feet, a cold ring of metal pressed into the back of my neck and I froze, stomach clenching. A woman's voice, soft but edged with steel, ordered me to pick him up.

"Carry him into the room at the rear of the den," she told me. I straightened clumsily, grunting with the effort.

She moved so that she was always behind me, the gun barrel always touching the sweaty flesh at the back of my neck. I struggled up the path towards the rear of the Lotus House, sagging a bit under

Bayliss' weight. I didn't have any breath right now to say anything. I stopped outside the screened door and a slim arm clad in some kind of dark silk reached past me, opened it. The pressure of the gun told me to go on in.

It was an Oriental room, complete with brass gong and lacquered boxes, carved chests, varnished bamboo-sheathed walls, expensive carpets underfoot, a desk with brass corners and a leather sofa. Without being told, I eased Bayliss on to the sofa and at the last minute my grip slipped. He thudded hard, almost rolled off. He was past feeling anything, of course, but apparently the woman wasn't.

"Careful, damn you!"

I straightened slowly and turned, getting my first look at her: a slim, softly curved woman in a silk *cheong-sam* covered with lotus blossoms outlined in gold thread. She was Eurasian and the sight of her took my breath away. Skin like warm marble, dark, almond eyes and hair that spilled to her shoulders like a splash of midnight. I knew who she was, of course, but had never seen her up close before. Sula, owner of the Lotus House.

I knew damned well I couldn't have made as much impression on her as she had on me. I was sweating, breathing hard, bloodstains on my shirt and hands, bamboo leaves still clinging to my trousers.

Her eyes were cool and the gun was rock steady as it lifted and pointed right between my eyes. "Give me the pearls, Mr Castle."

I was surprised that she knew my name, even more surprised at her words. Behind the gun, her eyes watched me like a snake. "I . . . I haven't got any pearls."

"This office is soundproofed. I could shoot you and no-one beyond that door would hear." She slowly cocked the revolver's hammer. The metallic *click* seemed very loud. Sweat stung my eyes.

"Christ, I didn't kill him! I fell over his body on the path!"

"You were stooping over him, had your hand inside his shirt, taking his pearls! I saw you, Castle!"

"No, what you saw was me trying to stop the bleeding . . . Look. There's my handkerchief wadded over the wound . . ."

She refused to move her gaze from my face. "Chuck was here a short time ago. After he left, I began to worry about him walking around carrying those pearls. I thought I would go after him and give him this gun for protection. Instead, I found you stooping over his body."

"I was trying to help." There must have been plenty of desperation on my face because there was a hell of a lot in my voice. "He got out a couple of words — told me the pearls had been stolen by someone strong with a beard." Something moved back there in her eyes. Whatever it was, I couldn't put a name to it, but it gave me

hope. "Look, Sula — search me. I don't carry a knife ashore . . ."

She frowned, remained silent, eyes calculating, digesting my words. Then she nodded slowly. "Yes, I will search you, Mr Castle. Turn out your pockets."

Well, I'd suggested it so it seemed pointless to argue. After she had pawed over the items and fingered through my battered mariner's cap, she gripped the gun in both hands and ordered me to strip. Buck naked. Only then did she finally seem satisfied that I didn't have the pearls.

I dressed swiftly, tight-lipped. There was no apology forthcoming but I thought her voice trembled a little when she said, "Those fifteen pearls would have saved your schooner from the banks, Mr Castle."

"Sixteen," I corrected her automatically, then sucked in a sharp breath as the gun swung up towards my face, the knuckle of her trigger finger whitening. "Wait!" I hur-

6
She ran a
sin shop and had
a white lover and she
was beautiful and human
and hurt — and ready
to avenge

riedly told her how I knew there had been sixteen pearls in Bayliss's chamois bag and although the gun didn't sag much, there was a subtle change in her face.

For the first time since entering the room, she looked at Bayliss' body and her eyes softened and then it hit me. "You were the one he collected those pearls for."

Twin lines of liquid silver glistened on her high cheeks, her earlier calm breaking at last. There were pearls and a life taken, but the pearls didn't really matter. She ran a sin shop and had a white lover and she was beautiful and human and hurt — and ready to avenge his murder.

"I'm right, aren't I?" I insisted gently, and she looked at me with no expression on her face but a hurting sorrow. Only her lips admitted it as they silently formed the word. I felt awkward as I said, "I'd better get the police."

"No!" The word exploded from those ripe, moist lips and the gun snapped back into line with my head. Then she slowly lowered the weapon and there was the suggestion of a fleeting smile as she laid a fine, long-fingered hand on my arm, light

as a butterfly. "No police, Mr Castle. I will handle this in my own way."

"But — this is murder!"

"Yes." The long midnight hair stirred as she tossed her head. "And I will be the judge, jury and executioner."

I thought Sula was an extraordinary creature and I would give anything to know that such a woman would grieve over me when I was dead. But I was just a roughneck, knockabout island trader and my women were island girls, cat-house inmates, filling a need. I had never known a woman such as Sula and was never likely to. I had always envied Bayliss his good looks and his charm; women from all walks of life had eaten out of his hand. Now I looked at his dead body and Sula's living one and heard myself saying, "I'll help you."

She accepted it quite calmly, without thanks, went to a cupboard and placed the gun on the top as she opened a drawer and took out a red silk gown embroidered with a gilt dragon. I had been edging towards the gun — it made me bloody nervous — but she picked it up before I was within reach.

"Carry Chuck through to the next room, please."

I obeyed, and laid him on the narrow bed there. She covered him with the red silk gown and leaned over to kiss his slack mouth. A single warm tear splashed on to his face an instant before she drew up the silk. When she turned to me, she was dry-eyed.

I rolled up my sleeves to hide the blood stains and washed my hands and face in a bowl of water on a stand beside the bed, while she spoke.

"Go into the gambling hall, Mr Castle. Listen. Watch — especially the tables where bearded men are playing. If any bet with pearls, you will fetch me."

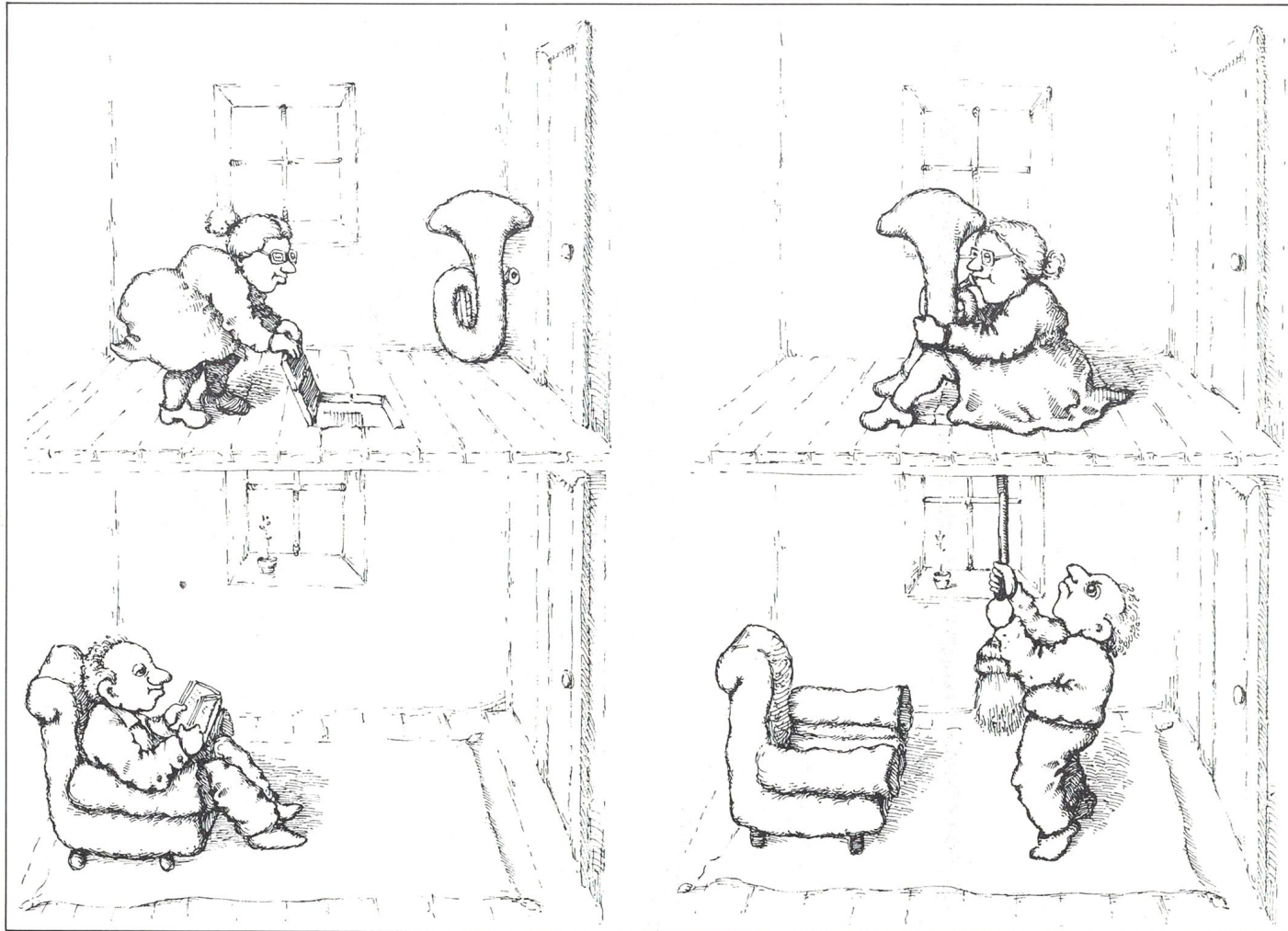
I suppose it was as good a plan as any, although a man betting with pearls need not necessarily be Bayliss' killer. Unless they were rosette paragons — and then I wouldn't want to be that bloke for all the pearls in the South Pacific.

I looked straight into the depths of her eyes. "The killer might still've been hiding in the cane when I found Chuck, and he might wonder if I saw something and try to close my mouth, too."

Her gaze was unflinching, her smile cool, knowing. "It is possible."

She didn't care! She was setting me up and she didn't care, not as long as she nailed her lover's killer.

The den was all noise and sweat and smoke, mixed with a little incense and a whiff of opium, when a certain door in a rear corner opened and closed swiftly. There was a muted roar like the tide washing over a pebbly beach, the breathless murmurings, grunts and sighs of the gamblers. *Sink-i-lim* dice tinkled as they spun on their pointed ends; brass fan-tan counters rattled; ivory dice clattered.



Sixteen TEARS

I took my drink from the bar and wandered amongst the crowd, watching bearded players closely. There were plenty of them but none bet with pearls. Illicit gold, yes. Coins from all over the world, sure. Jewels, rings, watches, even a silver belt buckle, but no pearls.

The room was full of men who would kill their own mothers for the price of a drink, let alone a fortune in pearls: Malays, Koepangers, Filipinos, Chinese, mixed-bloods from all over the Straits and some pretty damned unsavory-looking whites.

I was immersed in thought when someone tapped me on the shoulder, startling me. I whirled rather than turned, faster than I meant to, and the medium-sized man who stood there jumped back, instantly alert, crouching in that strange attitude of raised arms with the hands ready to chop like axe-blades that I'd seen some of the Jap divers adopt in fights. *Jui-jitsu*.

When it was clear I had no intention of attacking him, he straightened slowly, lowering his hands, brown slit eyes still wary.

I saw then he was a mixed-blood, with smooth brown skin and black, glossy hair cut in a kind of cap, thick about the ears, worn longer than most men's. I could imagine some of the tough luggermen labeling him "poofter" because of his hair. Which could account for his readiness to

use *jui-jitsu*. He had a soft, almost womanish look and seemed vaguely familiar.

"Cap'n Castle, isn't it?" The voice was contralto, bordering on the tenor, as if he had to consciously work at keeping it in the lower timbre.

"That's right. Do I know you?"

"Sam Ross. Chuck Bayliss' diver."

I remembered him then. I'd only met him once before and then only briefly.

"You seen Bayliss tonight? He said to meet him at the buyers' shack so he could pay me my percentage on some pearls I'd found but he never showed up. Thought he might've come here." His eyes sharpened as he almost spat the next words, a dark lip curling. "I hear he's interested in the bitch who runs this place."

There was a hell of a lot of venom in those few words. I heard, in my head, Bayliss slurred tones on the deck of his lugger off Daru: "Sam, my diver, knows I've got 'em . . ."

"Well, you seen him or not?" Ross snapped impatiently, a slight break in his voice. He seemed edgy.

I jerked my head towards the Private door to Sula's office. "There's been a hell of a lot of activity back there. Someone said Bayliss was hurt and inside, dying, I heard." I'm not sure why I told him that; to provoke some sort of reaction, I suppose. I was disappointed, although the womanish lips tightened up.

He nodded jerkily, then strode swiftly

away towards the door, an angry man in ill-fitting clothes: collarless shirt buttoned to the neck even in this heat, a sea jacket, and baggy trousers that were too long for his stubby legs, so he'd turned up the cuffs about four inches.

And then I saw that those cuffs were full of dried bamboo leaves and twigs.

He was already closing the office door behind him. I shouldered cursing men aside, went out the side door and ran around the building to the rear door that led into Sula's office. I entered silently. Ross was leaning on the desk and Sula was rising to her feet, pale and tense, eyes blazing.

"What're you doing here, Ross?"

He was so intent on watching her face that he didn't hear me coming up behind.

"I heard your loverboy's been hurt!" There was a kid's spite and viciousness in his tone. Then I lunged forward and wrapped my arms around him, lifting him clear of the floor, feeling the hard muscles and the surprisingly small body struggling.

"Look at his trousers' cuffs!" I panted, having a hard job holding him now. Sula's face hardened as she saw the bamboo leaves. "I didn't suspect him because he's a clean-shaven but he knew about the pearls — Chuck told me — Hell, he would've collected most of 'em — and he shared the cabin with Bayliss." All divers share the lugger skipper's cabin: they're more than just ordinary crew members.

About then, Ross put an elbow into my ribs. The top of his head slammed back and pulped my nose. As the blood sprayed, he kicked my legs from under me and I crashed to the floor. Falling, I clawed at him for support and my clutching fingers ripped one of the pockets from his sea jacket.

We all stared at the crude false beard made out of coconut fibre as it fell to the floor.

Then the edge of his hand whistled against the side of my neck and his boot thudded into my chest. I skidded across the floor, hit the wall hard enough to make it tremble. Pain and bright lights alternated with patches of darkness and a strange red curtain kept rising and falling in front of my eyes.

When it finally lifted, I hugged my aching ribs and watched blood dripping steadily into my lap.

Ross was crouched in front of the desk, looking murderously at Sula, who now held her revolver on him. Her beautiful face was cold, merciless, her voice bitter.

"You killed my Bayliss! I should have known!"

"You're crazy." Ross actually sounded faintly amused. "I didn't even know he was dead."

"Liar!"

He smiled crookedly. "Oh? Then why did I come in here looking for him, if I already knew he was dead?"

"Because you hoped to appear innocent, by pretending ignorance. But I know you're guilty."

"I've been waiting for a couple of hours at the buyers' shack — ask anyone. Bayliss never showed up — he tried to cheat me out of my percentage!"

Sula surprised me by smiling faintly. "There are always dozens of men waiting around the buyers' shack, most of them drinking. You could easily have slipped away, followed Chuck here, waited for him in the bamboo thicket." She paused to swallow. "Then, after attacking him you could have eased back among those waiting for the buyers."

Ross was calmer now, smiled twistedly. "Very neat. But why would I? My money was guaranteed."

I've never seen such beauty turn so swiftly to something hate-ridden and implacable. "You wanted *all* the pearls, not just your percentage — but there was another reason, wasn't there?"

The diver's slant eyes narrowed dangerously. "Now what drivel are you talking about?"

The way Sula looked made my blood run cold. "He wears a moneybelt, Mr Castle. Simply rip open his shirt and you'll find it. And Chuck's pearls, if I'm not mistaken."

I was missing something, I knew that. But I somehow struggled to my feet and Ross jumped back against the wall, stiffened, axe-blade hands threatening and deadly.

"No!" he hissed, but looked past me to Sula.

I almost jumped through the roof as the gun crashed and Ross screamed, high-pitched — and fell writhing to the floor, grabbing at his shattered kneecap. The sound of the shot hadn't carried beyond the office.

"Tear open the shirt and bring me the belt!" Sula commanded, looking pretty damned wild now.

I crawled over to the sobbing Ross and, hurt though he was, had quite a job throwing him on to his back. But he was too weak to put up much of a fight and I hooked a finger behind the shirt's top button and ripped downwards.

I gasped and sat back with a thump, staring at the ivory, pink-tipped breasts of a woman, bulging above the grey canvas of the moneybelt encircling his — her — body. I looked stupidly at Sula.

"Yes, Mr Castle. 'Sam' is short for

"He wears a moneybelt. Simply rip open his shirt and you'll find it. And Chuck's pearls, if I'm not mistaken."

along! I warned him not to try to take you from me, but he only laughed, called me a broken-down old dyke."

"So you killed him."

"Yes!" She took pleasure in admitting it now, wanting to hurt as much as possible. "I wanted to make sure you didn't get him or the pearls . . . It was almost like sex the way I slipped my knife between his ribs . . ."

Sula shot her twice, once through each breast. Blood stained the moneybelt but I didn't get any on me as I wrenched it from the shuddering body.

The pearls were there, all sixteen of them.

Sula looked very weary as she took them and placed them on the desk next to the smoking pistol. Her eyes looked dead, full of sadness, as she said, "Now you may inform the police, Mr Castle."

"Jesus, they'll lock you up and throw away the key, Sula!"

"That hardly matters now. Thank you for your help, Mr Castle."

She offered me one of the pearls but I shook my head and stumbled outside, made my way down to the harbor. I rolled a cigarette, looked at the silhouette of my schooner against the stars. I smoked several more cigarettes before I reached my decision.

I had a couple of spare anchors on board. I could sail with the midnight tide. Beyond the reef, the sea was deep and dark, infested with sharks. And when I returned, Sula would be waiting — Sula, and the sixteen tears of the sea.

She wasn't in her office when I returned, using that rear door again. Ross was still slumped against the wall. Cordite fumes rasped my nostrils.

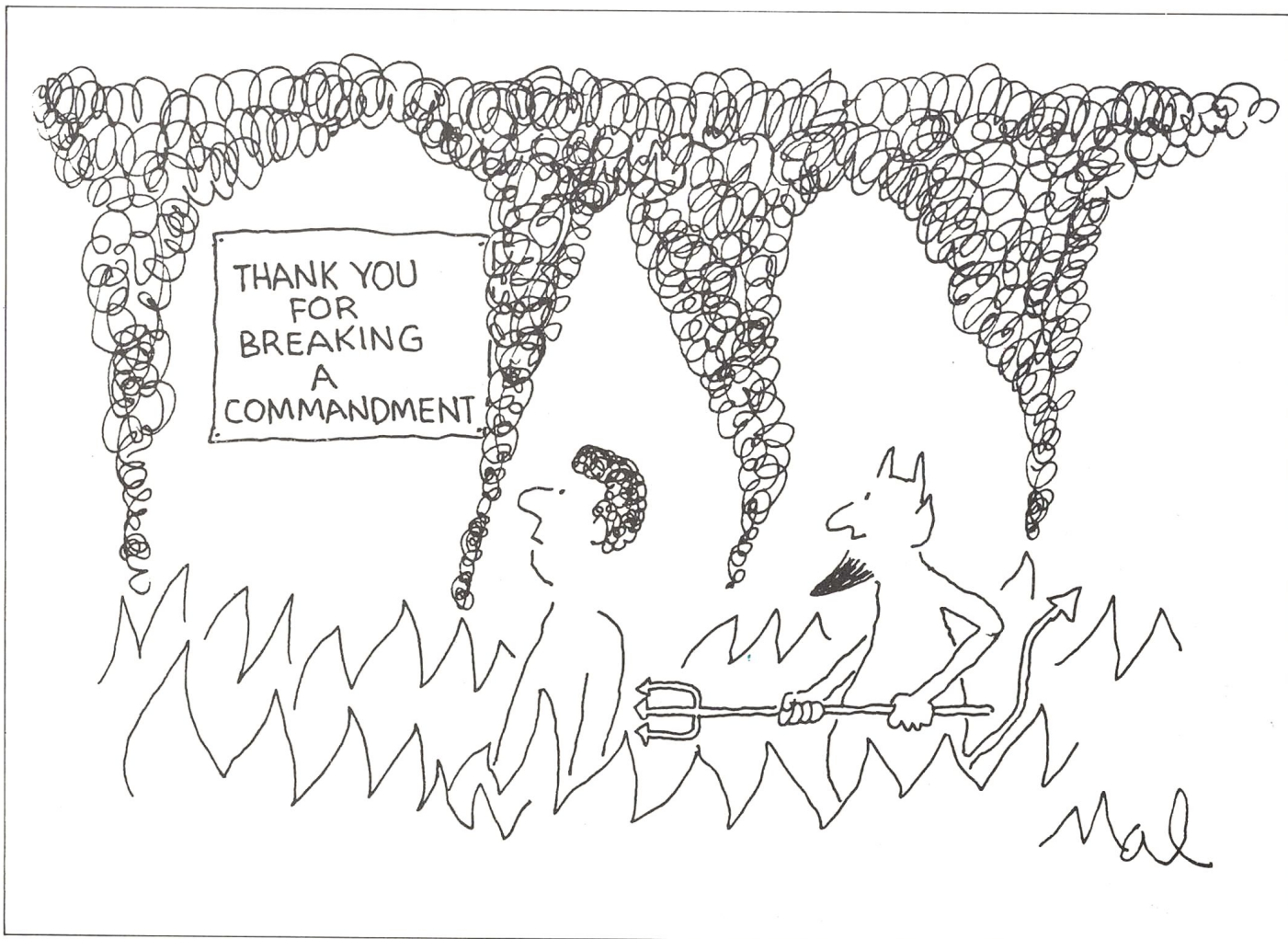
The gun was gone from the desk, but the pearls were still there, resting on the dead diver's canvas money belt. I opened the door to the adjoining bedroom. She was on the bed beside Bayliss, the red silk gown now covering them both.

I thought at first she was sleeping, but when I turned the gown back I saw the splash of red against the blue silk between those small, perfect breasts. At the same time, my foot nudged the revolver on the floor where it had fallen after she had pulled the trigger.

I'm not ashamed to admit I felt the prick of tears as I looked down on the bodies of Sula and her lover. I pulled the red silk gown up over their faces, stood staring blankly for a long while, my brain in low gear.

Everyone who knew about the pearls was now dead. Everyone except me. When the bodies were found, it would look like some kind of complex love triangle. There was nothing more I could do.

On my way out, using the rear door again so no-one would see me, I paused just long enough to pick up the sixteen tears of the sea from her desk. I've never been back to the island since. ○+—



JOY FOREVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

A thing of beauty is Denise — "But I'm the first to admit that it's not always such a joy to be around me. I'm one of those unfortunates who get edgy when life isn't moving fast enough for me. I look to men to keep me stimulated."



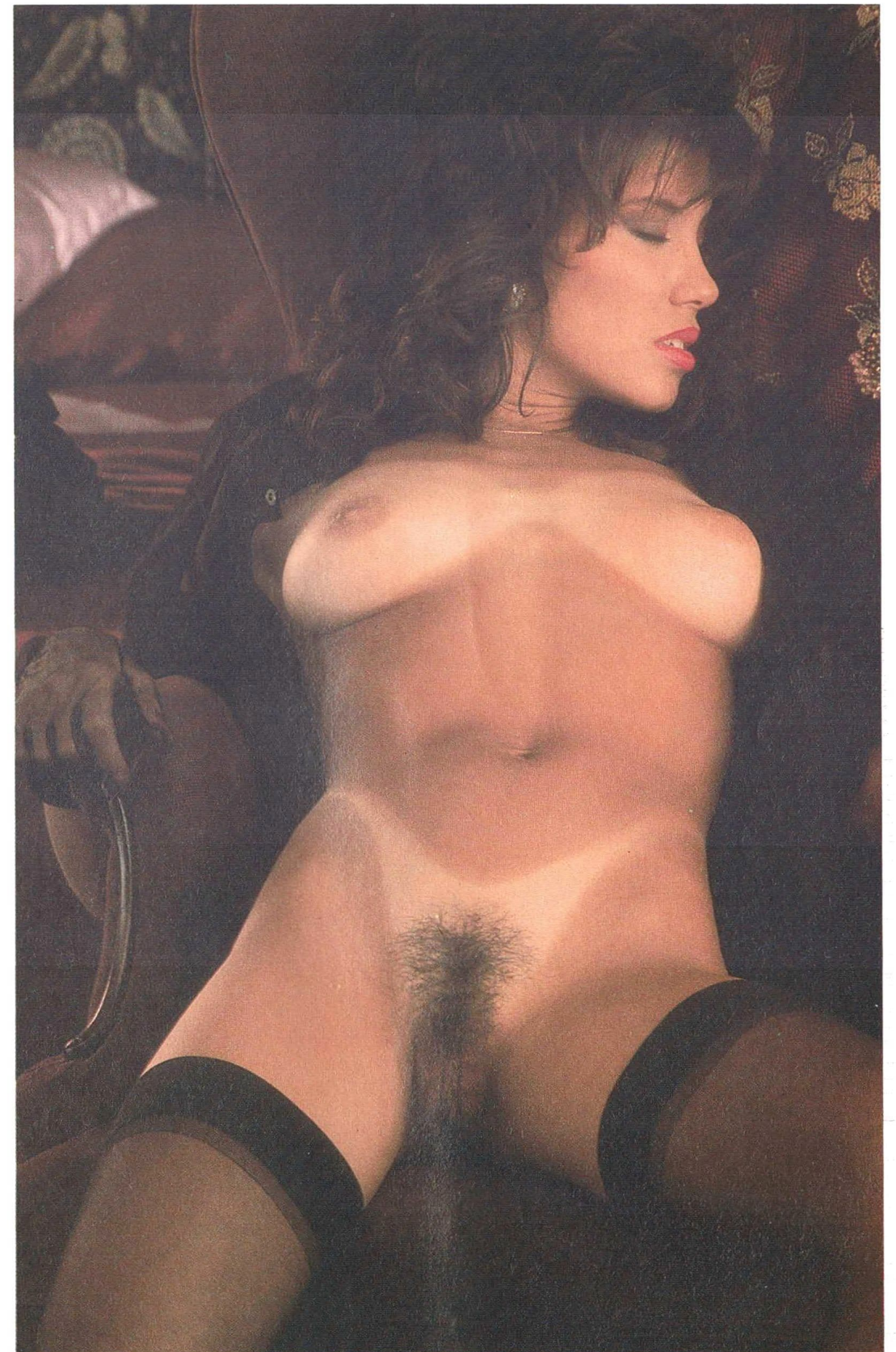


Denise is coy about the bloodlines which have come together to add such an exotic charge to her looks. "Let's just say the fella in the Big Chair was very creative with his palette when he drew up my plans."





But Denise isn't put off with the constant questioning of her origins. "If I were to get upset it would be like confusing the idea of being sexist or sexy. I'm not interested in men who are racist — but *racy* is different."



Denise is used to evoking some crazy responses from men — and enjoys every minute. "I can come on very hot and strong. It's fun seeing men having to cope with the shoe on the other foot."





"I can be very loyal and dedicated — but there's potential disappointment putting yourself out too much for another person. If I don't feel I'm getting anything back, I'm not into sticking around too long," she says.

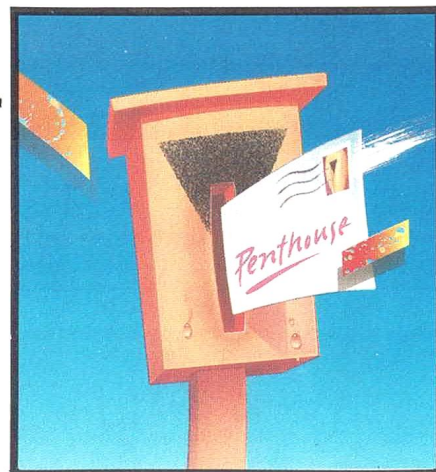


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FORUM

Continued from page 16

the night, Karen shook me awake, saying she was sorry I had to sleep on the sofa and would I like the bed back (pause) with her in it. I did not click at first at what she had said. "Karen, are you serious?" With a somewhat nervous nod, she croaked yes. I carried her to bed.

She had on a towelling robe which fell off her shoulders with ease. What a lovely sight she looked. A nice trim figure. Her dark brown eyes matched in well with her dark brown hair. A gorgeously shaped mouth with gleaming gnashers made for cock sucking.

Her breasts were small and firm to the touch; they fitted well in the palms of my hands. Nice flat warm stomach. Her skin was smooth. Her legs were slim and completely hairless, smooth as silk, down to her cute feet, which were small. After nibbling her toes, I worked back up to the inside of her thighs, to the object of my desire, her pussy, which by this time needed some attention. I then proceeded to tongue her. She was becoming so wet, shaking her body with ecstasy. I was finding it difficult to get a grip on her. My cock was now erect again and in need of some attention, preferably cunt attention. Karen was well enough lubricated for her first fuck with a man . . . me.

I propped myself above her, gave a sensual kiss and slowly put the first couple of inches in her. She gasped. I fed a few more inches with a few thrusts. After a short while I sunk all of my cock in her up to the hilt. She moaned with ecstasy. Shortly I felt myself close to the point of climax. I then quickened the pace. We both came at the same time, just about. We made love until it was time for me to drive her home, and for me to get to work. We made a date for an encore at her place soon. That soon became sooner than I thought.

A couple of days later, I called at her home. Karen ushered me in and said that she had not got much time, so "let's get down to it quickly." So it turned out to be a

quickie. When we were spent, I was on my back, with Karen kneeling astride my face, giving me a good meal of her cunt. I felt a pair of hands caress my cock, followed by a mouth engulfing it. I tried to push Karen off me, but she stayed put, saying coyly, "Relax and enjoy it." I was certainly enjoying the attention, but I would have preferred to know who was giving my cock the time of its life. Then suddenly my cock received a different attention. It was receiving cunt attention. Karen was still astride my face, not letting me see what was going on. All I knew was that it was a tight fit, and that there was plenty of moaning going on. Whoever it was was riding me ever so slowly. Then I saw a pair of hands come around to caress Karen's breasts. I soon began to climax, shooting my load inside this person. At this point Karen got off me and introduced me to the owner of the mouth: "Meet my sister, Jane." They both broke into raptures of laughter. Sorry that they had used me. But that was their nature.

Jane had a mature figure for her young age: long locks of golden blonde hair; large sky-blue eyes; interesting pointed breasts on which her nipples stood erect; a nice patch of blonde pubes to cover her honey pot, which was in need of some stirring. She got that from my tongue and a couple of fingers that somehow fitted inside her dripping honey pot. During this time, Karen was getting my cock erect

again with her expert handling. I was soon ready to fuck Jane. She had been ready for some time. Turning her on to all fours, I slowly sunk into her.

Even though she was so wet with her juices, it was still a tightish fit. Karen, not wanting to be left out, got under Jane and started to kiss and suck her breasts, much to Jane's delight. I felt a tickling sensation in my cock, telling me I was close to coming. I shot my load inside Jane. It seemed to go on for a long time. Jane let out a loud sigh, moaning with ecstasy, and fell forward on top of Karen, pinning her on the bed underneath her. I was exhausted, and sat back in a chair to regain some strength. Karen turned Jane over on to her back, spread her legs, and proceeded to eat her where my cock had just been.

I was a bit disgusted to see these two girls making love to each other, especially being sisters. Nevertheless I stayed and watched.

Jane came and went through orgasm after orgasm, before turning on to Karen in this lesbian duo. When they had spent each other, they curled up for a final embrace. I applauded them both on their show. They were both surprised that I was still there, and said I should leave before their mum came back from shopping. The three of us showered, dressed, kissed, said goodbyes, and I was off home, with a promise to meet up again. — Name and address withheld

Letter to a lover

I couldn't help myself. I just had to sit down and write you a small letter as I've been so hot and wet lately just thinking about the experience we had together.

This weekend we had together was so unreal. It started off with a few drinks in a club and you know what alcohol does to me, it gets me so horny I can hardly walk straight. From there we headed off home, yourself, my husband and I, all in the front seat of our car, with me in the middle. I really wanted to sit in the middle so that I could rub my pussy on the hand-brake, but I did enjoy playing with both your cocks.

There is nothing better than being with two well-hung men who can satisfy you in every way. It was difficult giving you both head in the front of the car so I just massaged your balls and tugged on your cocks.

From there we went home and I slipped into the bedroom to put on something a little more comfortable. I loved the look on both your faces when I came out of the bedroom in my slinky leotard; you were both drooling and staring and I loved it. I could feel your eyes undressing me, not that I had much on to take off.

My nipples started to get really hard and my pussy was throbbing; my juices started to ooze out as I pulled the crotch of my leotard up so high that it nearly cut me in two.

All you could see were two large

Pour extra life into your car!



FORUM

pussy lips just hanging there wanting to be played with. All I did was parade in front of you both, rubbing my pussy and squeezing my nipples. When I slipped my top down to reveal my large pink nipples I noticed that you were both really hard; you said you were going to come in your pants and I knew I couldn't let that happen so I ripped your jeans off and started sucking on that big hard tool of yours as my hubby poured cold, frothy beer all over my tits and was licking it off. It felt so good; especially when it ran all the way down to my clit.

Then I remember that you ripped my gear off and you slipped down between my legs to give me the tonguing of my life; you were fingering and sucking on my clit and you were driving me crazy. I was giving my hubby a massive head job at this stage and he was ramming his big hard cock as far down my throat as it would go. I really love giving head — it gets me off, as you well know . . . It was your turn once again to get sucked off while my hubby started fucking me, pumping his cock in and out of me like there was no tomorrow — blowing his load all over my stomach while you were blowing yours all over my face.

As you probably remember, this little love act went on for hours. I would let you

have a small break and then, being the actress that I am, I would lie on the floor directly in front of you both and pull my flaps apart and start fingering myself; you were going wild and you both kept coming back for more and I would do whatever you both desired.

I don't think I've ever had a weekend like that one — there was so much fucking and sucking going on and my pussy is really missing all that action — I just wish it could go on every night of the week . . .

There are probably lots of ladies out there who only dream about experiences like this. I'm not one of them. I'm a go-getter, not a dreamer, and I always say that you should live life to the fullest. I guess you could say that I'm a bit kinky or even a nymph, because I love sex, whether it be with guys, ladies or toys, and I also love twosomes, threesomes and foursomes.

I hope we get together again soon. Love, Juicy. — *Name and address withheld*

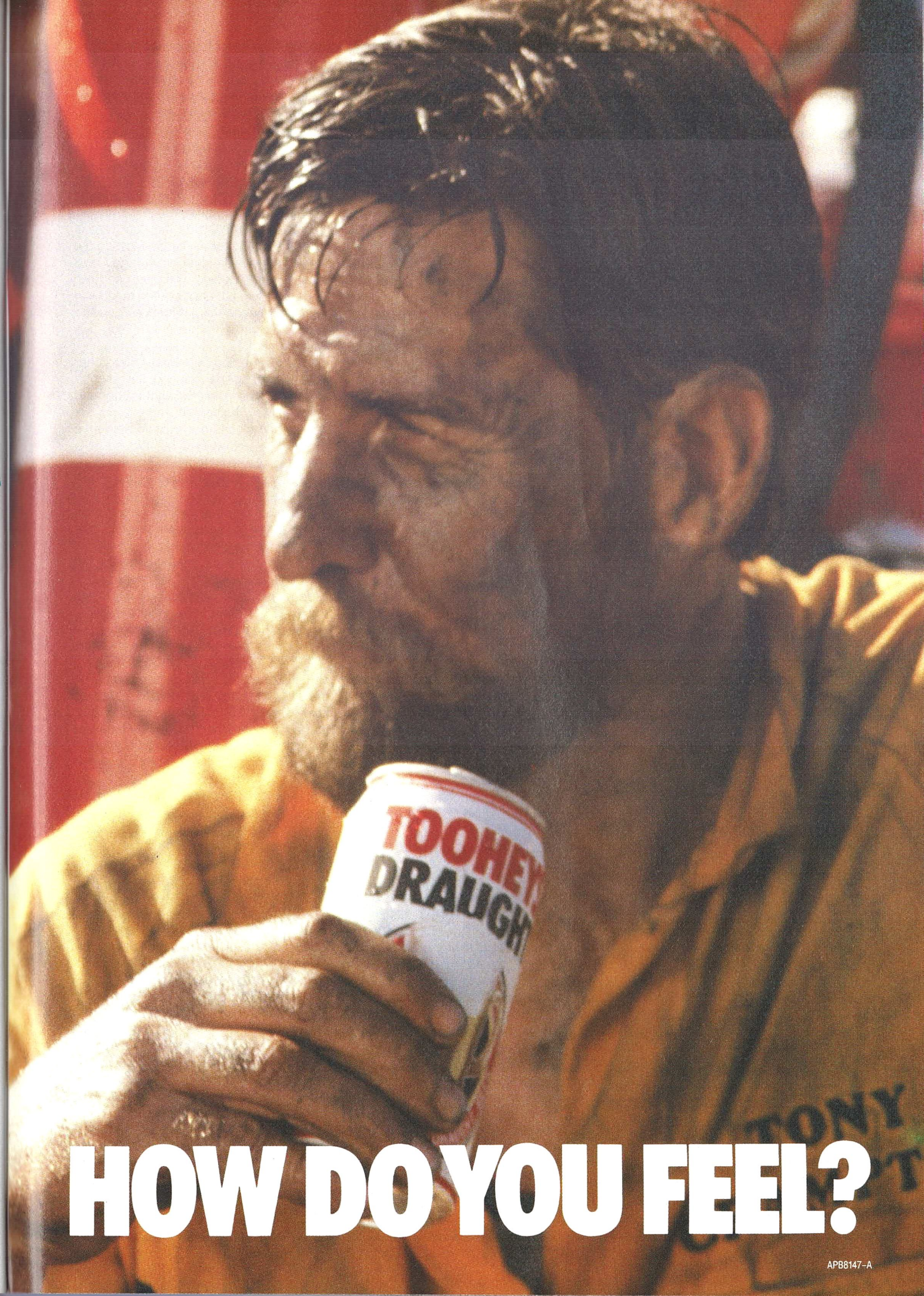
Northern hospitality

After 22 years of marriage and three kids, my wife is still very hot and sexy. In fact, our love life is better than ever — Charlotte will make love whenever or wherever I want. When I'm not at home, she'll masturbate, using sex toys for her pleasure, and later relay her day's activities to me in bed. But like all married

couples, we do have our little kinks that we don't talk about. For instance, though she's never really discussed it with me, I have known for some time that Charlotte would enjoy a bisexual experience.

Well, this past April she finally had her change, courtesy of me. We went to the Gold Coast for a wild weekend, and things turned out to be more exciting than we could have hoped for. At first it was your usual touristy Saturday night: we took in the bars of Surfers and Coolangatta, along with more than a few margaritas; then returned to our hotel suite. I fixed us some more drinks while Charlotte prepared a bubble bath. She grabbed our issue of *Penthouse* and, turning to *Forum*, settled into the hot tub. Soon she called me in, pointing out a particular letter involving a lesbian massage session. "I would like to try one of those massage parlors some time, but I wouldn't have the guts to go in." Thrilled by the idea, I told her we could get someone to come to our hotel. I'm sure it was the margaritas, but she said, "Why not?" I started to place the call when she said, "Make sure it's a girl." No sooner had Charlotte gotten out of the tub, dried, and put her robe on, than there was a knock at the door. The girl's name was Dina, a pretty blonde with nice breasts and a good arse. We settled on a price, and then, much to my dismay, Charlotte told me I would have to leave. Unhappily, I agreed to go to the bar downstairs. I said I'd be back in 30 minutes, but Dina said, "Better make it an hour." Charlotte came to the door to kiss me goodbye, and said thanks. I couldn't help but notice her nipples were erect and her breathing was very fast.

I had no sooner arrived at the bar when I found I had left my cigarettes in our room. Eager for the chance of a quick look, I returned. I eased the suite door open, tiptoed to the entrance of the bedroom, and peeked in. I needn't have worried about being seen; the girls were too busy to notice me. Both of them were totally nude. Charlotte was lying face down, and Dina was leaning over her, rubbing her huge breasts on Charlotte's arse. She said she was giving her a Far East body massage. "Do you like it?" she asked. With a shaky voice, Charlotte said yes. Soon Charlotte rolled over and Dina again massaged her, this time letting her gorgeous tits fall all over the front of her. Then Dina rose up and started using her hands. She concentrated on Charlotte's breasts, kneading and stroking her firm flesh and pulling her erect nipples; worked her way down to her flat belly; and finally rested her fingers against her anxious mound. Dina parted Charlotte's legs, then licked her lips at the sight of her soaking-wet pussy. "You can massage my breasts, if you like," she told Charlotte before parting her pussy lips and making a beeline for her hot clit. Charlotte had a look of sheer ecstasy on her face, and I could tell she was right on



HOW DO YOU FEEL?

FORUM

the verge of coming. Then Dina lowered her head and began to give her slit the tongue-lashing of its life as Charlotte took one of her talented tits in each hand. Charlotte's hips were gyrating like crazy, and to my delight she reached down to finger-fuck her new friend's flowing cunt. Dina's tongue met Charlotte's hand stroke for stroke, and the two increased their rhythm until they started coming, their juices running everywhere. My dick was about to rip through my pants, and I had to rush into the other room to quickly jerk off before quietly slipping out and returning back to the bar.

To this day, Charlotte has never told me exactly what happened; she only admits to "coming a few times." But I don't mind — I was lucky enough to be there. — *Name and address withheld*

Working stiff

Donna and I work in different departments at work, but because our offices are close by, we see each other a lot. When I first met her, we seemed to hit it off quite well. I still remember the nervous thrill I felt the first time I asked her out to lunch. From our conversation I found that we had a lot of mutual interests, and we soon became good friends.

At first I kept our relationship platonic,

intending to be faithful to my wife. Donna and I always enjoyed each other's company, and I always felt buoyed by her upbeat attitude toward life. Over time, however, we started flirting. Donna is an outrageous flirt. Sometimes she'd ask me to guess what color underwear she had on, then after teasing me for a while, she'd finally give me a glimpse of the edge of her panties under her business suit. Sometimes I'd get a nice look at her gorgeous legs as she'd lift up her skirt. Other times she would unbutton her blouse to show me her bra strap, and I would see the soft curves of her fantastic breasts. My favorite bra was tan and transparent; it would treat me to the sight of her dark hard nipples trying to poke through the thin fabric. What really made me crazy was the way she teased me with her eyes. Donna is a beautiful blonde with dramatic eyes that are always nicely enhanced by makeup. Even now when she looks at me, I feel that I could just melt and float away.

I always teased her back, although I'm an amateur compared to her. She always laughed at my suggestive remarks. Little did I know that she was just waiting for me to make a move.

One time, after we had been teasing and flirting with each other for a year, we went on a business trip together. In the brief spare time we had on the trip, we had a great time talking, laughing, and enjoying each other's company. At one point, I was sitting in a chair next to her in her hotel room, watching TV, when she took out a bottle of body lotion and rubbed it all over her smooth legs. Her legs looked just fine that evening in her white shorts, but all I could do was sit next to her, quiver, shake, and pretend that I wasn't affected. She could probably tell by the way my hands twitched that I ached to rub in the lotion myself, but I must have known subconsciously that once I got my hands on her there would be no stopping. That night after I went to my room, I masturbated to a sweet, powerful orgasm while dreaming about Donna wrapping her soft, smooth legs around me.

On the way home, we had some pleasant private time on the plane. Because of flight delays, the airline provided drinks, and we had a few brandies. We laughed and giggled at everything we talked about, and had a wonderful time. During a tender moment, something came over me, and I got up enough courage to reach over and hold her hand. It seemed to signify something special, and I could see her flush deep red. I felt red myself, and my heart pounded away. She looked so sweet that I could have eaten her up right there on the plane. To this day, she still gives me a hard time about waiting until we were on the way home before I touched her.

We learned it would be about two weeks before we'd have the chance to be alone again on a trip, and until then it was the longest, most exquisite foreplay I've ever

had. We teased each other unmercifully at work, and kissed and hugged in the car whenever we'd have the chance. At lunch I would gaze in her eyes and melt from the sensuous look she'd give me.

Finally, our next trip was arranged. The first night, we took our clients out to dinner. Since everyone pleaded being tired afterward, they headed home while Donna and I went back to my hotel room. I was trembling with excitement!

We were barely inside the door when I pulled her to me for a kiss. She kissed my cheeks and neck while we hugged and squeezed each other. Then we used our tongues to explore each other's mouths in a deep sensuous kiss. "It feels so good to hold you close," I whispered, "You feel warm in there."

I started rubbing her chest through her blouse, and Donna moaned her encouragement. When I gently pinched her stiff nipples through the thin material of her blouse, she closed her eyes to enjoy the sensation. I unbuttoned her blouse at a leisurely pace, teasing her to pay her back for what she'd been doing to me these past months.

Donna let go of me, allowing me to slip her blouse off her arms, then in a quick motion, she unbuttoned her bra. It slid off her shoulders and arms, treating me to the sight of her breasts, full and heavy, capped by dark nipples now stiff with arousal. But before I could bend down to kiss her nipples and lavish attention on her tits, Donna dropped to her knees. She pulled off my shoes, unbuckled my belt, and unzipped my pants. When she pulled them off, my hard cock bulged inside my boxer shorts. She reached inside the fly to tease my balls, then smiled wickedly as she looked up to see my reaction.

After a moment, she pulled the waistband of my boxer shorts down, gently easing them past my erection down to the floor. She stood up, and I unbuttoned and removed her skirt before pushing her back on the bed and climbing on top of her. As her nipples rubbed against my chest, my cock pressed against her soft stomach and her silken panties. She spread her legs so I could make better contact against her mound. She moaned appreciatively as my swollen member slid up and down between the lips of her slit with only her wet panties separating us. I quivered with anticipation as her lips seemed to grab at me through the moist fabric.

I rolled on to my side, touched her under the chin, and moved my hand down her neck, caressing her between the curves of her breasts. As I circled down around her navel, she became perfectly still and her breasts rose and fell with her increased breathing. When my fingers moved back and forth under the elastic of her panties, her hips wiggled and she spread her thighs a bit more. I pulled her panties down, letting my fingers trail lightly over her damp hair. She raised her hips to help,

and I tossed her dripping panties off the bed.

I bent over to kiss her on the neck, and worked my way down to her chest, licking and nibbling her breasts. I delicately tongued her nipples, lightly flicking the hard tips. I thought it would be best if I teased her this way for a half hour or so, but within ten seconds, I was firmly sucking on her left nipple, using my tongue and the roof of my mouth to stimulate the hard point. Soon I switched to her other breast and gently then firmly sucked and rubbed. "Oh that feels so good," Donna sighed. I worked back and forth on her nipples, listening to her moan in pleasure.

Donna reached down to lightly rub my balls with the tips of her fingers, and I shifted over a little to make it easier. My cock felt as hard as a rock as she lightly moved her fingers up and down my shaft. Then she squeezed the head, rubbing it with the precome that oozed out of the tip. I couldn't moan, what with a mouthful of soft, sensitive breast, but my whole body tensed and shook as she continued to rub the head of my cock. I applied myself more to her tits, pressing them together so I could lavish my lips and tongue on both nipples at once.

Then I moved on top of her, feeling her pubic hair graze my balls as we pressed together. I shifted so my penis was between her legs, rubbing directly along her

slit without entering. As I moved up and down, sliding my cock along her wet opening, Donna moaned and pulled me tighter. At the start of each movement the head of my cock would press against her opening, then slip down without entering. The feeling was exquisitely intense and pleasurable. Every time I came close to entering her Donna would tremble and I would moan and whimper louder and louder. I intended to tease her for as long as possible, but there was no question in my mind as to who was teasing whom.

Finally, my throbbing penis slid inside Donna, and she pushed her hips up as I thrust inside her to the hilt. She wrapped her legs around me as we merged in a love rhythm, her hips and arse rising to meet each of my thrusts. The sensation was incredible, better than in my wildest dreams! Soon Donna's whole body trembled in orgasm as I pushed harder and faster. She twitched and quaked as the pressure built up inside me. I felt like she was squeezing the whole length of my cock with some tight muscle inside her, the pleasure was so intense. Then she whispered in my ear, using her most sultry voice, "I'm going to squeeze you harder and harder. I'm holding you inside me, milking your penis for the juices. I want your juice inside me, and I'm going to hold you and squeeze your penis until I get it."

I could feel my need to come building up, like a thermometer registering a high

fever. "This is what you get for teasing me," I said. "Every time you tease me, this will be the consequence. I may have to throw you to the floor in your office next time."

"Promises, promises," she replied. She pushed against me harder, and I strained to get inside her as deeply as possible. "I'm going to come," I moaned as I slowed down, feeling the pleasure wash over me. I squirted inside her, and moaned loudly with the intensity of it. My sweat was dripping on to her face and neck. She continued to squeeze and milk me inside her. I felt so sensitive it almost hurt, but I couldn't actually pull away enough to escape the heavenly feeling.

We lay together petting and whispering to each other, basking in our juices. After a while, we moved to the dry side of the bed and fell into a deep, satisfying sleep, enveloped in each other's arms. — *Name and address withheld*

Police frivolity

I am an 18-year-old military policeman about six feet tall with a medium build. Being new to this area, I decided to visit the new club on the base.

It was a typical Friday night: good beer, good friends, and plenty of hot-and-bothered women. My mate Richard and I were getting pretty well sloshed. We approached two very attractive young ladies and asked them to dance. They both ac-

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cepted. I happened to get shacked with a real beauty by the name of Caroline. She's a blonde, about five feet seven with blue eyes, long legs, and a smile what would give an impotent man a sure rise! We danced slow. With her perfectly rounded tits pressed against my chest, and her pelvic action going to work on my already swollen member, I could hardly contain myself. We finished the dance and made another trip to the bar, giving my rod a chance to rest. We continued to drink, talk, and flirt.

Caroline suggested we go back to my room for a few more drinks. I excused myself to the bathroom, and when I returned I found Caroline fondling her clit, wearing nothing but my beret and her high heels. When I asked her what she was doing, she replied: "Playing policeman. It's time for a strip search."

She went to work removing my shirt and began to lick my belly button. In one quick jerk, my jocks were on their way to my knees. She took my tool into her mouth and began to suck, lick, and nibble frantically. She stopped for a moment to remove the rest of my clothes and then went right back to waxing my lizard. She was moaning and fingering her clit like there was no tomorrow! She started to yell, "Come in my mouth!" Her cheeks tightened and simulated an aching pussy. She was hungry for it.

I felt myself about to come, and then pulled her close so my rod was no longer exposed. I blew a load like never before and was astonished that Caroline could

take it all, milking me dry. While I was still dizzy from the pleasure, she laid me down and mounted my face. Her pussy was soft and juicy, and she loved the tongue fucking I was dishing out. She moved in total pleasure and was practically drilling my head into the floor! Caroline couldn't stop telling me how good my tongue felt.

I was now ready for the fucking of my life. She moved off my face and walked over to the window, providing a great view of her glistening pussy lips from the rear. Her juices flowed down the crack of her buttocks and down the back of her thighs. She grabbed the side of the windowsill and beckoned me over. I made my way to where she was irresistibly positioned, then grabbed her by her shapely waist. Caroline took one hand off the sill and aimed my cock into her awaiting box. She moaned as my shaft became totally embedded inside the heaven I had found.

Caroline loved my touch, and I did not hesitate in pleasing her. Once again, she started to flick her clit with her free hand. Not only did this satisfy her, but her fingers sliding across the top of my cock gave me unbearable pleasure!

Her hip movements grew faster. Before I knew it, we were fucking like two rabbits in heat. Caroline screamed, "Oh God, I'm coming!" and she did. The power of her enormous orgasm almost knocked my tool out of her burning box. She begged me to come inside of her. I no longer had control of my cock and it exploded, pumping Caroline full.

For the first time on this incredible night, we made it to my bed. Both of us panting, we hit the sheets. After one more blowjob that ended in another of my 12-gauge

shotgun loads into her awaiting mouth, we fell asleep in each other's arms. I have and will continue to give Caroline my full attention whenever I'm in town! — *Name and address withheld*

Birthday bonanza

I recently turned the big 40 and had a unique experience on my birthday. I'm a successful lawyer, divorced ten years, and enjoy the single life. I'm no Robert Redford, but I take good care of myself. Lately I've been dating a woman who I met at my health club. She's 33, owns her own business, and we've been getting along quite well. Ivy works out like a demon and her body is rock-solid. She's been doing some freelance modelling and really knows how to strut her stuff. Ivy's best friend Irene is a flight attendant, and when she's in town she comes to the gym with us. I love working out with them because that's when I get rock-solid...

Ivy invited me over on my birthday for what I thought would be a quiet and relaxing evening in her private spa. What a surprise! Instead she met me at the door in a sexy red teddy. With that went red stockings, red pumps, red nail polish, and dark red lipstick. She looked dangerously enticing. So much for push-ups and leg lifts. We popped open a bottle of champagne and started making it on her sectional couch. As I started grinding this red-hot vixen, I was aware of another presence in the room. I turned around and saw Irene standing there in the same red outfit. Irene began to strip as she hummed "Happy Birthday." She got down on the couch with us and proceeded to massage and suck my cock. Ivy sat on my face and I teased her clit with my tongue. There were orgasms for everyone that night. I started making love to Ivy, and Irene asked me to come inside her, too. I felt my balls tighten and I ejaculated into Ivy. Then I quickly grabbed Irene and loaded up her tank as well. Switching women mid-stride is not an easy thing to do, but the rewards are worth it. When I pulled out of Irene she licked my cock clean.

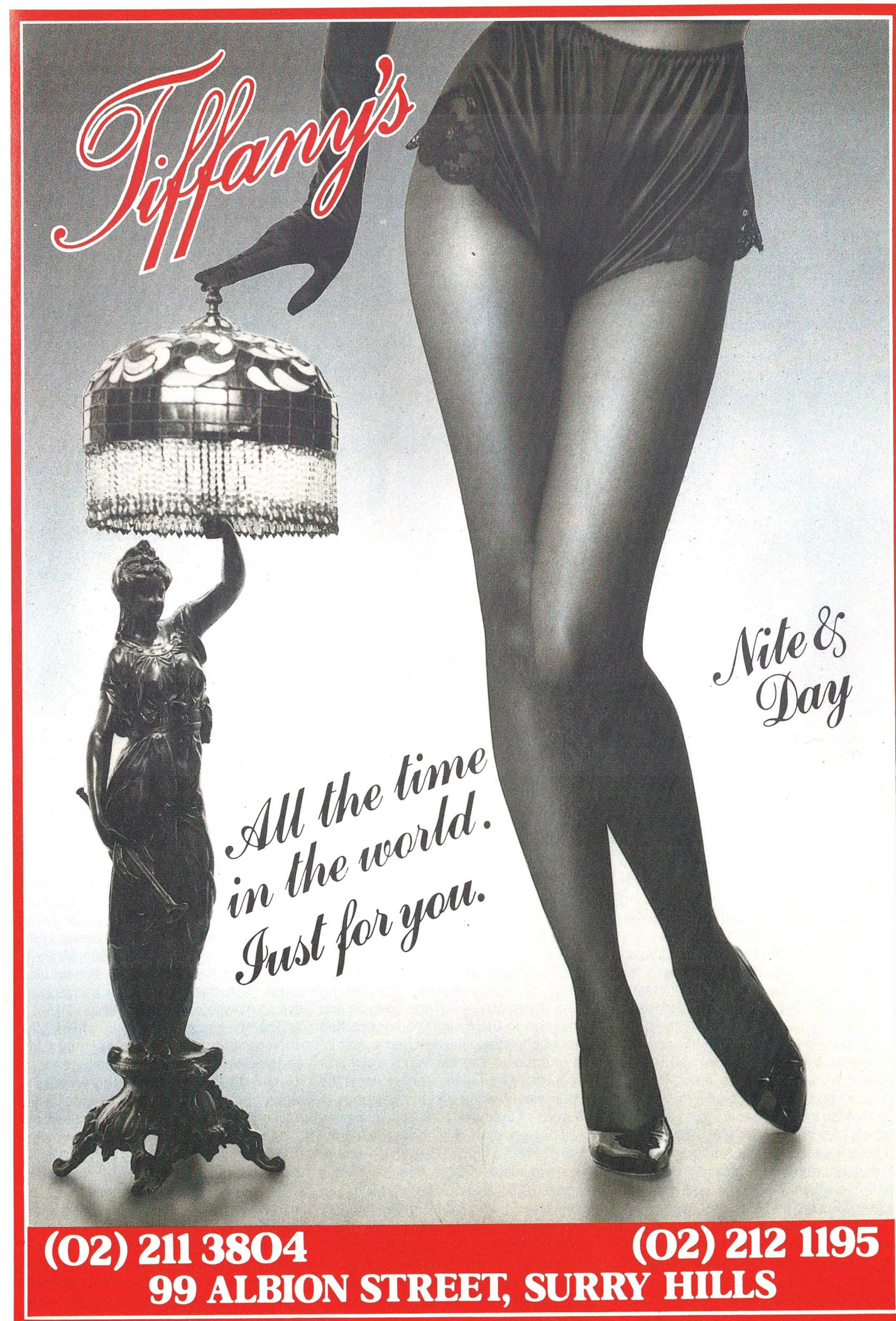
I must've dozed off, because when I looked up, both women were dressed to kill and ready to go out for a night on the town. Neither one of them wore bras underneath their sheer tops, and I couldn't wait to see folks' reactions when we entered the club. My ego was at an all-time high as I strutted in with these two knock-out babes. We returned to Ivy's house that evening and toppled into bed. In the morning, I was greeted with simultaneous blowjobs. Unfortunately, Irene had a flight out that morning, but Ivy and I made the best of the situation and got into a little one-on-one. I must admit, it was the best birthday I ever had. Ivy's birthday is next week, and you can be sure I'll have the champagne chilling at my house and a friend waiting in the wings. — *Name and address withheld* ○—



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'It's a tour de force for the great Italian master craftsmen — much of



WHEELS

Continued from page 50

Unlike the obvious exotics like Lamborghini and Ferrari, the modern Maserati models are conventional in appearance, though refined and technically interesting. And there's still the sizzling performance that has been a Maserati hallmark for more than 60 years.

The shift has been described thus: an attempt to make the exotic sensible. Maserati is after the classic luxury car territory occupied by the likes of Jaguar, Benz, and BMW. Lofty targets. Despite the presence of twin-turbocharged V6 engines under the bonnet of the trio of Biturbo models on sale here, the new Maserati image is more *LA Law* than *Miami Vice*. Mr De Tomaso intends his cars to have broad appeal among those who don't mind forking out the mega-bucks for style and performance and prestige and luxury. And all those other buzzwords you hear describing the top end of the car market.

A hands-on operator who doesn't mind bursting into the design studios to offer suggestions, De Tomaso's personal preferences have been injected into the current range of 425-series transportation.

What he's saying in effect is: "You too can benefit from my impeccable taste."

Okay, so let's get specific. What does the Argentinian who owns an Italian car company with a strong US shareholding have to offer Australians?

Styling of the three cars in the Maserati Biturbo range — 425i sedan, coupe and Spyder — is, yeah, conservative. They're chunky, abrupt, compact. And far removed from the aero look so fashionable across the border in West Germany.

Mr De Tomaso's leather interior reminds us of the Longchamp by De Tomaso: expanses of lightly-tanned hide flowing across the seating, over the console and running up to the dash. The handcrafted leather upholstery with stitched suede inserts is optional. There is a choice of this or Missoni designer velour. The leather is the go; the velour won't win many friends in this neck of the woods, unless your taste in soft furnishings runs to the bordello influence. There's also polished inlaid timber dash and door panels and Maserati's characteristic classic Swiss-movement gold-rimmed clock. Tradition dies hard.

So Maserati has come out fighting, mercifully electing not to market the current line-up around hackneyed old stuff about glorious motor sporting pedigree. Sure, they mention it, but there's no harping.

It certainly suits a few (mainly European) car makers to dote on the past. The present has not been so kind to some of the grand old auto names. Recent Italian offerings have often tantalised with their image and history, only to let down new owners with a resounding thump. It seems that too many cars from Italy have precious little more than a grand heritage — golden days on road and track — to offer a modern motorist. And try telling a car owner about the relevance of his nameplate's magnificent victory in the Mille Miglia in 1950 when he's stuck with bonnet skyward on a cold, dank night midway between Nowhere and Endsville.

That historical perception of sporting thoroughbreds at the vanguard of automotive technology certainly tends to clash with the more recent tarnished images of rampant rust, unholy unreliability and engineering design that marks time.

Such cynicism. But we can't ignore door handles falling off in one's hand, seeping Agip disfiguring paved driveways, vacationing electricians, gearboxes that feel and sound like the driver is stirring a jam tin full of old nuts and bolts.

Too many criticisms have been parried with a shrug. Loyalists call it character; others call it poor design and pathetic quality. Whatever, it leaves us with a feel-

the Maserati is hand built'

ing of concern and trepidation as we walk forward to make our acquaintance with any new car from Italy.

It's the 425i Biturbo sedan. First impressions are good. Build quality is pretty tidy, as it should be considering a price tag of \$111,000.

Bob-tailed styling is a matter of personal taste. Mr De Tomaso's preferences are not everyone's.

Interior oozes opulence. It's a *tour de force* for the great Italian master craftsmen and reminds us that much of the Maserati is hand built. Lots of folks don't like leather seats, claiming they're either too slippery or too sticky, or too hot or too cold. I like leather, even without handcuffs and spurs. Leather makes a statement.

Driving position favors the outstretched arms mode preferred by Europeans, but it really isn't bad; the wheel adjusts for height, though not for reach. Maserati Australia says a local mod is available. A spacer can be fitted to bring the wheel closer to the driver.

Dammit, no dead pedal for the left foot. It's coming, says Maserati Australia.

There's an impression of quality and elegance in the cockpit. Ergonomically, there are no obvious glitches. It's cohesive and practical. Tasteful. Sound system is top drawer, switchgear is simple and ac-

cessible.

The engine spec is tantalising; twin turboed and fuel-injected 2.5-litre overhead cam V6 offering 138 kW at 5000 rpm and impressive peak torque of 321 Nm at 3000 rpm for a claimed zero-100km/h time of 6.3 seconds and top speed around 240 km/h.

We're in a Biturbo convoy heading north along the Pacific Highway, nosing out of Sydney for the Hunter Valley. This is an automatic model which we'll swap for a five-speed manual later in the morning.

The auto (three-speed only) is okay for threading through the Volvos taking Samantha or Sam to pre-school. Actually this configuration is better than okay. Turbos and slush boxes are a fair combination.

Love that sound of the wastegate purging itself of air at every cog change. *Tttttttt*. Just like the Formula One turbos. Twin water-cooled IHI turbochargers are Maserati's way of confronting the challenges of turbo lag and head build-up. And the two air-to-air intercoolers enhance performance, lowering air temperature and raising air density for a resultant increase in engine power.

Lag is reduced by 75 percent, which gives the driver improved throttle control and response. Like most turbos, though,

nothing much happens down low in the rev range. Below 2500 revs, it kicks forth in blissful hibernation.

Beyond those revs, it kicks forth with Latin enthusiasm, quickly surging to the old ton-up mark. Ride is compliant, sound levels (apart from the wastegate wheeze) are subdued; power-assisted rack and pinion hits the spot, though the turning circle is poor. It's an elegant, fast moving gentleman's carriage. Driving the Maserati proves much more rewarding than we'd dare hope.

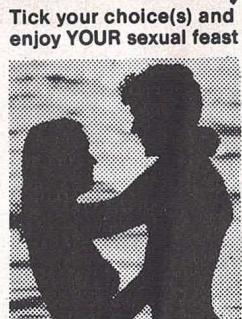
Later, a switch to a manual 425i coincides with some sweeping open highway. We're following Alfie Costanzo, driving an open-topped Spyder. Alfie used to be with Hamiltons, the Porsche importer. Now the Italian in him has surfaced and he has swung over to Maserati, with Melbourne dealer Como Classique. The heart rules, okay.

The manual 425i (with the traditional Euro gear pattern of fourth and fifth in the same plane) is flying over the tarmac between corners. But not entirely comfortable through the bends. A characteristic of Italian saloons, even those of the sportier variety, is a tendency to kneel in corners, transferring weight to the working front

Continued on page 144

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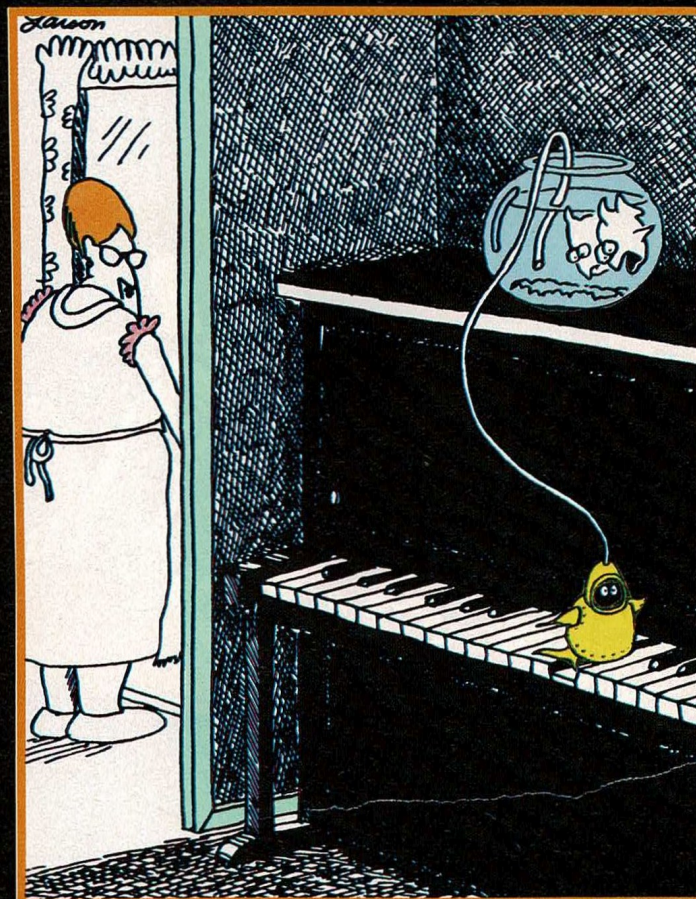
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Beyond The Far Side

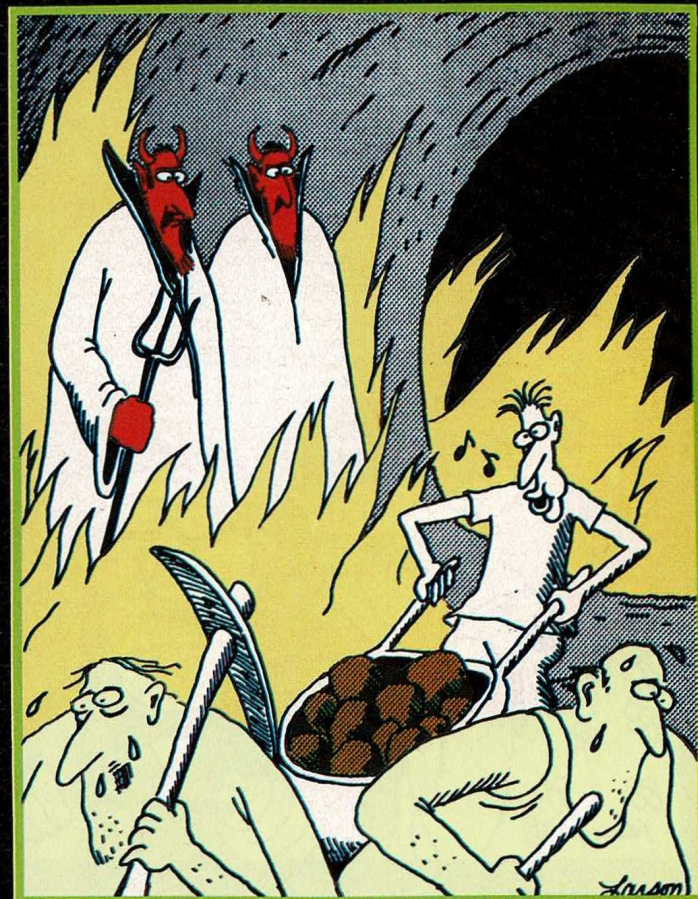


by GARY LARSON

All cartoons from The Far Side and Beyond The Far Side by Gary Larson, published by Horwitz Grahame, RRP \$4.95. Available from newsagents and selected bookshops.



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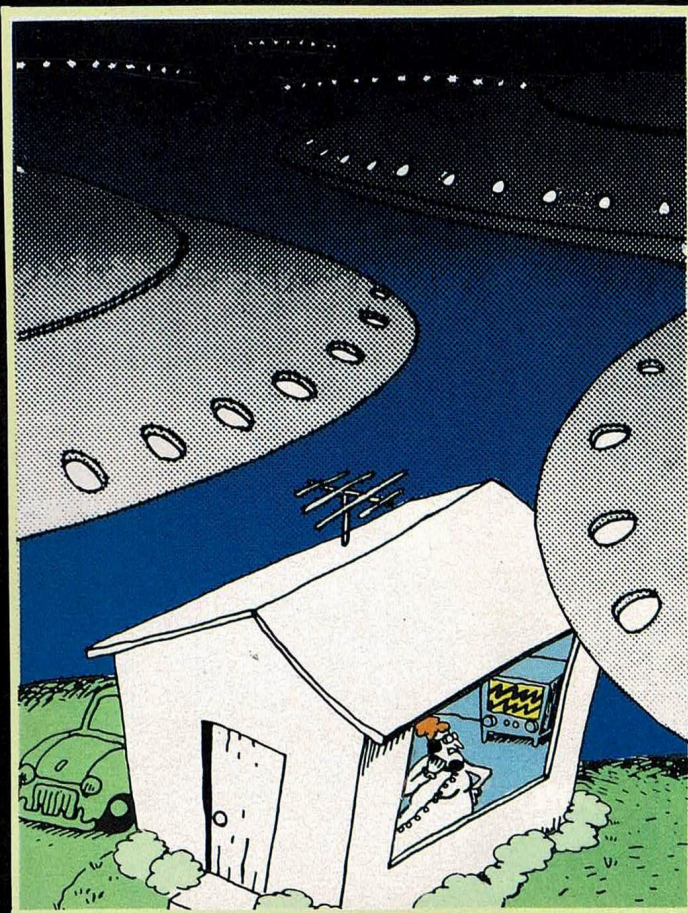
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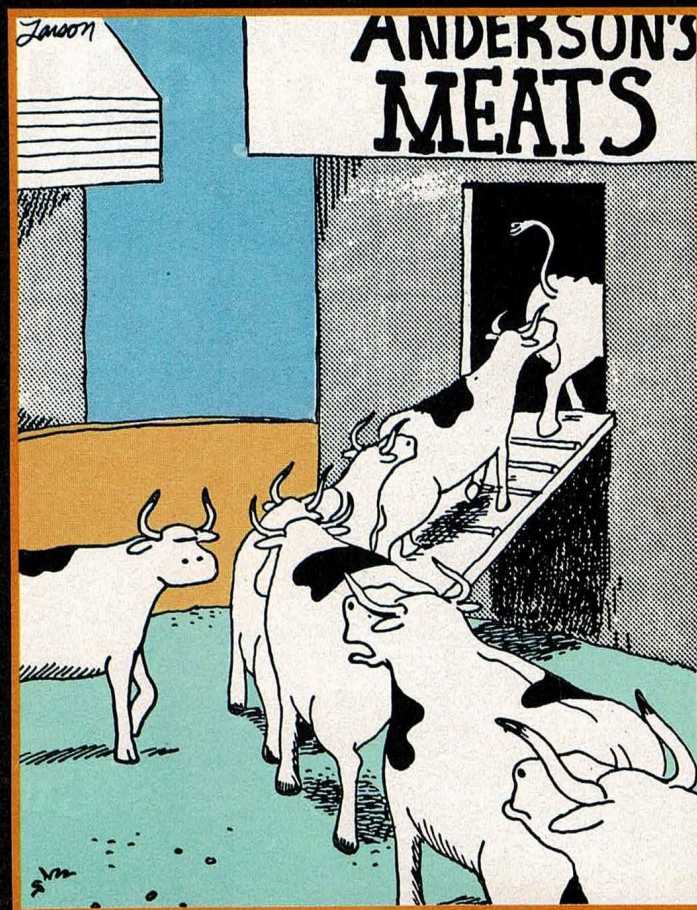
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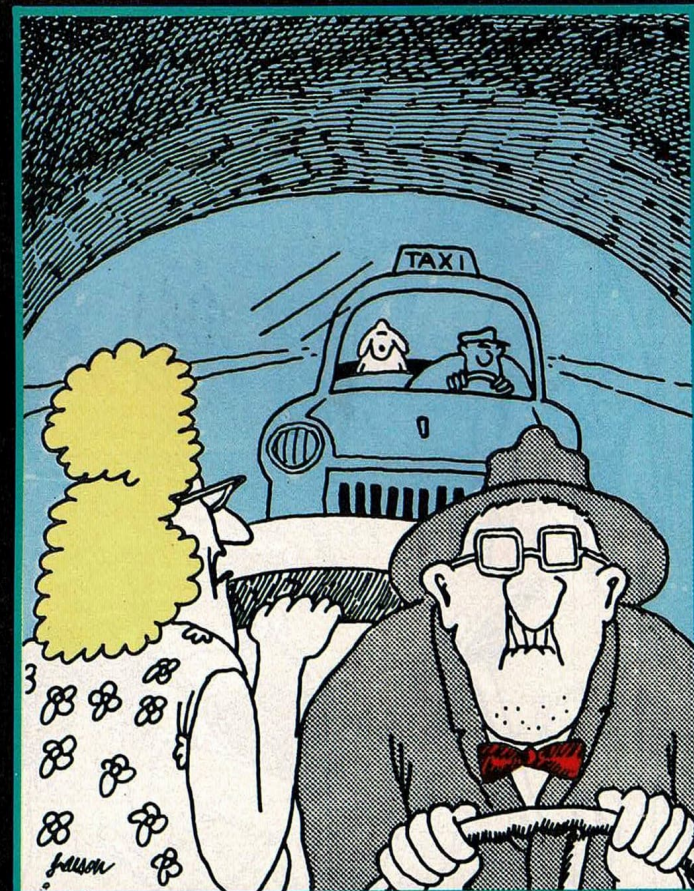
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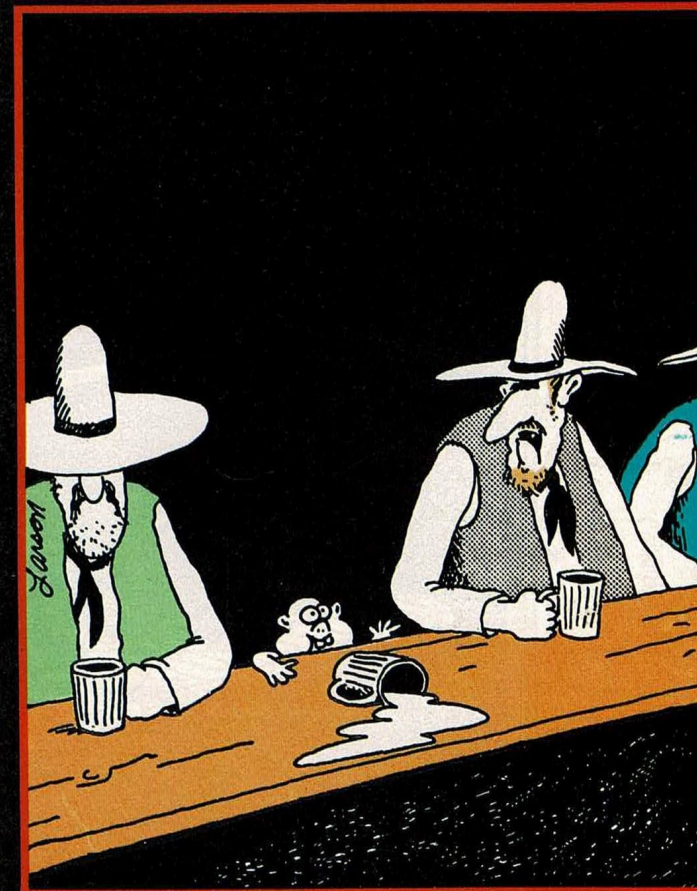
"Yeah, Sylvia . . . my set too . . . and in the middle of 'Laverne and Shirley'."



"Hey! You! . . . No cutting in!"



"Blast it, Henry! . . . I think the dog is following us."



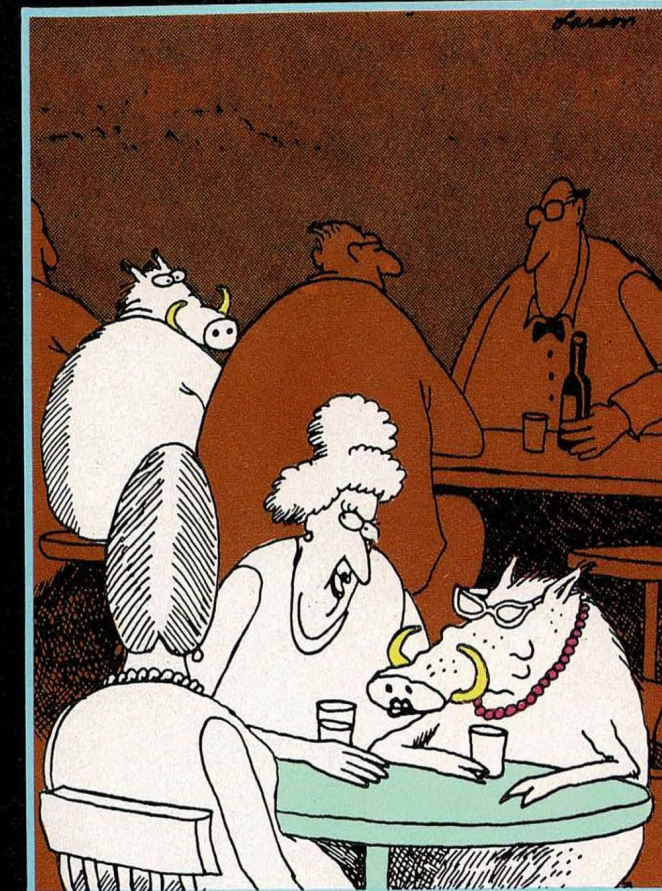
"So! . . . You must be the one they call 'The Kid'."



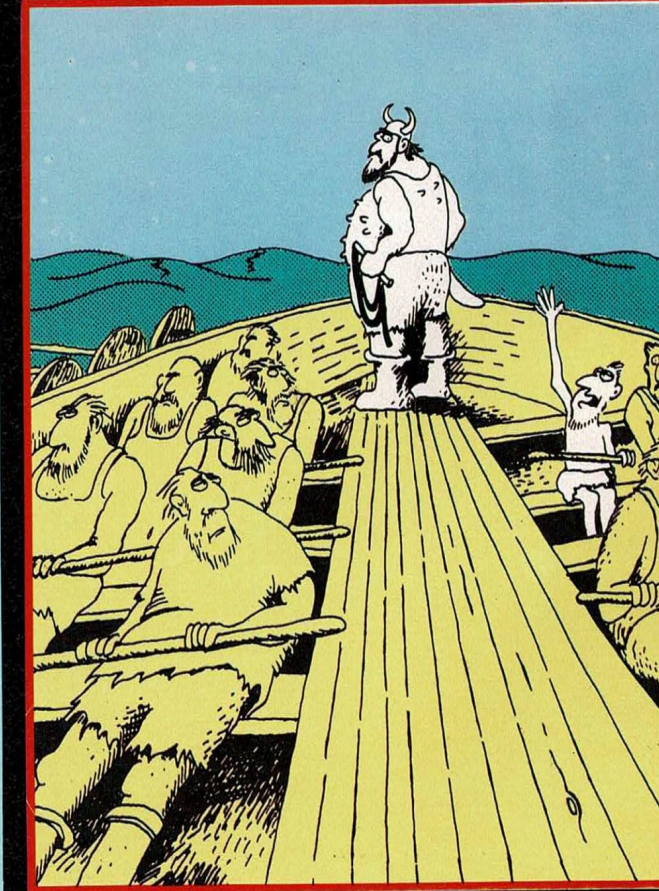
"You guys are both witnesses . . . He laughed when my marshmallow caught fire."



Late at night, and without permission, Reuben would often enter the nursery and conduct experiments in static electricity.



"Uh-oh, Lorraine . . . Someone seems to be checking you out."



"Yoo-hoo! Oh, yoo-hoo! . . . I think I'm getting a blister."



PIT STOP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIDIER PEDRON

As the lead singer of a hot rock band, Donna usually had to fend off fans and groupies. But that came to a screeching halt the day Marina came backstage and offered her a private ride to the next gig . . .





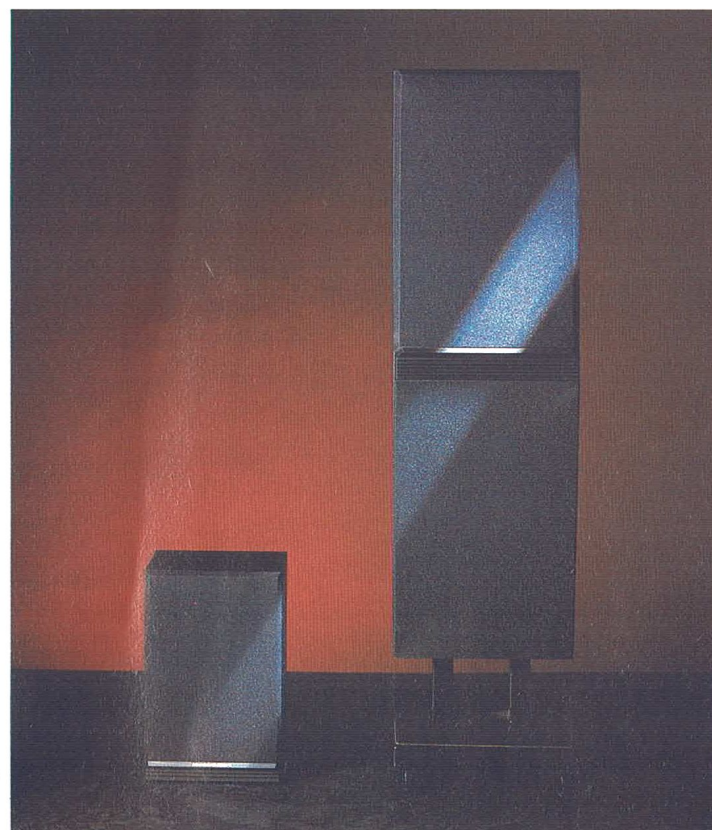
She eagerly
accepted the
generous offer.
Pulling over on
the highway for
their opening
act, it was
obvious that
the two would
be playing
together in
perfect
harmony.



In the privacy of their room,
Donna treated Marina to a
chart-topping performance —
and the fan reciprocated with
equal artistry.



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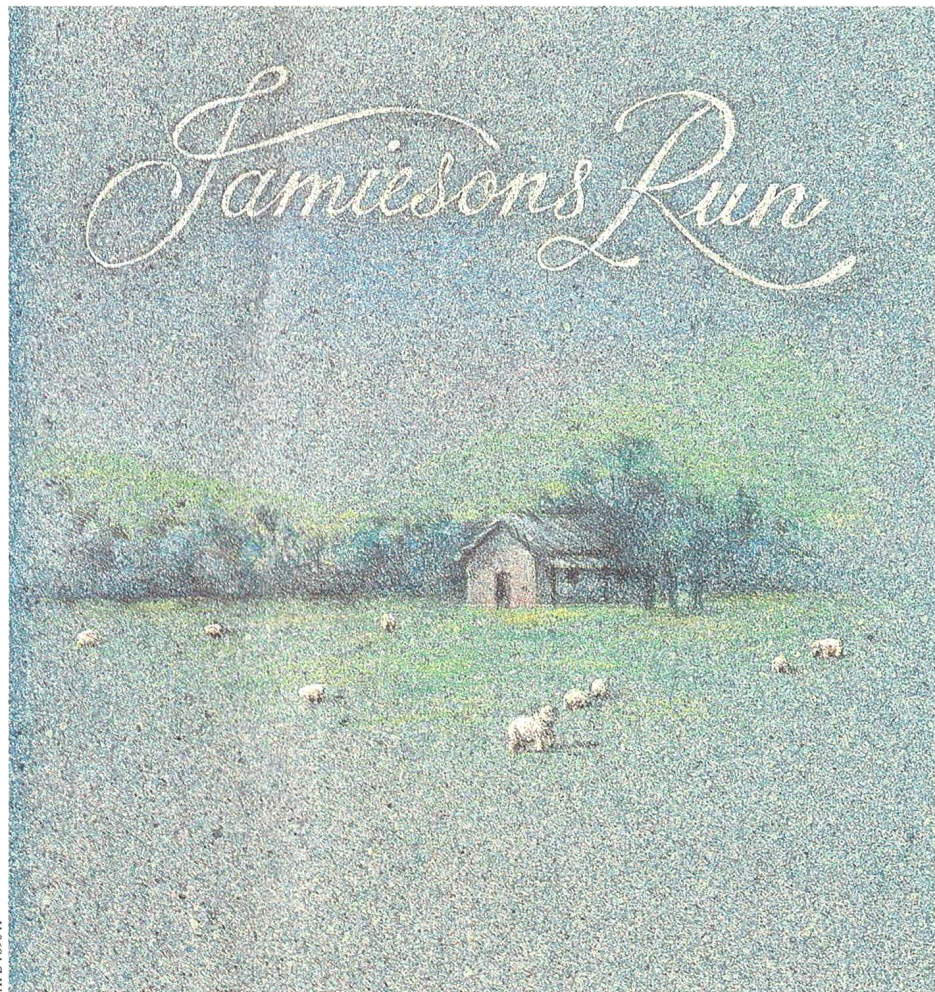
'...The best news is the wine inside the bottle...it represents excellent value for money.'
The Herald, June 1987.

JAMES HALLIDAY

'From the moment I first tasted the wine (1985 Jamiesons Run), I felt the Winemakers had exceeded themselves.
...it seems even better things are in store with the 1986 version winning the trophy for the best red of the show at Perth.' James Halliday, Australian, October 10, 1987.

NATIONAL LIQUOR NEWS

Quality Wine Brand of the Year to Jamiesons Run. National Liquor News, January 1988.



...Last year, our 1985 Jamiesons Run became so popular it was literally gone before we knew it. Though not before it had won five gold medals and a trophy.

Now this year, history has repeated itself. Our 1986 vintage has won

three golds and a trophy before it has even been released.

The wine is a classic blend of shiraz with cabernet sauvignon, cabernet franc, malbec, and merlot from vines grown at our Coonawarra vineyards.

Gold Medal Perth
Class 14, 1987

Gold Medal Melbourne
Class 30, 1987

Gold Medal Brisbane
Class 22, 1987

Ian Smith Perpetual Trophy
Perth Wine Show 1987

ArtFraud

Continued from page 39

about "toilet" and "loo", nobody noticed a man taking a serious interest in the picture.

David Carritt had been an expert on Christie's staff. By 1977 he was an international dealer specialising in lost pictures. He was already famous for having tracked down three works by the Venetian painter Ciambattista Tiepolo.

Large ceiling paintings, they had belonged to a London collector named Bischoffsheim. In 1962, when Carritt joined Christie's, nobody had seen them since his widow died 40 years previously. Carritt went to Bischoffsheim's old house in Mayfair's South Audley Street, by then owned by the Egyptian government. Did they, he asked, have any record of the Tiepolos? The Egyptian official looked above their heads. "You don't mean those, do you?" The three paintings were still on the ceiling, where they had been all the time. The best of them, "Venus Presenting The Gift Of A Child To Time," is in our own National Gallery in Canberra.

Carritt didn't laugh at the lavatory jokes about "The Toilet Of Venus." He knew it wasn't by Van Loo but the infinitely more famous Jean Honore Fragonard. He bought the painting for \$18,000. The British government, which could have had Venus (along with the rest of Mentmore's \$15 million's worth of antiques) for \$5 million, gritted its teeth and let its National Gallery pay three quarters of a million dollars for the Fragonard. They had trusted their experts, and it had cost them dearly.

Mentmore made Sotheby's the target of some bitter attacks, not only on the auction trade but on art dealing in general. The Victoria and Albert Museum, repository of Britain's art treasures, compared the saleroom to a slaughter house — "the knacker's yard of the national heritage" — where British collectors put aside patriotism in favor of a quick profit. Nobody took much notice. Before Mentmore, it had been fashionable to put your money in collectable works of art; after the sale, and the raging expansion of Sotheby's and its rival salesrooms into almost every country in the world, it became a hunger.

Demand quickly exceeded supply. There simply weren't enough Impressionist pictures and Sheraton settees to go around. This didn't deter the auction houses. In one notorious incident of the Seventies, eager young men from the modern picture department of a big London saleroom made a raid on a once-productive but now doddering alcoholic artist.

Arriving at his country studio, they unloaded a crate of Tanqueray Gin and proceeded to get the artist thoroughly drunk. When he was insensible, they loaded up

their van with the contents of his studio — mostly unfinished pictures and rejects — and drove back to London in triumph. Only when they got there did someone notice that none of the paintings were signed.

"No problem" announced the leader of the raid. "It's a simple signature. We'll fake it." A rubber stamp was made and thumped on to the canvasses. A helpful "retoucher" painted over it. The sale netted drinking silver for the painter — but his reputation wasn't helped by the second-rate work that flooded the market.

Casting around for new valuables to sell, the salesrooms looked overseas. The Western world had been looted: now it was the turn of the East. Persian carpets were heavily traded. Camel saddles became a vogue, and reached high prices. Netsuke, the tiny animal sculptures of jade and amber that decorate the sashes of Japanese kimonos, had always been collected; now they are almost priceless.

On buying trips, the auctioneers spread the infection. Arab princes, fat on oil income, developed a taste for the plump nudes painted by second-rate Victorian artists. They loved silver too — the more elaborate and lavishly wrought, the better. England's aristocracy raked through its attics. Grandmother's horrid tea service and the engraved cup won by Uncle Cuthbert at the Poona Polo Tournament in '08 were shamelessly offered for sale.

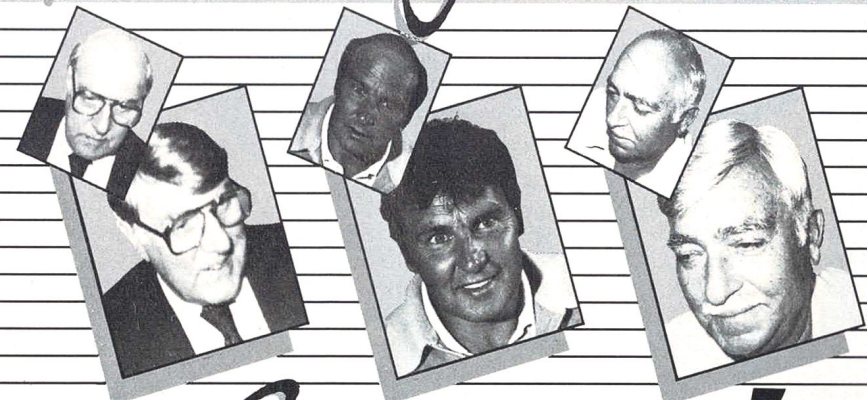
Japanese dealers began to turn up in

London and New York as well. The vividly colored sculptured glass developed at the turn of the century by French glass-makers like Emile Galle was very much to Japanese taste, and they quickly priced it out of the Western market.

Books had always been collected and auctioned, usually for their engraved illustrations or the information they contained. But the Seventies became the era of first editions. Dealers pointed out suavely that modern novels, especially by unknown writers, were often printed in very small numbers. An early Ernest Hemingway or even the first James Bond novel, *Casino Royale*, could therefore be as rare as a medieval manuscript — and almost as valuable. "It's about time we came to terms with the economic reality of the times," New York book dealer Raymond Wapner told *Time* magazine. "In upward movement and general stability, rare books perform better than the Dow Jones."

Most people, though, aren't into this scene for profit. They gather below the auction podium for the same reason they go to the theatre or the casino — for excitement. As the bidding climbs and the auctioneer prepares to snap his ivory hammer down, they're in another world, and all the hype and the duplicity matter not at all. Gold and land and Treasury Bills may be safe, but they're nowhere near as much fun. 

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decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. 4. Due to State
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HOT SHOT

Annette McKenzie, 23, prides herself on turning her hand to as many different creative outlets as possible. Be it sport or art — from pool to pottery, waterskiing to water colors — she'll try it, often to great effect. "It's a bit like not wanting to miss out on anything."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL





"I think I've got more energy than most people. I'm not the kind of person who can go home and let TV be the sole source of entertainment and inspiration. I'd rather be practising with my own video camera."



"I make my own productions at home — I turn all my friends into stars. It really is amazing what effect the camera has on people . . . Hopefully, that's reflected in these photos of mine."

INTERVIEW

Continued from page 78

Dickie: He'll presumably explain the appointment as a Police Commissioner of a person who was reputed to have been a corrupt policeman. He'll have to explain why, having been given pretty solid evidence of police corruption — and for a time being seen to do something about it — he chose not to do anything. And why he later chose to honor and approve the promotions of those policemen he'd earlier expressed concern about. I also believe he'll have to explain some of his own dealings with the Commissioner, which might be considered by some people to be inappropriate in a Westminster sense. A Commissioner has no business engaging in daily discussions of political matters like electoral redistribi-

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butions, judicial appointments and so on. Neither has the Premier any business asking the Commissioner about things like traffic offences against his pilot, or making suggestions about the promotions or transfers of police officers.

Penthouse: It's rumored that enough evidence already exists to justify charges against political figures, past and present.

Dickie: That may be so. But the public's concern with justice or vengeance, in the form of prosecutions, is probably a bit misplaced — I mean, in thinking that nothing's achieved unless there are prosecutions. Look what the inquiry's achieved so far. There are a number of people no longer in the corrupt system, and it's weaker for their absence.

Penthouse: Have you noticed a change in attitude by the mass of ordinary cops in Queensland, from the time when they were — to put it mildly — too big for their boots?

Dickie: Yes, it's changing. There's a change in the power balance of the force. The "bastards" no longer hold sway.

Penthouse: Press reports recently have suggested a number of missing people, suspected murder victims, may have been killed because of what they knew.

Dickie: There's so much money involved, I have no doubt people would have been disposed of if they appeared to be a threat. The number of potential witnesses to corruption and major crime who've vanished has to be suspicious.

Penthouse: What contact have you had, outside the inquiry, with those named at it?

Dickie: I was outside a cycle shop in the city one day, on my motorcycle, when

along came Gerry Bellino, Mrs Bellino and all the little Bellinos — on cycles. Gerry just grinned and said, "Be careful the wheels don't fall off that motorcycle." Another time, I bumped into Gerry at a cafe in the Valley. He's just been to a bookshop and collected some volumes on criminal law. He got up to get more coffee and said, "Another coffee, Phil? . . . Oh, and by the way, when this is all over I'm going to sue you for criminal libel."

Penthouse: What's been your relationship with Sir Terence Lewis?

Dickie: He hasn't said a thing to me about anything I've done. He smiled at me in court, but he smiles at everyone. I did go dancing up beside him and his wife at the All Nations ball, just after Parker appeared at the inquiry. I greeted Lewis, he responded — then danced off to another part of the floor.

Penthouse: What were your feelings on hearing you'd won the Walkley last year?

Dickie: I'd coped six months of abuse from various quarters, and it suddenly turned into the exact opposite. The recognition from your peers is something special — I'll remember that until my dying day.

Penthouse: Your book, a first-person account of all this corruption and intrigue, starts 30 years ago. Why 30 years?

Dickie: I could have gone back 100 years. But I chose, as a convenient starting point, the change from Labor to conservative politics in Queensland. In the police force, that was the start of the reign of Commissioner Frank Bischof [now dead]. But it would be a mistake to assume that that's when corruption started, or that corruption didn't exist before then. 



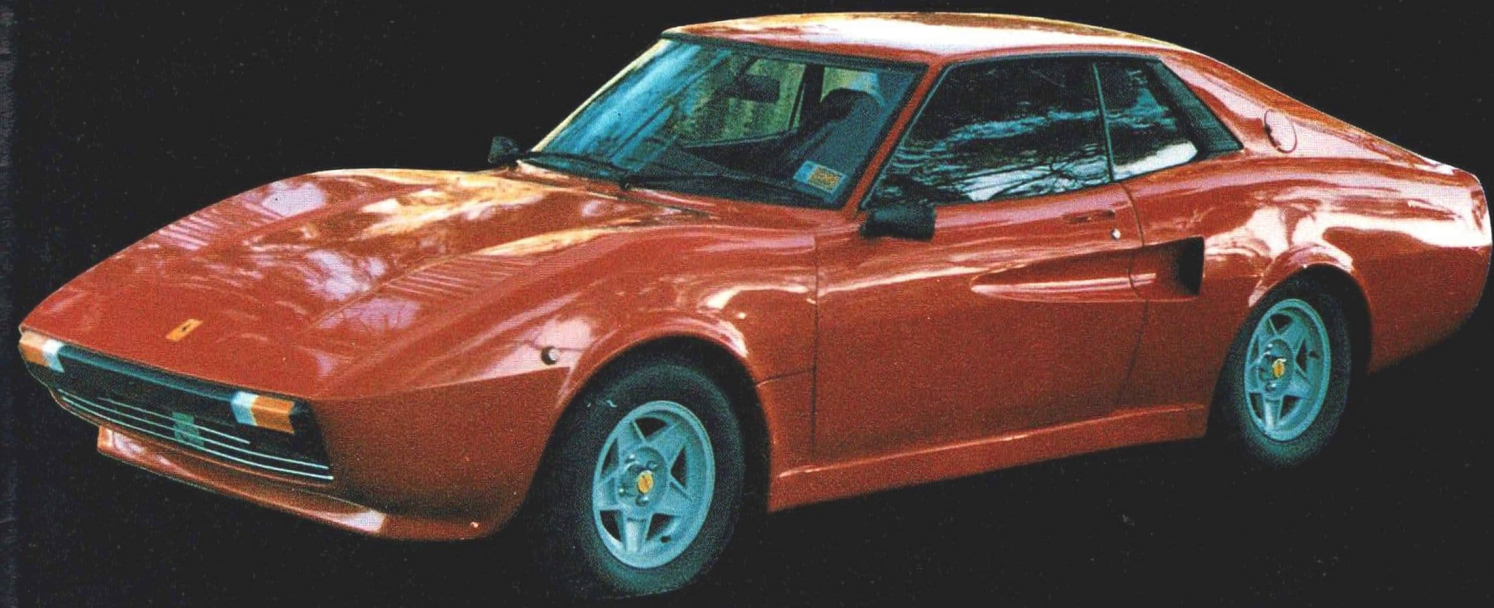
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Soapies do it for some women — give 'em that stickybeak thrill and let them pretend that they're involved in other people's lives. A lot of women get the hots over Mills & Boon romances — get vicariously caught up in the trials and tribulations of imaginary love affairs. Will his hard manliness ever part the most precious petals of her femininity, and more importantly, will he respect her afterwards? Still other women are addicted to reading their stars in newspapers and magazines. Not just their star sign either, but also those of their lovers and friends, as if a dubious paragraph in the *Daily Mirror* about Capricorns could somehow provide an insightful glimpse into the doings and feelings and being of another.

Personally, I couldn't give a pinch of poop for any of these things. They're illusion. Reality's my cup of tea. And yet I can't deny a very womanish need to Nosy Parker my way into other people's affairs, to meddle in their loves and lusts, and yet do it in such a way as to be physically uninvolved. Call it emotional voyeurism, call it the Peeping Tom factor, call it the old fly on the wall routine — fact is, I got it bad and fiction doesn't fix me. I need real people to get a buzz, real people wanting real love.

What is it about we women and our obsession with love? No man I know reads his stars to find out whether or not he's going to fall in love today. Just about every woman I know reads hers — heck, some even really believe 'em — and what self-respecting women's magazine would dare show its pretty face on the news-stands without a comprehensive guide to the zodiac, highlighting romantic aspects Hers/His? No man I know watches soap opera, but a great many women I know could give you a detailed rundown of *Howard's Way*. I've never even heard of a man reading Mills & Boon, and though very few

women of my acquaintance will admit to reading them, check out M&B sales figures — they sell 300 million books a year — and have a butcher's at Barbara Cartland's bank account (no figures available, but more noughts than a packet of Froot Loops.) Where did that money come from? Not out of wallets.

Okay, enough with the justification; I may as well come out with it. I'm a woman, right, and I've got this undeniable emotional need that's not fulfilled by fiction, right? Well, I get my vicarious hit from reading loneyhearts columns, those personal contacts lists where people advertise for love. Real people. Real loneliness. I can't help reading these things and I'm ashamed of myself.

I don't methodically scan, say, Meeting Place in the *Sydney Morning Herald* to find a man — I've got one of them — though a part of me probably does enjoy keeping tabs on what's available. I read these things to visualise each man and woman, evaluate their personalities from their descriptions of themselves, and to gauge the depth of their desperation. And I boggle at an age where people seeking love resort to advertising themselves like used cars. Pre-loved. Out of rego at the moment but turn my engine over and drive me to distraction. All genuine offers considered. Keep quiet about the dings picked up on rough roads, emphasise the good bits, maybe even wind the clock back, and hope for the best.

These are my Mills & Boon, my Jason and Kylie, for not only do I visualise each lonelyheart, I also — and this is the first time I've told anyone this — *I also match people up within each column*. Will the hard manliness of "Mr 33: Fit, clean-shaven, woeful golfer, loves jazz" ever find happiness and the precious feminine petals of "Ms 27: Loves Tim Tams, eats them fast, hobbies are losing keys, throwing purse in the bin and tripping over parked bikes"? Will

LOOSE ENDS

HANGING OUT ON LONELY ST

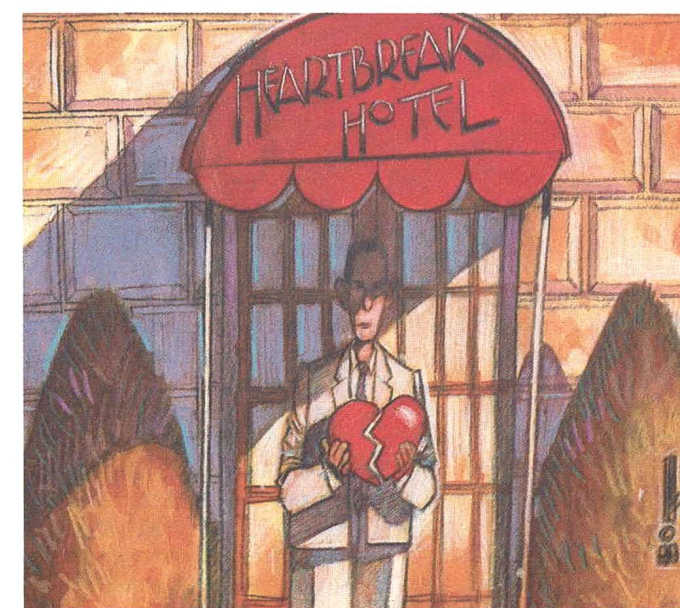


Illustration by Frants Kantor

he score his birdie? Will she trip down the aisle with him? Am I crazy?

A while back there was a radio show called *Midnight Matchmakers* on which late night lonelies would call up and describe themselves, then list what they wanted in a partner. No moustaches, some would say, no fatties, no smokers, no Scorpios, no drinkers, no naggers, no tats, no this, no that. I would lie in bed listening to that show wondering about the people, wondering about the demands they made on partners before they even met them, wondering a lot of things. My boyfriend would always tell me to "turn that shit off and read a book." He didn't understand that to me *Midnight Matchmakers* was better than a book. Then, of course, he's a man.

What's next for me? A subscription to *Singles*

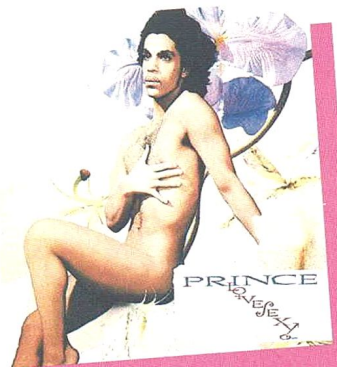
magazine? I don't think so. That's pure uncut desperation and I'm a soft-core loneliness junkie. I like to say I dabble in reality, but that thing is so real it scares me shitless. Printed on bad dunny paper and sandwiched between ads for Filipino bridal agencies, *Singles* lists hundreds of ads for lonely human beings. No jokey descriptions here to cushion the pain, just serious cries from hundreds of haemorrhaging Australian hearts.

So I'm a bit of a romantic after all — a smug and guilty voyeur on the love world between fantasy and desperate reality — the neighborhood between Ramsay St and Skid Row. I just like to pop along to Lonely St once in a while to perve on the register at the Heartbreak Hotel. To me, it's a nice place to visit.

But I wouldn't want to live there. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

The Brothers Johnson split their funky scene over four years ago just as rap was gaining ascendance over the disco era survivors. They've now re-entered the fray *Kickin* (A&M) and crooning, showing all their old finesse on bass ("Thunder Thumbs") and guitar ("Lightning Licks") and gentle melodies. However, they haven't avoided the drippy sentimentality of born-again disco funksters.

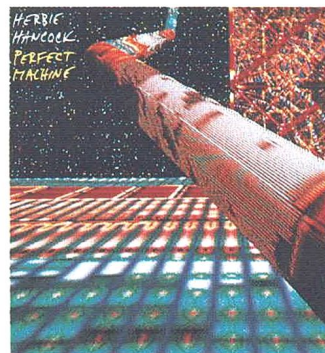


Prince avoids these tendencies by reading lust for love — having studied at the funk temple of James Brown. Prince stays revved and randy on his latest album *Lovesexy* (WEA). He claims this is "the feeling you get when you fall in love... with the heavens above." A more directly carnal concept of the deity would be hard to find. He espouses "God is Love" but means "Love is God", and when he sings "I wanna love you the right way" it's debatable whether he means from the depths of his soul or with a tub of Vaseline and a book of Indian variations. Prince basically performed everything on last year's *Sign Of The Times* album, but this offering is more the product of the band he assembled for the current film of the Times record. Included is the less than demure Sheila E on drums, and his new gyrating female foil Cat, coyly referred to as a "hot sticky thing." The first single "Alphabet Street" has some of the cool posturing of "Kiss", but this is no solo effort of finely honed gems. Nor is it a psychedelic sidestep like *Around The World In A Day*. Prince commands respect and attention by daring to take chances in songwriting and line-up from disc to disc. This one has a free-wheeling sense of party with whoops and hollers merging songs, and tunes like "Dance On" exuding a manic

edge with the rhythm track like cascading garbage bins.

In the last couple of years much African music has resurfaced in other parts of the world with its influences felt in the top 40 hits of Paul Simon and Malcolm McLaren. Other artists like Joni Mitchell and Peter Gabriel have used musicians like Ghanaian drummers to great effect on albums. The recurring crime is that most of their source material remains unplayed by local radio. So do most things recorded in the last decade, especially locally (but that's another gripe). One superb offering you probably won't hear comes from West Africa via Paris. **Salif Keita** is the albino son of a noble family from Mali. He forsook the traditional strictures of his class and took to music. Since the early Seventies he has established himself as a huge artist in Africa, France, and French-speaking parts of the world. *Soro* (Mango/Island) sees him finally on general release to the English-speaking world. Recording with suitable hi-tech know-how in Paris, Keita combines native and modern instruments. Recent tours here like Ladysmith Black Mambazo and Amandla show clearly that to African performers singing and dancing are as natural as breathing. This freewheeling celebration of life pervades Keita's work, and his message of harmonious existence is based on traditional themes and tales from the history of his ancestors. *Soro* covers a broad scope from the up-tempo funk of the title track to the brass flourish of "Wamba", the passionate delivery of "Sourebe" and the rippling synthesiser percussion and dreamlike vocals of "Coro." The English version of the words is provided, but does little to translate the full mood of the tracks, where the only interpreter you need is an open heart.

Pianist **Herbie Hancock** hit the stage as a child prodigy in the early Fifties playing Mozart piano concertos with the Chicago Symphony. By the late Sixties, via his own bands and records, and working with Miles Davis, he had become established as a brilliant jazz composer and player and



been turned on to electric keyboards and funk. By 1980 his funk exploits had him blandly out with strap-on guitar-like synths. Producer/bass player Bill Laswell helped redefine Hancock's rhythmic thrust with the *Future Shock* album — dense, intelligent computer funk. *Perfect Machine* (CBS) from the same crew still has scratch rap influences, but more of Hancock's earlier floating melodicism is in evidence.

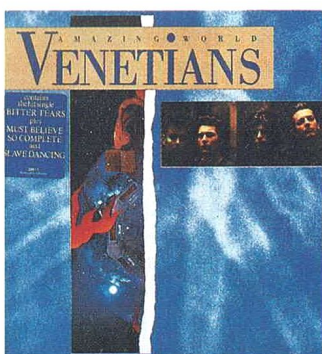
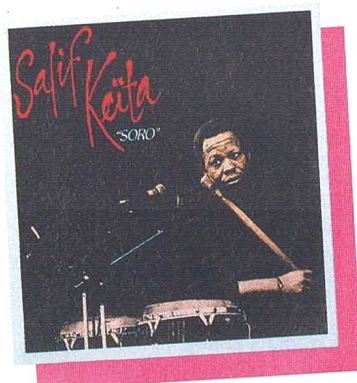
Local band **SPK** continue to spawn their own brand of machine music for dance floors and discerning ears around the world. *Gold And Poison* (Regular) sees them expanded to a threesome with singer/dancer Karina Hayes. Founder and writer Graham Revell, known for his esoteric university degrees and his stage antics with chains and a metal grinder, exhibits some of his old charm on "Sheer Naked Aggression." The band also wanders off into a tribal "Invocation" and more gentle moods than their earlier *Metal Dance*.

Local guitarist **Tommy Emmanuel** (Artful Balance) displays a bit more musical spunk in his combination of ambient strums and hot picking on his largely solo debut.

Contrary to popular belief *Amazing World* (Parole) is not a new Tim and Debbie extravaganza. It's the latest from local outfit the **Venetians**, and is probably also what went through their minds when they rolled their Tarago on a recent promotional tour — twice, they liked it so much. The band can certainly cut the rug live, but on record these banner wavers of classy pub rock sound a bit labored. — *Jeremy Cook*

BORN AGAIN FUNKSTERS

Clockwise from far left: Prince as modest as usual on his latest; Dense computer funk from Herbie Hancock; Superb offering from Salif Keita; The Venetians on a roll.



After years spent chronicling the angst of attractive American teenagers, film-maker John Hughes (*Pretty In Pink*, *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club* et al) attempts to play it for laughs in his latest production **The Great Outdoors**, starring John Candy and Dan Aykroyd.

The comic premise here is the undeniable horror of spending holidays cooped up with relatives you don't like. John Candy plays solid, nice-guy family man Chet Ripley who carts his wife and two boys to a rundown mountain resort to get away from it all, get back to nature and introduce his sons to the simple rustic pleasures he experienced as a lad. No sooner are the Ripleys beginning to partake of those pleasures, however, than who should turn up but loud-mouthed, crass brother-in-law Roman Craig (Aykroyd), his uptight wife and very odd twin daughters. The surprise visitors are fast-lane phoneys upon whom the joys of relaxing amid unspoiled nature are lost. Thus the scene is set for the comedy of character comparison, family one-upmanship and frustration. Fairly predictable holiday mayhem ensues in which the John Candy fat man sight gag is played for all it's worth, which isn't much. After the first 20 minutes meandering plot strands hold few laughs as they jerk toward a happy, moral lesson conclusion. Oh, and there's something of a teen romance thrown in as well, just in case we should forget for a moment whose film this is.

Written and produced by John Hughes, *The Great Outdoors* was directed by Howard Deutch. While it's better than some of the stinkers to which Aykroyd and Candy have lent their inconsistent talents, it is not a patch on Hughes' first comedy *Vacation* or his last *Planes, Trains And Automobiles*. It'll keep till video release.

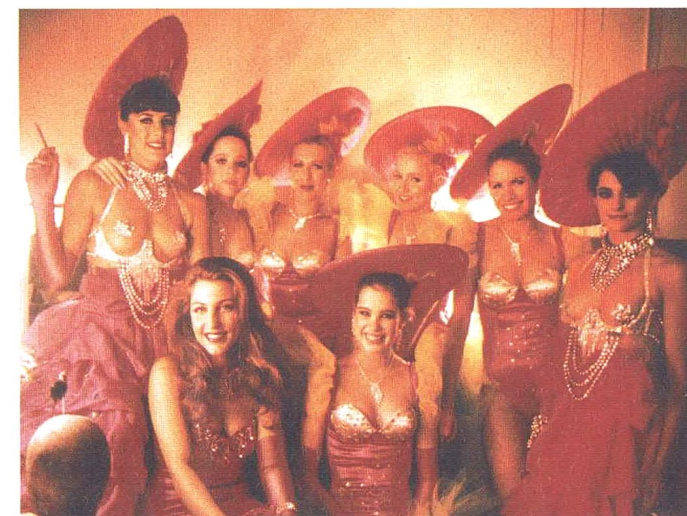
Recreating the glitzy allure of Sydney's Kings Cross in the Sixties seems to have been the motivating force behind the making of Australian film *Belinda*. And capture the mood it does rather well, lovingly wallowing in wall-to-wall tits and feathers sleaze. To do so film-makers Bedrich Kabriel (producer) and

Pamela Gibbons (director, scriptwriter) fashion the story of a gorgeous and naive 17-year-old ballerina who finds herself working in the chorus line of an allegedly glamorous nightclub, there to learn of the exploitation and desperation that lay behind the tinsel facade and to gather through bitter experience the courage to pursue her classical goals. It's all a bit of a "so what?" really, but *Belinda* does serve to introduce us to heartstoppingly beautiful Melbourne dancer/actress Deanne Jeffs in the title role and to highlight the talents of New Zealand actress Mary Regan in her first Australian film role as hard-bitten chief showgirl Crystal. Sets and costumes are the real stars, as is the cinematic feel of the film courtesy of photographic director Malcolm McCulloch. It boasts a good score, too, with a couple of appearances of the late, great king of the clubs Ricky May. A little bit of history, more suited to a TV mini-series than a feature film.

Fans of *The Young Ones* and other Comic Strip comedies (*Five Go Mad In Dorset*, *A Fistful Of Traveller's Cheques*, *The Supergrass*) are guaranteed to get a bellylaugh or three from their latest cinematic foray, a romp entitled **Eat The Rich**. Others may experience a reaction more in the order of a bellyache for the film pivots on scenes in which rich bastards and pretentious British upper class twits are ground up and served as unsavory mince with chips. Yeah, it's kind of messy, as is the film as a whole. But then your average riot is seldom a well-ordered affair, and this full-tilt send-up of Thatcher's Britain and the class system is very well described as "riotous." There's added fun in playing "Spot The Celeb", for as well as featuring the Comic Strip regulars (Ade Edmonds, Nigel Planer, Rik Mayall et al), the likes of Paul and Linda McCartney, Koo Stark, Bill Wyman and Angie Bowie get a look-in. Other stars include the fabulously faggy transsexual Lanah Pelay, Robbie Coltrane, Miranda Richardson and Lemmy, the lead singer of heavy metal grungers Motorhead. Old Lem may not be any great shakes on the acting front but he gives the

FILM

HOLIDAY FROM HUMOR



Elephant Man a run for his money in the pulchritude stakes. *Eat The Rich* was directed by Peter Richardson from a screenplay he co-wrote with Pete Richens. It's outrageous entertainment that's not to be taken before or after meals. — *C.J. Mackay*



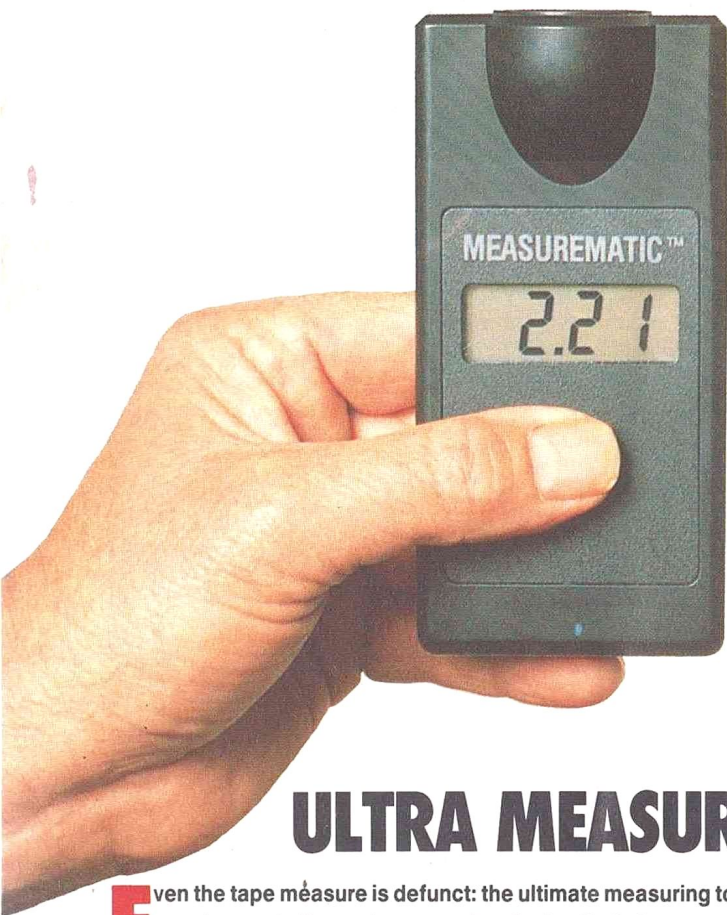
Those of us who got such a kick out of *Mona Lisa* will prick up their ears to hear of **The Lonely Passion Of Judith Hearne**, another Hand Made production starring the marvellous Bob Hoskins. But there any similarities end. This film is two hours of torturous insight into... you guessed it, Judith Hearne's lonely passion. Emphasis on lonely.

Renowned grande dame Maggie Smith is the dull as dish-water Judith, wracked with Catholic guilt, torn by her love/hate affair with the bottle, still living under the spectre of a dead but still dominant aunt. Hoskins, as an Irish New Yorker returned to Dublin, where the film is set, sparks her hopes when they meet in a boarding house. They get their wires crossed, and... um... that's about it.

Yes, the acting's excellent, it's well directed, it has its moments, and is a sensitive insight into a desperately neurotic woman. But this ain't fun. — *Graem Sims*



From the top: The line-up of Kings Cross showgirls in local production *Belinda*; Dan Aykroyd takes a spin in *The Great Outdoors*; Maggie Smith and Bob Hoskins looking suitably serious in *The Lonely Passion Of Judith Hearne*.



ULTRA MEASURE

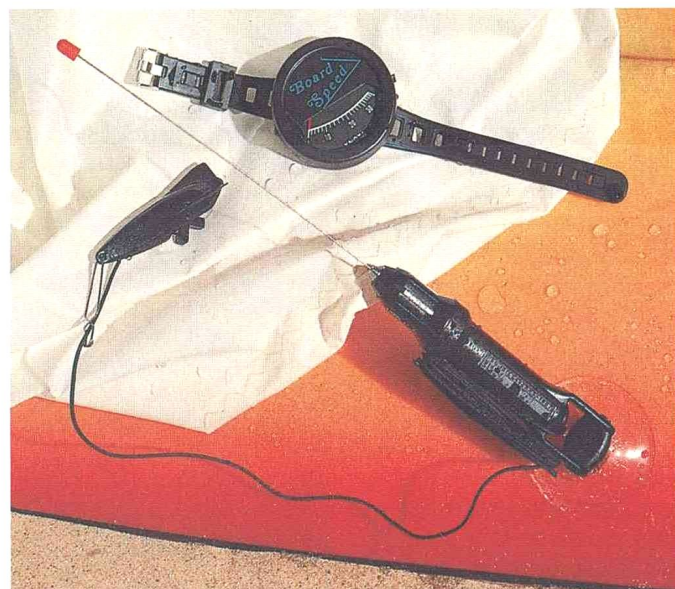
Even the tape measure is defunct: the ultimate measuring tool is an advanced ultrasonic measuring device that gives accurate dimensions at the speed of sound. By holding the device flush with any surface, and pressing a button, the distance to the opposite surface is instantly displayed in a large, easy to read crystal display. It's light, compact and fits easily into a shirt pocket or purse. Measurematic is available from leading hardware stores across the nation for an rrp of \$69.95.



EASY LISTENING

Whether it's your work that involves riding a motorbike or just your play, the Gap Intercom Communication system allows easy, safe communication with pillion passengers and will keep you entertained with FM radio between times. Among the most advanced motorcycle communications systems available, the Gap can be used in any situation where intercom communication is required.

Pictured here is the MC-2 which is powered by three AAA 1.5V batteries or from the 12 volt motorcycle battery using an adaptor. It features intercom and FM radio and is equipped with VOX, a voice activated switch-over device which will automatically lower the volume of the radio while either rider is speaking. The Gap is available in bike accessory stores. For stockists near you contact Solo Trading Co on (02) 7246066.



HOW FAST?

In the "interesting to say the least" department you'll find this gizmo — a speedometer for wind-surfers and other small craft. Japanese-made and known as the Surfer's Speedometer, kit and caboodle comprises a two-piece easily attached transmitter unit and a wristwatch receiver unit. The sensor that measures speed is a light rotary system, shaped

to minimise water resistance. The wrist-worn receiver picks up high frequency waves and displays an easily read analogue of the knot speed of the craft. Battery operated and all completely waterproof, of course, the Surfer's Speedometer is reasonably priced and available at selected ship chandlers and sporting goods stores. Phone (02) 724 6066 for stockists.



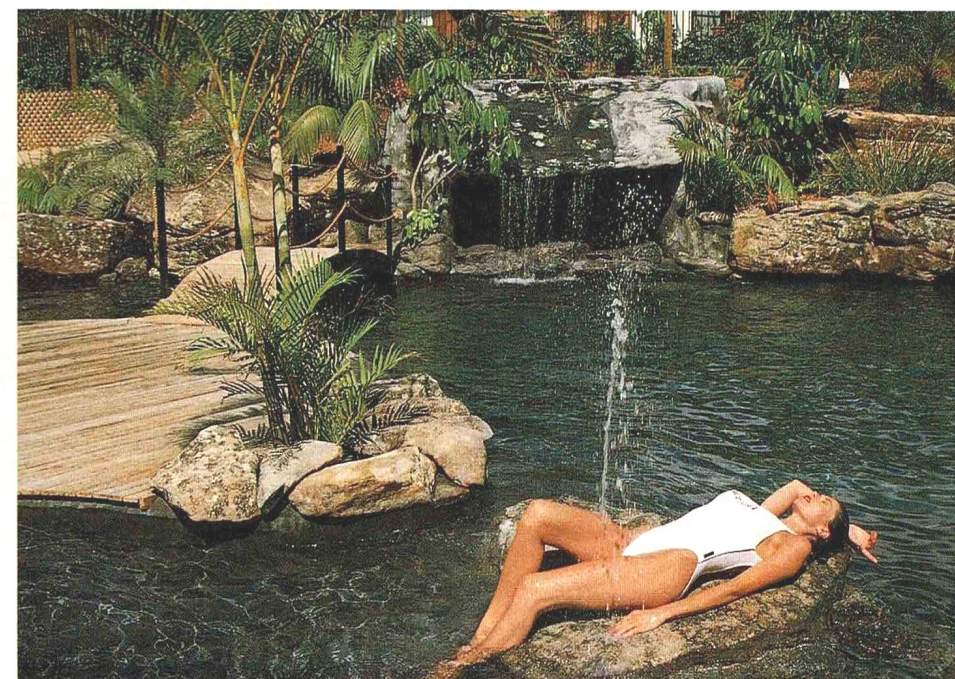
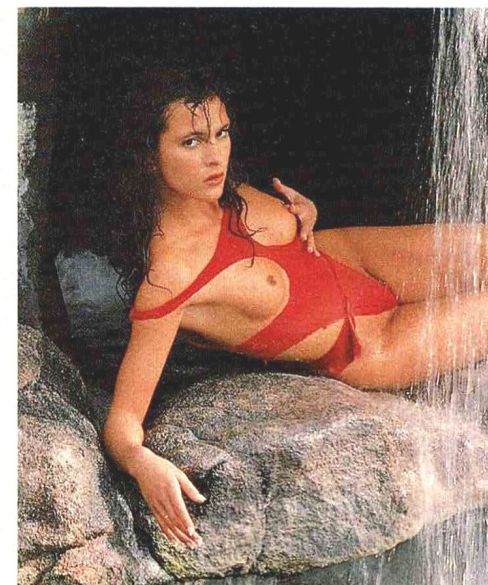
SUMMER WEAR

Bodyguard is a fresh new line of leisurewear from the drawing board of Alex Orwicz-Urbaniak, a designer who aims towards the point of difference — whatever that means. Just

the thing for the yacht club or the barby, and all made with plenty of room to move so there's no rips when you leap into your sportscar without opening the doors. Keep an eye out for it.

FIRST RESORT

Ha. Some people think you just take the most beautiful girls in Australia and grab the Box Brownie to get the standard of shots produced for a *Penthouse* centrefold. Locations are all important to get the right feel and *Penthouse* came across the perfect set-up at Aanuka resort. A slice of Fantasy Island is within easy striking range of Sydney, situated as it is at Coffs Harbor on the NSW North Coast. The gorgeous Dominique, from this issue's centre pages, got to sample the secluded and indulgent attractions. Aanuka is a total retreat. With just 48 luxurious suites, almost overshadowed by impossible greenery, service is discreetly efficient. There are the private two-person spas; there's a swimming pool with waterfalls, caves, bar and natural rock pool; there's the Casay bar, two restaurants to sample the best of the day's seafood catch; there are convention areas for launches or special boardroom meetings; there's two super synthetic tennis courts with first-rate tuition available — not to mention the expanse of beach which has made this part of the world famous. All the attractions of Coffs Harbor, the Banana Republic, are minutes away — but they may as well be a world away. Ansett Holidays or any travel agent will have all the details on packages to suit an individual or family budget. And for another tempting dose, don't miss Terri's appearance next month...

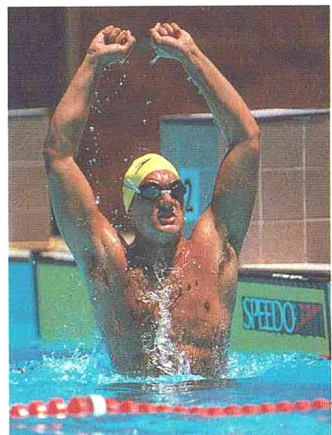


CONCERTO

Watch out for Honda's stylish new sedan, the Concerto Five-Door, suggesting as it does a European air with its quality, comfort and spacious interior. Honda has successfully developed a 1.6 litre class sedan with the idea of appealing to as many different people as possible. A close inspection on your part would leave any further descriptions here for dead. Check it out.



WIN A SPEEDO SWIM TRAINING PACK



Every body loves Speedo, goes the slogan — but what with Olympic fever in the air we're not going to merely taunt you with information about Speedo's tailoring of accessories for the serious and semi-serious swimming trainers: we're going to give you the chance of winning a great swim training pack — five of them, in fact. What with Speedo being the official suppliers of swimwear and swim accessories to the Australian Olympic team, you can float assured that the gear in this pack is as good as it gets. Speedo, of course, are best known for their sluggoes; if you're vaguely serious about your swimming, widely recognised as the safest and most efficient aerobic activity — not to mention relaxing and almost fun — you'll already own

the racing briefs. In this pack are the extras. For a start, there's the ultimate goggle for the enthusiast, the Open Water Endurance; it features UV absorbing anti-fog lenses, superb all-round vision and soft pads that mould to the eye for a leak-proof fit. Also thrown in are replacement seals for the goggles and Anti-fog drops. There's also a lime green silicone cap — the ultimate for swimmer comfort (more durable than latex and doesn't tug the hair) — nose clips and ear plugs, so the water stays on the outside. Also included is the best idea for serious swimmers in ages: the chamois towel. This is the compact and convenient substitute for soggy towels, as you simply squeeze it out and it's ready for re-use. It's softer and thicker than the ordinary chamois for greater absorbency and is very light. Thrown in to top it off is a Speedo bag. Okay, how do you win? Post us a letter, and simply tell us which is the ultimate goggle for the swimming enthusiast. Include the details of who you are and how we can contact you — and the first five entries pulled out of the bag by the editor will receive a very nice present indeed. Closing date will be the last mail on Friday, November 18. Address your entries to Speedo/Loose Ends Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Be in it.



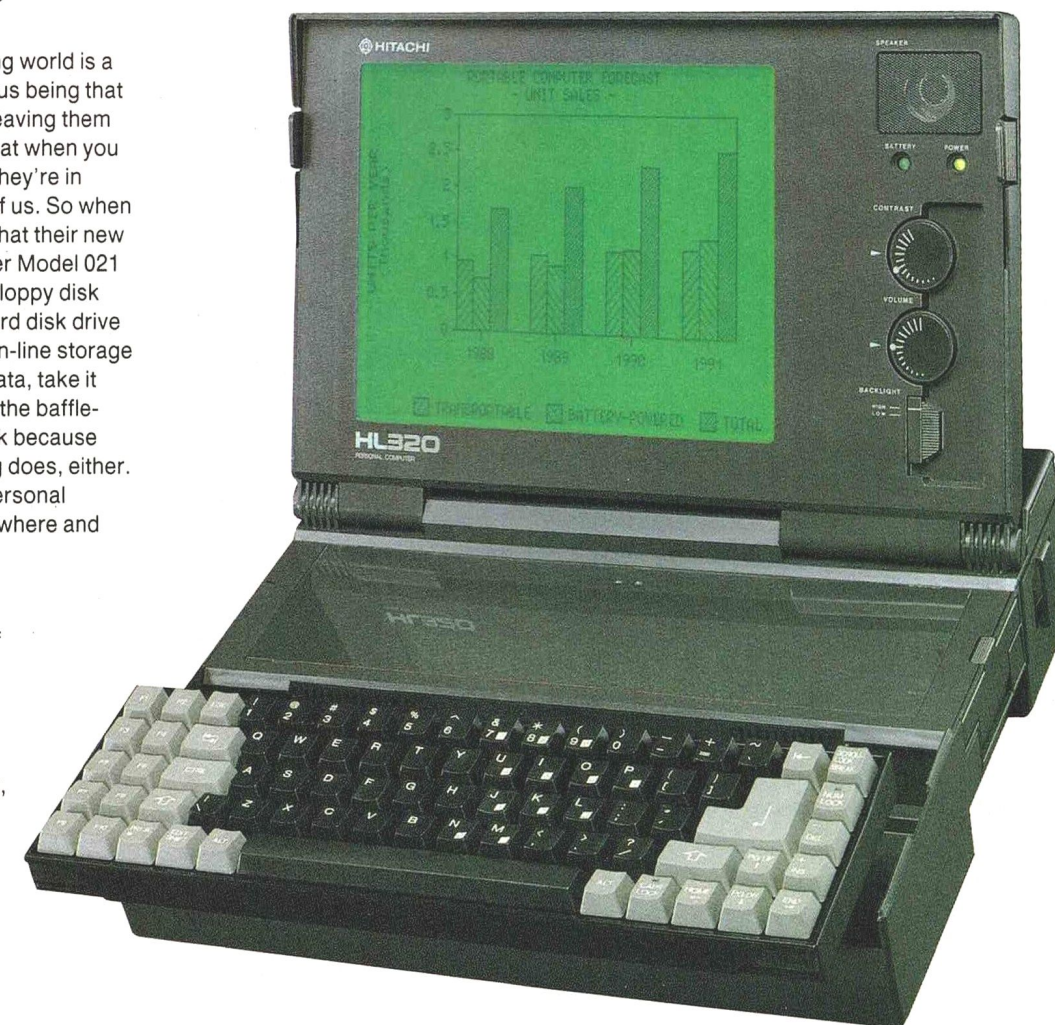
THE FRAGRANT MALE

The fragrance of the Azzaro Pour Homme range of toiletries is described to us as modern, highly masculine, long-lasting and possessed of an irresistible warmth. Struth, these perfume people never know where to get off. Truth be told, Azzaro Pour Homme, with its classic packaging and subtle fragrance, makes for a handsome gift to give or receive — a gift that won't be relegated to the back of the bathroom cabinet with the Brut talc and four bottles of Old Spice. From Azzaro Pour Homme we've pictured products ranging in price from \$14.50 for the soap to \$49.50 for Double Action skin regenerating cream. The Azzaro sports bag is \$35.00. Available nationally.



LAPPED UP

To the outsider this computing world is a worry, the general consensus being that the world of technology is leaving them way behind. The crazy thing is that when you talk to the *insiders* you find that they're in there paddling just like the rest of us. So when the boffins from Hitachi explain that their new HL320 lap-top personal computer Model 021 has a single 3½-inch 720K-byte floppy disk drive and a 20M-byte 3½-inch hard disk drive for the convenience of a larger on-line storage capacity and faster retrieval of data, take it with a grain of salt. Chances are the baffle-with-science syndrome is at work because they're not sure of what the thing does, either. What this thing is is a portable personal computer that you can carry anywhere and work with anywhere. Perhaps the most important technical detail is that it uses MS-DOS, which means there are zillions of things you can plug into it to make it do all those marvellous things that nobody really understands. The other point is that in features, price and quality, it's hard to match with anything else on the market. Available throughout Australia through Blue Chip Computer Centres.



ROLLS OF RACQUETS

Here's the numbertouted as the ultimate racquet. The Revolution Apollo by Donnay (the name behind Borg in his heyday) contains so many innovations that if you got too serious about them you might forget that tennis is meant to be fun. But listen to this: a variable balancing system, with the choice of weights screwed in the handle for precise tuning; an anatomic grip based on the hand's morphology to increase the contact surface (and that's left or right); variable section; air-tunnel testing for maximum aerodynamic efficiency; dynamic redistribution of mass and stiffness; ultra-light carbon fibres; progressive stringing pattern... If tennis officials are worried about racquet abuse, maybe they ought to issue every player one of these. No-one would dare to hoick one of these around. At the best tennis stores.



Sydney's Terri Bowie

COMING IN DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Black Power — The Maori people are flexing their muscle and beginning a push that could change the face of New Zealand society. Stupendous land claims, increasing radical activism and the growth of Maori gangs like Black Power and the Mongrel Mob are among the factors striking fear into the hearts of white New Zealanders. *Penthouse* looks at the critical state of race relations across the Tasman in the first of a two-part series starting next month.

Penthouse Bloopers — December *Penthouse* presents the photographs we shouldn't print. A motordrive camera can capture the worst as well as the best moments of a *Penthouse* centrefold shoot and these hilarious shots from the cutting room floor prove that even *Penthouse* Pets aren't perfect.

More Offensive Jokes — So you thought we'd scraped the bottom of the barrel with last year's compilation of 101 Offensive Jokes. You were wrong. 1988's batch definitely beats the last two years' collections for bad taste. If you want to find out why Sumo wrestlers shave their legs, and what women are good for, grab a copy of December *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Stunning 21-year-old Terri Bowie, of Sydney, has heard herself compared in looks to Hollywood maneater Brigitte Nielsen so often that she's decided to take a leaf out of her book. "I'm going to post off a copy of my issue to Sly Stallone as a Christmas present," she smiles. Yet, at almost six feet tall, "I'm not sure he'd follow me up. He'd have to stand on a milk crate." Terri can be followed up in these pages — next month.

WHEELS

Continued from page 111

tyre. The fully-independent suspended Maseratis do it, and the press-on driver is left with the thought that to suddenly lift off the accelerator might just result in some sudden tail wagging.

Nothing nasty, mind. Merely something not to ignore.

This will be no real deterrent for a prospective buyer. Harder to overcome will be the practical concerns about spares and resale and reliability. Maserati Australia is working to allay such fears. The spare parts pile is substantial, and Maserati has always put in place a buy-back program for pre-owned Biturbo models. We've heard no great tales of rampant unreliability...

Maserati Australia managing director Bram Townsend, a former Mercedes-Benz dealer who clearly doesn't mind setting himself a decent challenge, says the annual target is 100 Masers a year. He has set up 16 outlets across the wide, brown land. During the initial 14-month establishment period, about 90 Australians have driven away in new Maseratis.

One is Jeff Fenech, whose Reeboks now dance on the clutch and throttle of a \$120,000 Spyder. How interesting it is that the Spyder — the most expensive and least practical of the three-pronged Maserati model range in Oz — is the best seller here. Does that say something about the car, or the buyer profile?

Marketing director for Maserati is Tony Graziani, who until recently was service manager for Alfa Romeo Australia (could there be a tougher job in the motoring industry?). He appears to be loving his new job, and we don't believe he's acting. He's looking forward to playing with a broader model lineup including the brand new long-wheelbase 228 coupe which looms as a potential Mercedes-Benz 300CE competitor. Price is around \$145,000. And next March will see yet another all-new model introduced.

Who buys Maseratis? Green grocers who've made good, purveyors of popular pizzas? Naw, none of that cliched stuff. A buyer profile is emerging and it is our observation that Fenech, who throws leather for a living, is hardly typical of a Maserati owner.

Aged 40 to 50, company director, golfer. Factors influencing purchase include handling, performance and style, size and comfort, value for money and heritage.

Graziani is an enthusiastic little salesman with a great line of marketing chat. "Peer group recognition would appear to be less of a motivation than preparedness to make a statement of individuality without need of justification," was Mr Graziani's observation. Run that by us again, please. Slowly. 



Le Passion Rouge

Mumm Cordon Rouge Champagne. A French Passion.

Dunhill De Luxe 25's

Always in
good taste



Also available in De Luxe Mild
and De Luxe Ultra Mild

Created by our blenders
from tobaccos of exceptional quality